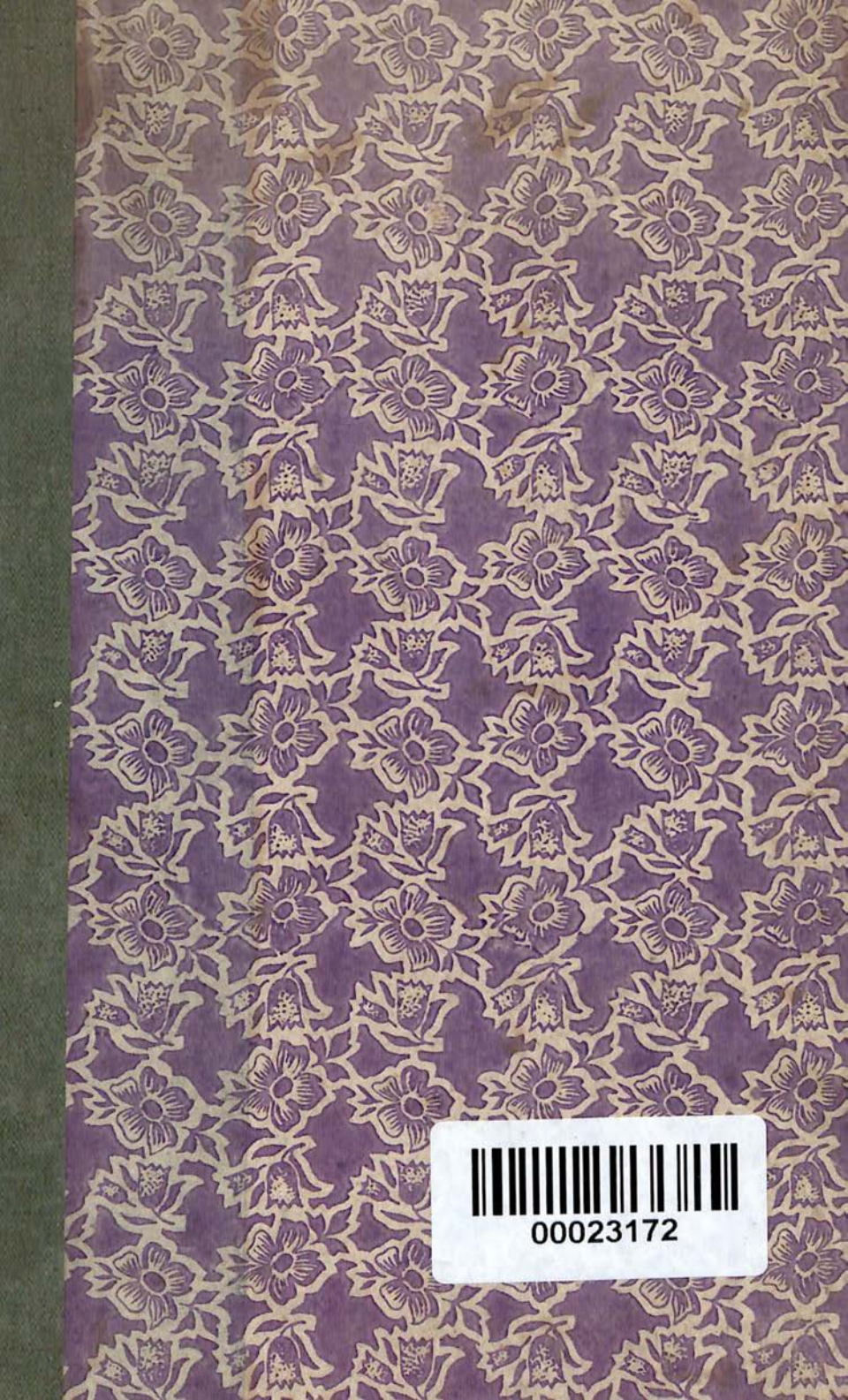
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GROUP OF ENGLISHMEN.

Facsimile of the earliest known Phototype or Sunpicture
taken by the Inventor of Photography
Thomas Wedgwood 1771-1798.

London Longmans &c.

A

GROUP OF ENGLISHMEN

(1795 TO 1815)

BEING RECORDS OF THE

YOUNGER WEDGWOODS AND THEIR FRIENDS

EMBRACING THE HISTORY OF THE

DISCOVERY OF PHOTOGRAPHY

23172

AND

A FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH

BY

ELIZA METEYARD

Author of

'The Life of Wedgwood' 'The Hallowed Spots of Ancient London' &c.

LONDON

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1871

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TO

JOSEPH MAYER, Esq. F.S.A.

OF LIVERPOOL

THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

In writing the 'Life of Wedgwood,' the great English potter, I necessarily passed over many subjects of considerable interest. I indicated, rather than entered into, those relating to its close and to the contingencies and relations which stretched beyond. To have done justice to this rich material I must have carried my narrative beyond reasonable bounds; it therefore occurred to me to go steadily through the great mass of Wedgwood documents and select all which was of interest in relation to the period nearest to our own: namely, the three decades—1795 to 1825. Hence the present volume. It concerns the sons of Wedgwood; but it concerns much more largely the eminent men who were their friends and contemporaries, in whose welfare they were interested and whose opinions they shared. With the exception of the youngest, the sons of Wedgwood were but ordinary men; they belonged to that great majority who receive, but do not give back, intellectual light; and he who possessed his father's highest characteristics of heart and brain was for full twelve of his brief life of thirty-

four years a confirmed invalid, incapable of much mental or bodily exertion. Yet by his philosophical speculations and scientific discoveries he clearly indicated what manner of man he was, and but for physical inability he would undoubtedly have left his mark upon his time. Even as it was his intellectual and moral characteristics appear to have had an extraordinary attraction for others. He was venerated and loved in an inconceivable degree, and in the memoirs of many of his great contemporaries he is frequently referred to, and yet so slightly that we know that he lived, rather than realise an image of the man. He is thus to our generation the shadow of a shade; and yet we owe to him one of the greatest discoveries of modern times—that of Photographic Art. This fact I have now, I think, set beyond all question. I have traced the link which connected the Frenchman Dominique Daguerre with the elder Wedgwood, and so onward as far as my materials permitted, till we end with the testimony of Sir Humphry Davy and James Watt, the great engineer. If the letter descriptive of the processes of the 'silver pictures' written in 1799 by Josiah Wedgwood the second to Watt should yet be found, every doubt as to the originator of this art must vanish; but the family of Thomas Wedgwood knew the discovery was his. We have the living testimony of their descendants to that effect; and the admirable fac-simile of the earliest known heliotype or 'sun picture' given in these pages will add strength to that testimony. Mr. Mayer, whose

property it is, derived it from an undoubted source; and many of these heliotypes were, it is said, scattered at one time about the Potteries. Mr. H. Adlard, the eminent steel engraver, has through the labour of three distinct processes admirably rendered the original heliotype; and Mr. Mayer—an authority in these matters—thinks that it was the sun's copy of an etching by Teniers, or one of his school. The cross hatching of the original is visible, as also the spots or burr peculiar to these engravings. The Show-Room in York Street, St. James's Square, tastefully engraved by Mr. G. Pearson, is taken from a coloured print published in the early part of the present century. It was my hope to have added the portraits of the two brothers—Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood—of which exist a miniature of the one and a chalk drawing of the other. But failing in my application to have them copied, I only hope that on some future occasion, or from some other source, the portrait of the latter may see the light. The world cannot be indifferent to the features of a man who conferred on it a new artistic power, and will like to see his 'fair presentment,' even though indifferently worthy of him whom it represents.

The history briefly stated of the remarkable mass of documents and papers from which the largest part of the material of the present volume, as also that of the 'Life of Wedgwood' is derived, will add a new chapter to the Romance of Literature. These papers, the property of Joseph Mayer, Esq., F.S.A., of Liverpool, are, throughout both works distinguished as the

'Mayer MSS.' After the death of Josiah Wedgwood the second, of Etruria in 1843, the vast mass of papers which had been accumulating at the manufactory for full seventy or seventy-five years were disposed of. Enquiries were made, it is said, by more than one admirer of Wedgwood's art, but nothing could be heard as to whither they had been removed, or to what use they had been turned. At length, in 1848, accident, the *Deus Machinâ*, which often plays so strange a part in the affairs of men, brought them, or rather what was left of them, to light in a manner most unexpected. Mr. Mayer, a native of Newcastle-under-Lyme, and already the earliest as the greatest collector of Wedgwood's beautiful productions, on his way to the Continent had occasion to be in Birmingham for a few hours. As he was passing from one part of the town to another, a heavy storm broke over; and looking around for shelter, he saw he was on Snow-hill, the scene of Matthew Boulton's early labours, but at that date a neglected part of Birmingham. The nearest place was a waste and scrap-shop, and through its open door he entered. The outside was old, grimy, and dilapidated enough; the inside was worse. Piles of scrap-iron, copper, and brass, and old waste of every kind littered the floor; and in the ancient window coated with soot was a miscellaneous gathering of waifs and strays. The battered oaken counter was grimy too; and as he passed up and down between it and the door—for the sleet-rain descended in a heavy shower—Mr. Mayer observed on one part of the

counter a pile of ledger-like looking books, their backs still thick as when filled with leaves, their outer edge collapsed—because empty. Opening one of these, in which a few leaves still remained, he saw to his great surprise that the writing thereon related to the wages of workmen at Etruria. Looking through other volumes equally collapsed, he found they were all business ledgers of this renowned manufactory.

'Why, my man,' he said to the grimy-looking master of the shop, 'these old ledgers all concern Wedgwood's business.'

'Ay, sir,' was the reply, 'they was thrown out of 'Trury a bit ago, after the death of the master—the son of old Josiah—and I wish I'd more on 'em, for the leaves be a useful size, and folks fancy their bits o' butter and bacon all the better if wrapped in clean writin'. The shops about here will take any amount of this sort o' thing. They likes big sheets—it's more convenient.'

'And have you more?' asked Mr. Mayer with profound interest.

'More, sir!' replied the man in a tone of surprise; 'more! Why I may say, hundred-weights. But they be small—letters, bills, and such like. The ledgers be all done, and I fancy these small 'uns 'll never be much use to me or any one.'

'Indeed! Could I see them, my man—I am rather curious as to old papers?' and, adds Mr. Mayer, 'thus on the track of so much relating to the great Wedgwood, I could scarcely conceal my agitation.'

'See them, sir! ay that you can. They're in the loft above. For a gentleman it's a dirty place. 'Bill,' —and here the man called a lad from the rear of the shop—'show the gentleman up the ladder—and take care, sir—the floor's uncommon rotten.'

'I followed the lad,' adds Mr. Mayer, 'up the ladder; and there, sure enough, piled up in mounds, filthy with the accumulated dust of years, and with gaps in their ranks as they stood, which only showed too well the inroads which had been made upon them, even whilst they stood here.'

The first paper which Mr. Mayer drew from the huge pile was the 'Inventory of the Goods' taken in 1787 by Flaxman to Rome, and of which a reduced fac-simile is given in the 'Life of Wedgwood,' vol. ii. p. 506. One or more papers which followed proved equally interesting, though the light by which he could examine them was so dim.

'Finding the richness of the prize,' continues Mr. Mayer, 'on which I had thus unexpectedly laid my hand, I determined, if possible, not to lose it. I quickly descended the ricketty ladder, and under the before-mentioned plea of my interest in old writings and papers, I enquired of the owner if he would part with them.'

'Right gladly, sir; they're bits o' things, and not much use to me, or to anybody I suspect.'

On this being said no further time was lost. The great mass was weighed and sold at so much a hundred-weight. A number of large second-hand deal

boxes were readily procured in the neighbourhood, and when they were packed and their contents paid for, they were carted to the Railway-station, nor did Mr. Mayer lose sight of them till they were safe on their way to Liverpool.

Such is the history of these remarkable documents. In their integrity, as they originally stood in the old rooms of Etruria, they must have contained such materials for the history of a great industry as were perhaps never before collected together. As they now are, it is very evident that great gaps have been made in their number by the destroyer's hand. Invariably docketed, and made up sequently into bundles, the great blanks here and there without purpose or order, show that these lapses were the result of mere accidental position and not design. The earlier and some of the later have suffered most. From what remains, as in the case of a single modeller's bill for 1769, we may judge that, had these papers been preserved to us in their original integrity, we should undoubtedly possess larger evidence of Bacon's, Flaxman's, and others' early labours for the great potter. Still we must be thankful for what are left. For many years Mr. Mayer devoted all the leisure hours of his busy life to the selection and arrangement of these papers. The results of this labour are now cleaned and tastefully mounted; and of these, some thousands in number, I have made a general, as also a chronological, index. The larger part, however, still remain in chaos, though I have gone through them for the

purposes of this work; and I am not without the hope, should life be spared me, of eliminating a mass of rubbish, and assorting and cataloguing what remains. When this long task shall be accomplished, and they are thus fitted for their final resting-place in some Museum, I foresee that they will prove useful in many directions of literary work. For instance, in some future history of British Commerce, a history not written after the old types, but on some such plan and after such manner as Sir Erskine May's powerful and lucid 'Constitutional History,' the foreign letters will afford much general and useful information in relation to tariffs, freights, duties, convoys, and other analogous subjects.

Mr. Mayer concurs with me in all which appears in this volume; and in this respect it has likewise received the sanction of an eminent critic. I have suppressed everything which might be considered of a private nature, though, at the same time I do not hold with those who, to meet the purposes and feelings of the narrowest conventionalism, would rob personal records of every touch of nature and of truth. I could point out collections of letters—letters of eminent men—which have been utterly ruined by this expurgating process carried to excess. And for what? 'Truth,' says an old law maxim, 'fears nothing so much as to be concealed;' and truth in all literary matters serves the highest ends. We are all too prone to ignore the things which lie around us, and the events and commonplaces of daily life, whilst we busy ourselves with

the past, or lose ourselves in the future. But the generations who come after us will pry into that to which we shut our eyes, and treasure that which we disregard. Every word and trait which we can preserve of men like Sydney Smith, S. T. Coleridge, Campbell, Sir James Mackintosh, and other of their contemporaries, will be as pleasant as precious to posterity; and could our forefathers have seen this preciousness of truth, this realism of fact, as we occasionally see it, what might not have been preserved of human histories dear to us? Could we recover some little fire-side conversations and incidents of our Shakespeare and Milton, would they not be worth all commentaries and criticisms? Moreover, the broadening out of human thought in all directions should lead us to see the truth, that simplicity of words and acts will be the result of a high civilisation; and that in a wider and wiser generalisation of human life, its duties and effects, convention and its littlenesses will no longer terrorize.

My little sketch of the old Shrewsbury doctors is drawn from life. I recollect them as distinctly as though they now stood before me, and their verbal portraiture will, I hope, please some few of their many admirers. One of my most vivid recollections of Dr. R. W. Darwin is that when, on an autumn afternoon, my father and I met him in his chaise in one of the valleys of the Longmynd or Stretton Hills. We were staying at the house of my father's friend, John Marston, Esq., of Fellhampton, and had been led to this spot by one of my father's hobbies—that of tracing Watling

Street in these mountain districts, as he had done elsewhere. The scene was one of those immortalised by Sir Roderick Murchison in his 'Siluria.' Vast rocks in which were imbedded the organic remains of other conditions of our globe; wide slopes of turf dotted with ferns and bilberry bushes, a mountain brook foaming and eddying over its rocky bed, and a true autumnal sunset, made together a scene worthy of Claude or J. M. W. Turner. The Doctor opened his chaise-door and conversed for some minutes. This must have been about the year 1827. Dr. R. W. Darwin was an eminent provincial character, but he will be best remembered by posterity for his felicity in having been the son of a man of true genius—Erasmus Darwin, of Lichfield, and the father of a son still more illustrious—Charles Darwin the naturalist.

I would make one self-correction. I have used the name of Joseph Butler, Bishop of Durham, in connection with Tar-water, and its fame as a universal panacea—it should have been that of Bishop Berkeley. I must also add, that I have been greatly indebted in this volume, as also in the 'Life of Wedgwood,' to Joseph Mayer, Esq., for the use of his collection of manuscripts; and to the Ven. Archdeacon Sandford, Miss Finch, and — Edgeworth, Esq., Norwood, for the loan of letters and papers.

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Facsimile of the earliest known Heliotype or 'Sun-picture,' taken by the Inventor of Photography, Thomas Wedgwood, in 1791–1793 *Frontispiece.*

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A

GROUP OF ENGLISHMEN.

CHAPTER I.

Manufacturing Industry—Prospective Views of the chief industrial Leaders—The Future of Soho and Etruria—The Heirs of eminent and wealthy Men—Disadvantages of their Position—The Sons of Wedgwood—Ability of the Youngest—Literary and social Condition of the Time—Rise of young and eminent Men—Their Friendship with the Wedgwoods—Character of the three Brothers—Little known of their Childhood—The Schools of Lancashire—The elder Wedgwood's Journeys to and fro—Intimacy of his Children with those of Dr. Darwin—Chemical Lectures—Journey to Bolton—Graphic Pictures of Machine-breaking Mobs—An Etruscan School—Debates as to Instruction in Classics—Bentley a stout Classicist—Darwin and Wedgwood lose sight of the Main Point—The French Tutor—School Programme—John Wedgwood sent to Warrington Academy—The Collapse of that Institution—Scholarship in Edinburgh—A Genevan Professor—Wedgwood's Letter to M. Pictet—Proposes to send Thomas Wedgwood to Rome—Webber's Arguments against it—John Leslie Tutor at Etruria—The young Wedgwoods dislike Edinburgh—Lord Dundonald—Dr. Black—Leslie's Memoir of Wedgwood—The Contest upon Leslie's Election to the Chair of Mathematics vacated by Playfair.

THE rapid and steady growth of English manufacturing industry during the last half of the eighteenth century produced many results of a character new and unforeseen by its chief promoters. Apart from their varied and high capacity in adapting means to ends, the result of which was proved by the creation of many colossal private fortunes, and a great increase of individual prosperity and national wealth, the majority of these were simple, homely men, whose chief ambition, without

doubt, rested on the hope that the great industrial centres they had created would be carried on, in efficiency, after their decease, by their immediate descendants and heirs. In all probability there was a period when Boulton and Watt contemplated as great, if not a greater, future for Soho, under the guidance of their respective sons, as that which they themselves had created and witnessed. But death struck down young Gregory Watt, the most hopeful of the great engineer's children; and thus the future of Soho was, so long as it lasted, a sleepy decline; being upheld rather by the traditions of the past than by any genius or business capacity of those who had succeeded. Arkwright left inheritors of his name, but none of his ability; and the first Sir Robert Peel lived to see his intellect reproduced in the new and higher direction of politics and legislation. Wedgwood, who was too prudent, too well acquainted with commercial risks, and who saw as clearly as any man of his time that, till some measure of Parliamentary Reform had secured a better representation of the people, misgovernment and its effects must continue and increase, seems never to have indulged in any unwise and sanguine dreams of the future greatness of Etruria. He took for granted that it would be carried on by his sons, and he rather favoured than not their initiation in the arts of the scientific and artistic potter. And so long as he lived two at least of them, guided by his influence and example, were in every sense partners and able assistants. But when the master-hand dropped, the bow, too long under tension, rebounded. The one son, already stricken with the hypochondriacism and restlessness of incurable disease, sought relief in a constant change of scene and varied companionship; and the other, led in a degree

by his example, purchased a great estate in Dorsetshire, and for a few years appeared in the new character of a landlord and country squire. As was natural, the Staffordshire interests suffered from this absenteeism; and it was not till their head had returned to his native soil that these interests revived. Nothing, perhaps, short of national ruin could have irretrievably injured the vast commercial business which Josiah Wedgwood the elder had founded, or deprived the wares manufactured at Etruria of their universal fame; but for many years the prosperity of Etruria declined, and it was left to another age and generation to revive and give progress to the varied branches of that noble handicraft which beauty and utility combined had rendered famous.

Judged of from a philosophic point of view, there is nothing surprising in the fact that the immediate heirs of great men should possess less energy, or display far less ability in the direction which led their fathers to success. The latter were representative men, endowed with the forces which are essentially creative. Ideas stood foremost with them, and to realise these in effects —for enthusiasm shuts out personality—was a passion that overruled every difficulty. But the process is an exhaustive one. Body and mind alike suffer. A man cannot give that which he has bountifully spent. Hence it is that genius so rarely reproduces itself; or, if it does, it is in a direction divergent and wholly new. The process is analogous to that which we find in the culture of the soil; rest, change of products, and the supply of those materials which productive energy has exhausted, are necessary to renewed fertility. It is also to be observed, that such ceaseless labours of body and mind as representative leaders find it necessary to

bestow, if conceptions, alike beneficial to the individual and to communities, are to be effectively realised, produce diseases, which, transmitted to their offspring, counterbalance, and often far more, their inheritance of honour and riches. Indeed, as thoughtful and cultivated men begin to perceive,[1] the possession of large fortunes at that period of youth when energy, self-denial, and industry should build up character, is, in too many instances, an evil rather than a good.[2] Deprived of those stimulative motives which led their fathers to success, young men fritter away existence in a manner purposeless, if not evil. There are necessarily exceptions to this rule as to all others. Some men stand better for a firm foundation, and make it the vantage ground to still higher purposes and results. Such was the use made of splendid opportunity by the second Sir Robert Peel. He became one of the most illustrious statesmen of his time; and his courage in avowing more liberal opinions, and in aiding their advance at a critical period of social change and national progress, was significant of the moral force which had built up the physical and social inheritance he used so well. In countless other directions wealth and ability combined are great utilities. The pursuits

[1] This opinion is admirably stated in an able little work, *The Organisation of Charity*, by W. Rathbone, Esq., M.P. for Liverpool.

[2] Bentley seems to have entertained this opinion in relation to Wedgwood's sons, and to have spoken frankly on the subject. In reply, the latter wrote: 'You may be a true prophet with respect to my boys being spoil'd for the exertion of their own facultys, if they are enabled to purchase the fruits of other men. But, if I continue long enough amongst them, I will endeavour—and I am sure you will assist me—to give them so much pride and unquietness of spirit that they shall not be content with anything other people can do for them, if they have not a hand in it themselves. They promise well in these respects at present, and I hope the good dispositions will continue and increase.'—Wedgwood to Bentley, December 29, 1777.

of science require, in many instances, wealth and patient elaboration; and a money-power may, without ostentation, exert as much influence upon a given literary period, by the indirect methods of advocacy, friendship and association, as patronage and unblushing dedications in one age, or partial criticisms in another. If the sons of Wedgwood, inheriting great wealth, and with it the idiosyncrasies sprung from their father's life of incessant toil, did not carry forward with the same vitality the peculiar works which had given him fame, they spent a large portion of their wealth nobly; and one of them at least possessed high ability and scientific tastes, and proved his possession by his papers on Light in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and by practically unfolding the first germs of photographic art. Had health and longer life been his, there is reason to think that his habits of profound thought and patient investigation would have led to results anticipative of some of the brilliant scientific discoveries of a later day. With far less physical power than his father, the mental power proved its originality and strength by its very divergence into new tracks of analysis and experiment. In all else—in simplicity, truthfulness, breadth of thought, and benevolence—Thomas Wedgwood was, as his brother wrote long after, 'a son worthy of his father.'

The period through which his scientific and social tastes ran—namely 1790–1805—was one in which change, long preparing, was visible in all directions. Many of the old landmarks of thought, opinion, and fact were in process of removal, and the new were little more than indicated. Prose literature, recently escaped from its Johnsonian fetters of style, gave rather the promise than the reality of its new strength and influence. Poetry, which in the hands of Hayley and

the Della Cruscans, had reached the last stage of imbecile inanity and commonplace, was indicating by the poems of Cowper and Crabbe, and the earlier ones of Bowles, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Campbell, its innate wealth and force, when it seeks to express in simple and natural language the emotions of the heart and the variations of thought. German literature was active in its influence through the translations of William Taylor and others. The progress and results of mechanical invention were producing great social changes. The towns were beginning to encroach upon the country, and everywhere the same law prevailed, which associates activity and enterprise with a spirit of political progress. The contest with America had shown that colonists, if brave and industrious, have nothing to fear from the aggressions of the parent state; and the overthrow of tyranny in France, in that outburst of human indignation of which the world had then known no parallel, had proved that there is a limit to the infamy of rulers and to the sufferings of those they coerce. Both events gave an impetus to freedom of thought and action. The old effete Whiggism of the days of Walpole was dying out, and younger men now rising into notice in literature and at the Bar, and destined to exercise an important influence upon the tone of public thought and action, were quick to perceive that wide social and political reforms were needed. They wrote and spoke fearlessly to that effect; and men of their own age, taste, and cultivation, shared their opinions and sought their friendship.

The sons of Josiah Wedgwood were, like their father, Unitarians in religious faith and Whigs in political opinion. From their boyhood they had been

accustomed to the society of literary and scientific men; and, alike wealthy and influential, it was natural that they should be drawn within this circle of new and powerful thinkers. For after the death of their father, their visits to and residence in the metropolis were far more frequent; and here it was they made the acquaintance of Sydney Smith, Mackintosh, Basil Montague, Francis Horner, Henry Brougham, Francis Wrangham, Thomas Campbell, John Stuart of the 'Courier,' and others; whilst with Coleridge, Wordsworth, Dr. Beddoes, and Thomas Poole of Nether Stowey, their friendship was still more intimate. The London warehouse had been removed, as we shall see hereafter,[1] towards the close of the year 1796 from Greek Street, Soho, to York Street, St. James's Square; and this became the central spot where this group of able Englishmen gyrated, as it were, round the lesser and fading light of Thomas Wedgwood, and his brothers Josiah and John.

The three sons of Josiah Wedgwood, the famous English potter, were born respectively in 1766, 1769, and 1771—Thomas, the youngest son, in May of the latter year. Except for a few scattered notices in their father's letters to Bentley, and a remark here and there in those of Dr. Darwin, we know little or nothing of their childhood. Each son inherited, as it were, a distinct phase of his father's character. John, the eldest, the more utilitarian and prosaic; Josiah, the resolute though courteous, as shown in his father's contests with respect to the Trent and Mersey navigation, the Irish Propositions, and the Commercial Treaty with France; and Thomas, that highest aspect of his

[1] *Supra*, p. 63.

father's intellect, the love of experiment and abstract thought. Yet so little in reality did 'childhood show the man,' that Josiah was looked upon as the philosopher in embryo, and Thomas as the humourist of the group. 'Josiah is a boy of great abilities, and little Thomas has much humour,'[1] wrote Dr. Darwin to his friend on one occasion of the children's visit to Lichfield; and Wedgwood's judgment was much the same. Writing to Bentley in relation to the family picture to be painted by Stubbs, he says: . . . 'The pendant (picture) to be Jack standing at a table making fixable air with the glass apparatus, &c., and his two brothers accompanying him; Tom jumping up and clapping his hands in joy, and surprised at seeing the stream of bubbles rise up, just as Jack has put in a little chalk to the acid; Jos, with the chemical dictionary before him, in a thoughtful mood; which actions will be exactly descriptive of their respective characters.'[2]

Mrs. Wedgwood's frequent illnesses during the childhood of her eldest children seem to have necessitated their being sent at an early age to boarding-school. It was at that day also more a custom than it is at present; and the schools fixed upon lying away in the towns of Lancashire, we find Wedgwood journeying to and fro in charge of them. Whatever were his other engagements—Navigation Committees, or the labours connected with vast orders for the Russian, American, and Continental markets—we find him, as the Christmas or Midsummer holidays approached, on horseback or in postchaise, on his way to Hindley or Bolton. At first his two eldest boys were sent to the former place to school, and on one of his excursions to fetch them for

[1] Darwin to Wedgwood, December, 1779.
[2] Wedgwood to Bentley, May 30, 1779.

the Midsummer holidays, he thus officiated as guide to the then newly-finished beauties of the Grand Trunk Canal. 'I left home yesterday and got here (Worsley) at night; my brother Jack[1] and nephew Tom accompany me. Our errand is to fetch the children home, and meet Mr. Brock at Manchester, and as I love to give all possible variety to these jants, for the entertainment of both myself and friends, I have sent for the boys early this morning to meet us here, and have begged the use of his Grace's boat to Manchester, and the day being fine we shall delight the young folks exceedingly with the sail, and it will not displease the older part of the company.'[2]

In the succeeding year (1774) young John Wedgwood was removed to Bolton to the care of the Rev. Phillip Holland, a Unitarian minister, and probably some relation to Peter Holland, at a later day an eminent surgeon of Knutsford, in Cheshire.[3] The year following young Josiah also became a pupil, and Wedgwood thus sketches the interest he took, not only in his own children's progress, but in that of their schoolfellows: 'I got safe to this place (Manchester) with my children on Saturday, and leave it to go to Bolton in the morning, where I have promised to spend a day or two with my pupils. They have made me Professor of Metalurgy to the college there, and cannot do less than stop a day or two with them to examine what progress they have made in the art.'[4] At home Wedgwood was equally the companion of his children. On one occasion he says: 'I make a great point of spending the holidays

[1] This was his brother-in-law, John Wedgwood, the cheese-factor, of Smallwood, in Cheshire, who died in November, 1774.

[2] Wedgwood to Bentley, May 30, 1773.

[3] *Supra*, p. 202.

[4] Wedgwood to Bentley, January 30, 1775.

with my boys at home ;'[1] and on another: 'We have so numèrous a family, and they make me so principal a playfellow amongst them, that it is with some difficulty I can stipulate for half an hour to write a few lines to my dear friend.'[2]

These holidays, whether of winter or summer, were as much a period of enjoyment to the father as to the children ; and we have this description in July 1778 : 'We sally forth, half-a-dozen of us, by six or seven o'clock in the morning, and return to breakfast with appetites scarcely to be satisfied. Then we are very busy in our hay, and have just made a new garden. Sometimes we try experiments, then read and draw a little, that altogether we are very busy folks, and the holidays will be over much sooner than we could wish them to be.'[3]

In 1779 his third son, Thomas, was also placed under Mr. Holland's care; but the schools of that period, even when conducted by comparatively enlightened men, were little calculated to produce the end in view—well-stored minds and well-nourished bodies. In both respects private schools fell short of even public ones. Boys were kept in strict confinement day after day. They droned over—what was necessarily incomprehensible to children—the grammatical figments of ill-taught Latin and Greek ; the elements of arithmetic and mathematics were offered in the same repulsive form. Any knowledge of history was rarely given, and lessons in geography were of the most elementary character. No wonder, therefore, that the parrot-like knowledge thus imparted did more to dull the intellect than to brighten and fertilise it ; and when to this were added

[1] Wedgwood to Bentley, November 19, 1778.
[2] *Ibid.* January 4, 1776.
[3] *Ibid.* July 1778.

physical coercion and restraint, and too often bad and scanty food, we can judge how ill the schools of the period effected their legitimate purpose of mental and physical culture.

Wedgwood, whose robust intellect and strong common sense made him readily aware of existing evils, even if he occasionally failed to see their true remedies, came, at no distant date, to the conclusion that his eldest boy, at least, required some fresh intellectual stimulus, and a change from the monotony of school life. He therefore induced Mr. Warltire, an able chemist residing in Birmingham, to come over to Newcastle and give a short series of lectures on chemical subjects, and combine, with these private lessons to young John Wedgwood, as also to one of Dr. Darwin's sons, who was specially invited to Etruria for the occasion.

At this period Dr. Erasmus Darwin resided at Lichfield, and Etruria being within easy reach, permitted a ready exchange of visits to both families. The Christmas and Midsummer holidays rarely went by without two at least of Dr. Darwin's three sons sharing in the festive doings at Etruria. In January 1775, Wedgwood tells Bentley: 'I have two of Dr. Darwin's sons come to stay some days with me;' and in the next letter he adds: 'I have a score of young folks to make merry with.' The following Midsummer the young Darwins were again at Etruria to share in the great event of the arrival of Bentley's present—a roomy playhouse, easily put up or taken down on the lawn there.

But the time was now come when the boys were to meet for graver purposes than mere childish pastimes. Dr. Darwin had lost his son Charles, a most promising youth, in May 1778, while pursuing his medical studies

in Edinburgh; and though in this, as in other instances, he affected stoicism, it was with ill success. Whether his plans in relation to the future profession of his youngest son, Robert Waring Darwin, were in any way affected by this event is unknown, but a few months later we find Robert Darwin styled the 'young doctor,' and as such invited over to Etruria to share with young John Wedgwood Warltire's private lessons in chemistry. 'I have sent for Jack from Bolton,' wrote Wedgwood February, 17, 1779 to Bentley, 'and Master Darwin (Robert) is to meet him here;' and a few days later he adds: 'Mr. Warltire opened his lecture on Tuesday with a subscription of about thirty guineas, and I think he will have more. Dr. Darwin has sent his son Robert to attend the course, and my Jack and this young Doct^r^, *is to be*, have both taken the infection very kindly. They both attend Mr. Warltire every morning for private instruction, which is of much greater consequence to them than the public lectures. I, too, am a lecturer in my turn, and have the place of secretary to their private experiments.'[1] The lectures were in progress through March, for on the 7th of the month Wedgwood wrote: 'I want nothing, my dear friend, just now, but a little more time, and in that article we find ourselves greatly limited, though we husband what little portion is allowed us with tolerable economy; rising before the sun, often before daylight, and pursue our experiments till supper calls us away, and sometimes after; and yet all is too little, much too little, for the business before us. The boys drink in knowledge like water, with great avidity, and quite to my satisfaction. Jack is very deep in chemical affinities, and I have no fear of his making a tolerable progress in the science,

[1] Wedgwood to Bentley, February 25, 1779.

for it is much pleasanter to him than grammar. I have some fears of the latter being neglected for this new study.' During the progress of these lectures Wedgwood added lessons in geography, and, with due explanations, led the boys through the cabinet of fossils he was then procuring and arranging.[1]

Later in the year we find Wedgwood's sons still at Bolton. Early in October Josiah, the second boy, then ten years old, was taken ill, and his parents were hastily summoned into Lancashire. During their journey to and fro they encountered mobs of machine-breakers, and the descriptions given by Wedgwood form historical pictures worth preserving: 'I wrote to my dear friend last from Bishton, and being uncertain whether this will be in time to find you at Turnham Green, I shall make it a very short one, just acquainting you with the occasion of my being here, and the disagreeable situation of the manufacturers and other peaceable inhabitants in this place (Bolton). . . . . In our way to this place, a little on this side Chowbent, we met several hundred people in the road. I believe there might be about five hundred; and upon enquiring of one of them the occasion of their being together in so great a number, he told me they had been destroying some engines, and meant to serve them all so through the country. Accordingly they have advice here to-day that they must expect a visit to-morrow; the workmen in the neighbourhood having muster'd up a considerable number of arms, and are casting bullets and providing ammunition to-day for the assault to-morrow morning. Sir Richard Clayton brought this account here to-day, and, I believe, is in the town

[1] Bills of a later date show that Wedgwood was regularly supplied with fossils by a firm in Derby.

now, advising with the inhabitants upon the best means for their safety; and I believe they have concluded to send immediately to Liverpool for a part of the troops quarter'd there. Many of the workmen having been turn'd off lately, owing to a want of demand for their goods at foreign markets, has furnish'd them with an excuse for these violent measures. The manufacturers say the measures which the Irish have adopted in their non-importation agreements have affected their trade very much. These are melancholy facts, upon which I forbear to comment. They do not stand in need of much illustration, but we must pray for better times.'[1] The next day Wedgwood continues his account: 'I wrote to my dear friend last from Bolton, and I mention'd the mob which had assembled in that neighbourhood; but they had not then done much mischief; they only destroyed a small engine or two near Chowbent. We met them on Saturday morning, but I apprehend what we saw were not the main body; for on the same day, in the afternoon, a capital engine or mill, in the manner of Arcrites, and in which he is a partner, near Chorley, was attacked; but from its peculiar situation they could approach to it by one passage only; and this circumstance enabled the owner, with the assistance of a few neighbours, to repulse the enemy and preserve the mill for that time. Two of the mob were shot dead upon the spot, one drowned, and several wounded. The mob had no fire-arms, and did not expect so warm a reception. They were greatly exasperated, and vowed revenge; accordingly they spent all Sunday and Monday morning in collecting fire-arms and ammunition and melting their pewter dishes into

[1] Wedgwood to Bentley, October 3, 1779.

bullets. They were now join'd by the Duke of Bridgewater's colliers and others, to the number, we are told, of eight thousand, and march'd by beat of drum and with colours flying to the mill, where they met with a repulse on Saturday. They found Sir Richard Clayton guarding the place with fifty Invalids armed, but this handful were by no means a match for enraged thousands; they (the Invalids) therefore contented themselves with looking on, whilst the mob completely destroyed a set of mills valued at 10,000*l.*

'This was Monday's employment. On Tuesday morning we heard their drum at about two miles' distance from Bolton, a little before we left the place, and their professed design was to take Bolton, Manchester, and Stockport in their way to Crumford, and to destroy all the engines, not only in these places, but throughout all England. How far they will be able to put their threats into execution time alone can discover.[1] . . . By a letter from Bolton I learnt that the mob enter'd that place on Tuesday the 5th, when we had left it not more than an hour. They contented themselves with breaking the windows and destroying the machinery of the first mill they attacked; but the next, the machinery being taken away, they pull'd down the building and broke the mill-wheel to pieces. They next proceeded to Mr. Keys of the Folds, and destroy'd his machine and water-wheel, and then went to work with the lesser machines, all above so many spindles—I think twenty-four. When they had completed their business at Bolton, I apprehend they went to their homes. Jack only says they are quiet now, and that 100 of the Yorkshire militia are come to defend them. I hope the

[1] Wedgwood to Bentley, October 9, 1779.

delusion is ended, and that the country may be in peace again.'[1] He adds a few days later: 'I hear nothing further of the Lancashire rioters, only that some soldiers are sent to oppose them, with orders not to fire over the poor fellows' heads, but right amongst them, and to do all the execution they can the first fire, by way of intimidating them at once. This may be right for aught I know, and cause the least bloodshed in the end; but it is dreadful, and I hope there will be no occasion for the military proceeding to such extremities. I do not like to have the soldiery familiarised to spilling the blood of their countrymen and fellow citizens.'[2] Wedgwood's desire to spare the blood of those who sinned through ignorance proves his generous nature, but the constant gathering of lawless multitudes for every conceivable purpose of violence, and the notorious backwardness and imbecility of the Government in both preventing and dispersing such assemblies, were characteristic features of the last century. Whilst the people were kept in such a state of mental ignorance as to be unable to distinguish between specific and national grievances, or to perceive that their distresses arose from other causes than the building of mills or the use of machinery, there were but two courses left open to a governing power—either to prevent such assemblies by peaceful means, or to repress them quickly by the stringent arm of law. Life and property were alike insecure; and it was the duty of the government to protect these, and punish the wrong-doers.

Eighteen years previously Wedgwood had read a translation of Rousseau's 'Exile,' and it is not improbable

[1] Wedgwood to Bentley, October 13, 1779.
[2] *Ibid.* October 16, 1779.

that the general impression that work left upon his mind, led him to conclusions respecting the health and education of children which were in advance of those generally entertained. Upon his return from Bolton with his sick child, he wrote thus to Bentley: 'We were three days on the road, as our poor fellow could not bear travelling expeditiously. . . . We have brought his brother Tom along with him, who is far from being well. I believe the truth is, that they have more business, confinement, and phlogisticated air than their machinery can dispense with; and how to remedy this evil, and give them such an education as the fashion of the times requires, I am utterly at a loss to determine. I am convinc'd that if they are confin'd again to school air, and rigid confinement with school discipline, their health and bodily strength must be diminish'd very considerably, if not totally lost. What I now advance is upon some years' observation of their constitutions, and not a hasty conclusion from their present indisposition. I believe early confinement and severe application are too unnatural not to have bad consequences in a greater or less degree upon most constitutions; but my boys I am very certain cannot suffer it without great injury, and I am really distress'd to find out a sort of compromise between the body and the mind that shall do the least injury to either in this business of education. You are an adept in this science, and if you will have the goodness, some time at your leisure, to communicate a few hints to me, I shall be very thankful for them.'[1] Whatever Bentley's advice was, some sort of plan for home education had been sketched out before the month closed. After telling Bentley that the boy's

[1] Wedgwood to Bentley, October 9, 1779.

health was mending, he adds, 'I have sent for his and his brother Tom's cloathes and books from school, having determin'd to keep them at home till Christmas, and prevail upon Mr. Byerley to give them some lessons in Latin; and for English, French, writing, accounts, and drawing, we must make the best shift we can amongst ourselves. Riding, running, and other bodily exercises make a considerable part of our schooling and entertainment.' [1]

This plan of home education met with Dr. Darwin's approval, and its arrangement led to the consideration whether or not it was advisable to give classical instruction to boys not intended for the learned professions. Dr. Darwin thought with Locke and Rousseau, that all primary instruction should rest upon a foundation of utility, instead of that which merely serves the purpose of ornament. 'I had some talk with Dr. Darwin,' wrote Wedgwood, 'upon my plan of curtailing the education of my boys in order to establish their health and give the more strength to their constitutions. He approv'd of the idea, and said he thought it a very idle waste of time for any boys intended for trade to learn Latin, as they seldom learnt it to any tolerable degree of perfection or retain'd what they learnt. Besides, they did not want it, and the time would be much better bestow'd in making themselves perfect in French and accounts. He advises me not to send them again to Bolton, but to teach them what we can at home, and then send them to some French academy, unless we can get a French prisoner, or some such opportunity of teaching them the French language here.' [2]

[1] Wedgwood to Bentley, October 24, 1779.
[2] *Ibid.*, November 8, 1779.

Whilst yet in the bud, and his own multifarious engagements, less pressing than customary, permitted him to give personal attention to it, the 'Etruscan school,' as Wedgwood somewhat pedantically called it, progressed admirably. Regular exercise, short lessons, and good food produced each their due effect; and no slurring over being permitted, his boys improved rapidly, so far as their course of education went. Their knowledge in Latin was kept up, and that was all; for the advisability of making them classical scholars was yet the subject of a pretty wide discussion between the three friends. Darwin and Wedgwood holding ground upon the negative, Bentley upon the affirmative; the latter even insisting that Greek should be added to Latin.

Had Wedgwood remained in his original position, a mere well-to-do potter, little known beyond the small country town in which he had been born and reared, and had his sons been likely to occupy the same position and no more, a practical and simple education might have sufficed. But by this time genius and industry combined had raised him to a position of wealth and social influence. He was in correspondence with many of the eminent men of the day; and the taste for scientific pursuits which he studied so earnestly to implant in his sons, not only implied, but insured, that in some respects, if not in all, they would be their coequals and friends. Unless they would be chiefs of a mere mechanical manufactory, it would have been well to insure the wide range of knowledge and thought education bestows, if even there were lacking the love of art, the creative touch of genius. Even the elder Wedgwood lost ground, through the deficiencies of his education.

For this there was no compensation; as in dealing with classical art he fell often into errors which a more special and higher order of training would have made impossible. Had Bentley lived yet a few years, to impress his educational views upon the mind of his friend, and have thus insured not only a scientific but a university education to those of his sons who were likely to be his successors at Etruria, there might have been for many years, what there was not, a wider and deeper knowledge of art, and more earnestness in its behalf. There might have been absenteeism; Josiah Wedgwood the younger might reside in Dorsetshire, might hunt over Cranbourn Chase, or assist Sir Joseph Banks in improving the quality of wool for the clothiers of Somersetshire and Wiltshire; but he would have seen that his substitute in Staffordshire must be a man of taste and extensive cultivation. Mr. Byerley was not this. He was painstaking and laborious, really earnest in his desire that Etruria should not lose her old fame for works of taste; but his natural place was the counting-house, not the studio or the workshop. He had not the knowledge and training to direct or criticise the work of modellers or painters, or that range of acquired suggestiveness necessary for the creation of novelties. Yet he reigned almost supreme both in London and at Etruria for fifteen years, namely from the death of the elder Wedgwood till his own in 1810. It was a period of comparative mediocrity, which in part might have been obviated by clearly understanding, that if production is to be anything higher than a mere mechanical process it must be directed by trained and highly educated skill.

The arguments used by Wedgwood in support of his

own and Dr. Darwin's opinions, anticipated not a few of those heard within the walls of Parliament at the present day. 'I will now,' he writes to Bentley, 'mention a few of the advantages and disadvantages of a Latin and classical education as they occur to me, for boys intended for genteel business or manufacturers, but not for what are called the liberal professions of law, physic, divinity, or the army. They would know their own language, as well as the Latin grammatically. May not this be acquired in English? The acquisition of classical knowledge is another advantage which I apprehend may be obtained from our excellent translations. The opportunity of reading all the *untranslated Latin* authors would perhaps be no great object, and the German would still be locked up to a mere Latin scholar. The additional knowledge of the derivation of words, and some assistance in spelling is acknowledged; but this is learning a thousand things to make up *one*. That a knowledge of the classics is highly ornamental in classical company and conversation, and that it may be useful in the knowledge of inscriptions, mottos, and Latin quotations, I grant in its fullest extent; but diamonds may be too dearly purchased, nay, may become ridiculous when ostentatiously displayed out of place and character; and even pernicious, when they take up that time and attention which should be bestow'd upon more substantial objects. I estimate the learning of a language equal to an apprenticeship, or learning a business at least; and therefore a serious matter when time is properly estimated. Seven years, a lawyer will tell us, is a long portion of *a life*, and should not be misapplied. The probable sacrifice of health, in weak habits, in fourteen years' close study, is no little, and what very frequently happens where the

mind is benefited much by education. That time must be employ'd in education which should be devoted to learning a business. I mean from about fourteen to twenty, and what is more unfavourable still to the latter, the ideas a long school and classical education, and the company kept, and the habits acquired there, are almost incompatible with a life of drudgery, as it might be deem'd by a fine classical gentleman, and application to business afterwards.'[1] There was much truth in these opinions, and more particularly at that date, when class books were far less perfect than they are at present, the time wasted over non-essentials and grammatical quibbles unreasonable, and the method of teaching very little improved on that in vogue in the days of Lilly and Colet. It is also likely that Wedgwood in his time had heard something of the classical euphemism, then happily dying out, but once so prevalent, of every fop considering it to be a mark of breeding to garnish his foolish speech with scraps of dog-Latin, or sounding words in Greek. Yet Wedgwood and Darwin both lost sight of what really constitutes the worth of classical attainments; this not consisting so much in the power they confer of reading classical authors in their original tongues, as in the culture implied and the refinement begot; in the humility which naturally results from knowledge, and in the ability to generalise and to take enlarged and philosophical views of most things.[2]

[1] Wedgwood to Bentley, November 28, 1779.

[2] Lord Cockburn has expressed himself admirably upon this point: 'My first class was for more of that weary Latin; an excellent thing if it had been got. For all I have seen since, and all I felt even then, have satisfied me that there is no solid and graceful foundation for boys' minds like classical learning, grammatically acquired; and that all the modern substitutes of what is called *useful knowledge* breed little beyond conceit, vulgarity, and general ignorance. It is not the mere acquaintance with

Till the close of November, the Etruscan school went on favourably. Wedgwood's sons were then invited to Lichfield to give companionship to young Robert Darwin who had just recovered from a brief attack of illness, and to join him in the lessons he was receiving from M. Potet, a French prisoner, who had come recently to Lichfield, and whose services Dr. Darwin had thus secured. The boys were together three weeks, and their progress in the French language was so satisfactory, that upon their return Wedgwood thus wrote of one of his sons: 'Joss has learnt so much French chiefly under him in three weeks at Lichfield, that he construes the language and reads it in English to the astonishment of his sister and us all.'[1]

It was now proposed that M. Potet should become a resident at Etruria, and give daily lessons not only to Wedgwood's children but to those of his partner and cousin, Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, who resided near. But there were difficulties as to terms, and Bentley had his fears that M. Potet was a spy. To set this latter point at rest, and some others which arose, Wedgwood made more than one journey to Lichfield. 'I have been to Lichfield again,' he wrote to Bentley at the close of December, 'on purpose to *see* and *hear* more of Mr. Potet (the French master), having had all the doubts and apprehensions you mention upon the occasion. Mr. P. is a young man, not twenty, of a gentle deportment, not fawning nor too bold. He is a mere scholar, as he left the college only when he went on shipboard, and had been but five days there when he

the two immortal languages that constitute the value, though the value of this is incalculable, but the early discipline of the mind, by the necessary reception of precise rules, of which the use and reasonableness is in due time disclosed.'—*Memorials of his Time*, p. 18.

[1] Wedgwood to Bentley, December 27, 1779.

was taken.[1] He was going to America with others, I believe to settle there. I should be as little afraid of this young man as any I ever saw of a spy upon a manufactory, because I do not think he has a single manufacturing idea about him; however, we had determined that he should not come into the works on any account. His morals I cannot answer for, nor is it likely that his countrymen would give him a bad character. I do not mean to have him in the house, and he is, from all I can learn, a very decent orderly man, and the Doctor thinks him very well qualified to teach his own language. Mr. P. says he has learnt Latin twelve years, drawing two years, and dancing and fencing.'

We have no further account of the matter, but it seems probable that the young French prisoner came to Etruria in the succeeding month, January 1780. The school had been resumed, and was in good working order. Peter Swift, the old clerk, gave lessons in writing and arithmetic; Mr. Byerley, and in his absence Mr. Lomas, the Unitarian minister at Newcastle, lessons in Latin; and Wedgwood himself not only instructed the children in geography, but was the moving spirit of the whole. He mapped out the day's programme of study, and himself rang his scholars up at seven in the morning, it being then winter time. The little girls were brought under rule as well as the rest. 'I would instil,' he wrote to Bentley, 'an early habit of *going to school at stated times* in the youngest of our scholars, as it will make it so much easier to them, by as much as it seems a necessary and connected part of the routine or business of the day. My

[1] As a prisoner of war by an English privateer then cruising in the Channel.

young men are quite orderly in this respect, since I let them know it was indispensable, and they are very good in keeping my eleventh commandment: *Thou shalt not be idle.*'

Still there were difficulties, the chief of which was due to Bentley. 'I cannot omit thanking my dear friend by this morning's post,' wrote Wedgwood, 'for his very kind and valuable letter, which I have just now received, and shall most attentively consider every part of it over and over, as the subject is of the first consequence to my little folks, and occupies my mind very fully. I had determin'd to send Jack to Bolton for another half year at least, and in that time Mr. Holland had told me he would be ready, if he was not to be a grecian, to transplant to some academy for the finishing of his education. So far I had finished my plan for six months for Jack, and had determin'd to try the home school experiment with Joss and Tom for twelve months first, and proceed in the same way or otherwise, as time, observation, and the advice of my friends should determine me. The six months from midsummer to Christmas I intended Jack to spend at home to complete himself in french, particularly in the pronunciation, and to fill up his time in writing, accounts, &c., but this greek will overturn my plan; I must consider of it. I have written to Mr. Potet, who has got his discharge, to come over, and am fitting up a regular school. All this by the by at present, for I must either write or converse more fully with you on these subjects.'[1]

Before, however, the year, then so near at hand, had closed, Bentley was in his grave; and whatever might have been the result of the conferences here indicated,

[1] Wedgwood to Bentley, December 29, 1779.

the 'Etruscan school' if even carried on so far, was henceforth an impossibility; Wedgwood had no further time for a schoolmaster's duties even in an amateur sense. The supervision of the ornamental works both as to manufacture and sale was thrown upon his hands, and various public questions were now arising to demand alike his attention and advocacy.

When, therefore, we hear next of his two eldest sons they were both in Edinburgh, attending the University there. We learn this from a letter addressed by Josiah Wedgwood the younger to Thomas Byerley, in which he styles the latter 'my cousin and good friend,' and asks for two copies of 'Cours de Mathématiques à l'usage des Écoles Militaires, par M. l'Abbé de Bossut, 1782.' 'We are studying mathematics now,' he adds, 'and are pretty much in want of them.'[1] At the close of the same year John Wedgwood was removed to Warrington Academy. For more than twenty years this seat of learning had been the centre of liberal and advanced opinion in science, religion, and politics. Here the elder Aiken had taught, and here the illustrious Priestley made some of his most memorable experiments. But though Dr. Enfield was now 'rector,' and Gilbert Wakefield one of the tutors, the fortunes of the Academy were in a state of collapse. Many of the trustees had ceased to send their sons there, or to recommend it to their friends and relations; and thus the majority of the pupils came from districts where the Academy was little known, or from a class whose wealth was the sole recommendation. At the session 1782–3, when John Wedgwood entered, the difficulties arising from the

[1] This letter bears the date February 2, 1782, and is addressed from the house of Mrs. Millar, Buccleugh Place, Edinburgh. Mayer MSS.

insubordination of the students, and the pressure of debt incurred for building purposes, had become formidable. To meet the latter evil the sum of 2,500*l.* was raised by subscription, and to this Wedgwood contributed. But revival was impossible. Since the period of Priestley's resignation in 1767, or shortly after, the tutors had ceased to board the pupils in their houses. Thus thrown together in a large sequestered house, and trusted as men rather than treated as boys, the insubordination became extreme, especially amongst those whose parents were wealthy West Indian planters. Various plans of reform and amelioration were tried, but all in vain. The more sedate class of pupils dropped off, and this famous Academy was closed at midsummer 1786. Though no affected purist, Wedgwood was the last man to countenance laxity of morals; more particularly in a case where such were likely to influence his children. John Wedgwood's stay at Warrington was therefore apparently of but short duration, as he was again a student in the University of Edinburgh in 1786, if not a session or two prior to that date. Amongst his contemporaries at Warrington were Malthus, with whom in later life he renewed his acquaintance; Richard Enfield, afterwards town clerk of Nottingham; Peter Crompton, the father of Chief Justice Crompton, and the friend and associate of Roscoe, and Thomas Percival, son of the well known Manchester physician.[1]

In the autumn of 1787, Wedgwood sent his eldest son to Rome. Travelling by way of Switzerland, he made a brief stay at Geneva; there renewing his acquaintance with M. Pictet, Professor of Mathematics in the University of that city. The Professor had been recently in England, and the guest of the Wedgwoods

[1] *Monthly Repository*, vol. ix. p. 598.

at Etruria.[1] Two letters preserve these facts, and others of an interesting character.

'The deep sense I entertain,' wrote the Professor to Wedgwood on October 22, 1787, 'of the many civilities I met with in my late journey through England makes me very happy when any English gentleman, calling on me at Geneva, gives an opportunity of acknowledging my gratitude for the many obligations I am under; and my satisfaction is greatly increased when my good fortune brings here persons to whom I am personally obliged. You may then judge, sir, how agreeable your son's kind visit has been to me. I am only lamenting that the shortness of his stay, and my absence from Geneva in the latter part of it, made it out of my power to be as useful a friend of his as I am a real one. I receive this moment, on his setting out from Turin, a letter from him in which he tells me you are wishing for some particulars concerning the Geneva education, having a mind to send here, for a year or two, his youngest brother. I heartily thank him for thus giving me an occasion to correspond with you, and of being, perhaps, of some service to a man for whom I profess a true regard and a sincere admiration.

'The two capital objects on which I suppose you want information, sir, are the possibility of acquiring scientifical knowledge, and how far the moral and liberal part of education can be carried on at Geneva. I know

[1] M. Pictet appears to have visited England on several occasions. In the summer of 1801 he was in Edinburgh, and is thus referred to by Francis Horner: 'Professor Pictet of Geneva passed through Edinburgh lately, and I passed two afternoons in his company. So far as his physiognomy and very general conversation would inform me, I imagine him to have a very active and perhaps ingenious mind, rather than a genius of a reflective turn.'—*Life of Francis Horner*, vol. i. p. 168. In 1791 M. Pictet had contributed a paper to the Royal Society on the Measurement of the Meridian.

neither the particular bent of your son towards any branch of sciences, nor his actual progress, but I can assure you that he will find here sufficient help in any branch whatever he chuses to follow and cultivate. The Lectures of our Professors are either Publick or Private, as in most Academies. The first are paid by the Government and of no expense for the Students, the others are paid by them. The Belles Letters, both Greek and Latin, Rhetoric, &c., are taught by two Professors, and the Philosophical Studies carried on by three; one for the Mathematics, a second for Moral Philosophy, and a third (myself) for Natural Philosophy. This study is again subdivided into Theoretical and Experimental, and as there is no particular foundation in our Academy for this last branch, and I happen to be possessed of a pretty large collection of machines, I give every year a private course of Experimental Lectures. The Lectures on Natural and Moral Philosophy are given in Latin, those on Mathematics and Experimental Philosophy in French, and there is besides an annual course of Chemistry founded by our Society for the encouragement of Arts, and delivered by a very able chemist. This same Gentleman understands Mineralogy very well, and is possessed of one of the best Collections of Minerals in Geneva. He gives once in two or three years a course of Lectures on that Study. The public lectures begin about the middle of November, and last till the beginning of May, and return again the first of August to the last day of September. As to my own private course of Experiments, I generally begin in the middle of December. There are besides Masters of the living languages, and any of the particular accomplishments as drawing, musick, dancing, fencing, &c., can be acquired here at a moderate expense. As to morals,

we are somewhat backwards of the conception of the present age, and perhaps even under the mean average of other Cities of the same size. There are but few young Englishmen now resident at Geneva, and the least in a purpose like yours will always be the best. The price of a genteel boarding house goes from five to ten guineas a month, everything included.

'These are, sir, the general informations which I thought acceptable to you. I must add, that you may look upon your son sent to Geneva as intrusted to my particular care and attention; and that by being myself a father, I am a better judge of a father's concerns. These, sir, would be my dispositions were you a stranger to me, and they will certainly not be altered for the worst by my having enjoyed the advantage of your personal acquaintance, by the memory of your kind reception at Etruria, and the many civilities I have lately received from your eldest son at Geneva. I wish these considerations may be of some weight towards bringing the youngest among us; and if such be your resolution, I beg the favour of your letting it be known to me in time that everything might be ready for him at his arrival, so as to save him any trouble.'

To this letter, which in spite of its foreign idioms did honour to M. Pictet's lingual acquirements, Wedgwood replied in the month succeeding, November 28, 1787. After thanking the Professor for his letter, and repeating his assurances of friendship, he says: 'My eldest son expresses his gratitude in the liveliest manner for the many good offices he has received from you at Geneva. I beg to write my thanks with his, both for your goodness to him and the parental care you express for the youngest, whom I had an intention of sending thither this winter. To you, sir,

it is unnecessary to say how much I feel obliged by a friendly attention to an object that lies so near my heart, as the instruction and well being of my children. I have sent my youngest boy for the present, at his own request, to the University of Edinburgh, where he has already been one winter with his brothers. In the earlier part of his life he was troubled with a nervous headache, which made it necessary for him to abate of his studies, and to be much out of doors, using some moderate exercise in the air. This course (recommended by our physicians as the only thing likely to be of service to him) has had the desired effect with regard to his health, but has prevented his making so much progress in his Studies as he otherwise would have done. He is sensible of his deficiency, and is applying himself in earnest to make up for his lost time. It was with this view that he desired to spend another winter at Edinburgh in order to have an opportunity of improving himself in Latin and French, that he may be able to understand a connected discourse and the Lectures given in those Languages, and thereby make a quicker progress in the branches of knowledge taught in your Academy than he would otherwise be able to do. The pleasing prospect of his being under the friendly eye of Mr. Pictet confirms me in my intentions of sending him to Geneva before the beginning of your Courses next Season; and it will likewise remove a principal objection that arose in his own mind of going thither, and which was natural enough to a boy; the idea of being a stranger in a strange land. I shall take the liberty of writing to you more particularly on the subject upon his return from Edinburgh, which I believe will be about the middle of next Summer. In the meantime I should be happy in any opportunity of

rendering service to you or your friends. . . . I have kept this letter by me for a Mail or two, in hopes of adding to it an account of the strata of our Coal Mines, which my son informed me would be agreeable to you, but have found greater difficulties with the miners than I expected. I hope, however, in the course of next week to get this little business completed.'

It is probable this scheme of Genevan studentship was never put in execution; for as early as April of the following year (1788) Wedgwood had struck out the new idea of sending his youngest son to Rome, where Webber, the modeller from Etruria, and John Wedgwood then were. But Webber, when consulted, gave his judgment against it, and it was abandoned. Writing from Greek Street to his son Josiah at Etruria the elder Wedgwood thus referred to the matter: 'I told you a few days ago what your brother (John) has said respecting the proposed scheme of Tom's going to Rome. I have now received Mr. Webber's letter on the same subject, in which he says, 'I mean to treat it without reserve, and must beg your pardon if I am too blunt. As I think myself pretty well acquainted both with the degree of knowledge he has acquired of the arts, and his power to improve it, I will briefly observe, That with regard to the first he has not yet a sufficient stock to be exported to Rome, and with regard to the second, I own with sincerity that I have never seen any young man possessed of more than he is. It is then my opinion, which I draw from observations made *here* on others, that the best method will be to study the whole approaching summer in England, not merely design, but every other branch of taste. This, which was ever my opinion, has been riveted in me by what I have learnt in conversation from my young countrymen

here, many of whom feel very much hurt at not being able to taste those pleasures which they see enjoyed by others on the contemplation of the works of art. But after a preparation during the summer at home, I am bold to say that four months' study in Rome will be sufficient, and that without such previous preparation it is little short of being useless. A very amiable young man told me, with a great deal of sensibility, that, if he could have had the most distant idea of Rome, he would have given the most assiduous application to the improvement of his taste; and so sensible was he of the necessity of more real knowledge of the works of art than those who make a trade of shewing them, that he engaged a painter to go round Rome with him, in preference to the best antiquary that could be found, and is trying constantly to find some painter to teach him design. With respect to the effects of the seasons—in the months we have been here, we have had almost constant shiroc winds, which alone are sufficient to make life a burthen. The summer must be insupportable indeed at Rome. Even at Naples, where the climate is better, several young people were at the point of death within the last six months; Mr. Flaxman was one of them, who is now pretty well recovered. As Mr. John Wedgwood talks of spending the summer in Germany, but first to see Florence and Venice, I shall accompany him there, and then return directly to England.' So far Webber; and to this the elder Wedgwood adds: 'My dear Joss, you will see by Mr. Webber's letter, as well as your brother's, what their united opinions now are with respect to Tom's going, or rather not going, to Rome. And as they will themselves be with us in the course of

this summer, that renders the plan altogether impracticable.'

The visit to Rome was therefore given up, although preparations had been made, even so far as procuring letters of introduction from Sir John Dalrymple and others. Throughout 1789, Thomas Wedgwood seems to have carried on his studies at home, aided, so far as his chemical experiments went, by the experience and knowledge of his father and Mr. Chisholm. But even thus early his general acquaintance with philosophic subjects far transcended theirs, and, gathering strength, branched out into many new and original tracks of experiment and speculation. Led by this evident tendency of his youngest son's ability, and for the general culture of his other sons, Mr. Wedgwood, sometime during 1790, invited John Leslie, subsequently Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, over to Etruria. Leslie remained there some time, varying the duties of his easy and pleasant tutorship by visits to Manchester, Birmingham, and other places, whither he took letters of introduction to Watt, Boulton, Percival, and others. 'Mr. Watt,' wrote Wedgwood to his friend, 'will find Mr. L—— a real philosopher and a valuable acquaintance. He has been for some months a part of Mr. Wedgwood's family, and is bringing his sons to a more intimate acquaintance with some branches of philosophy than the time they were at Edinburgh would allow them to acquire.'[1]

Wedgwood had been probably led to send his sons to Edinburgh as much by Dr. Darwin's recommendation and example as by its fame as a school of high

[1] Wedgwood to Watt, December 2, 1790.

philosophic training. Darwin had himself been a student in its University; and his son Charles, who died there in 1778, had given promise of the highest talent. When Josiah Wedgwood the younger first attended the High School in 1782, Dugald Stewart occupied the chair of Mathematics in the University, changing it for that of Moral Philosophy in 1785. The three latter years of the young man's residence in Edinburgh thus embraced an early portion of that brilliant period throughout which numberless students flocked from various parts of Britain and Ireland, and even foreign countries, to listen to the great follower of Reid, who, in a manner most attractive, and with learning deep as it was comprehensive, sought to repress the materialism of the followers of Locke, and to point out some ultimate principles or laws of thought which exist in the mind altogether distinct from its connexion with the material world. Nevertheless, he rather made ready for a philosophy than educed one; and the reaction since his day, in favour of a more sensational form of metaphysical philosophy, points out still more forcibly the impossibility of separating the intellectual from the organic.

Whilst in Edinburgh the young Wedgwoods lodged in Buccleugh Place, and appear to have seen a good deal of the society around them. But they do not seem to have liked either the country or its people. 'I do not know if you were ever in Scotland,' wrote Josiah the younger to his cousin, Thomas Byerley, 'but I think I know that you never would wish to come again; for the people are most abominably dirty, and the country is very near being one great moor, and very high, piercing winds almost continually blow, which fill our house with smoke, and make us as dirty

as the inhabitants. We have plays, concerts, and assemblies, but I am told that the last are disagreeable, on account of the very great form and ceremony which are kept.'[1]

Their father's fame led to their receiving considerable attention from various men of note. Lord Dundonald presented them with specimens from a pottery he had established, and they visited Dr. Black, Dugald Stewart, and other of the University professors. The elder Wedgwood had probably consulted Black in relation to minerals and fossils which might prove useful in his experiments for new porcellaneous bodies; and the illustrious chemist seems to have been, like Whitehurst, Keir, Darwin, and others, on the look-out for substances of this nature. 'I send,' wrote Black to the younger Josiah, on the eve of the youth's return to Etruria, 'the small parcel, which I beg you to present with my respectful compliments to your Father. It contains a piece of petrified wood from the north of Ireland, which is penetrated with siliceous matter, but is still inflammable, and some specimens of a stone from Bengal, remarkable for the following particulars: It is not described in any system of mineralogy hitherto published. I found it in the possession of a Seal Cutter to whom it was sent by a friend in India, as a stone much used there, for cutting and grinding the hard stones and gems. By examining his parcel of it I found it had been taken out of a sort of granite, which is made up much more of quartz than feltspar, and that it is dispersed through the granite in small masses of very different sizes, all of them having a sparry structure. . . . . I heartily wish you an agreeable journey and happy meeting with your friends.'[2]

[1] Mayer MSS. March 5, 1786. [2] Wedgwood MSS. April 10, 1786.

John Leslie, whose acquaintance the young Wedgwoods probably made during their residence in Edinburgh, and who, as we have just seen, became for a period[1] their tutor at Etruria, was an excellent chemist and mathematician, a follower of Reid in metaphysics, and a Whig in politics. But if the memoir of their father, which these young men, unfortunately, at a later day, employed him to write, be taken as proof, he possessed little intellectual ability. His faculty of observation and expression was meagre; he had no idea of arranging material. He probably wrote under restraint, and the facts supplied may have been dry and few; but he had seen the man, lived for months under his roof, and was contemporary with those who could have supplied him with vivid particulars of all the varied phases of Wedgwood's career. The consequence was, that the memoir was not even tolerable to his sons, who, undoubtedly, cared less than others for those graphic details which constitute the chief merit of biographical records. It remains still in MS.; and though corrected by the pens of Josiah Wedgwood, Coleridge, and even Carlyle, it is still what it originally was—a biographical sketch, without the facts or interest which constitute true biography.

With Leslie's philosophic tutorship the nonage of Wedgwood's sons was brought to a close. He returned to Edinburgh, and, resuming his chemical and other studies, produced a Treatise on Heat which placed him high in science. When the promotion in 1805 of Playfair to the chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh made a vacancy in that of Mathematics, he was considered the only well-qualified

[1] Cottle says three years; but this is doubtful.

candidate. He was supported by Stewart, Playfair, and many others who regarded only the superiority of fitness; but the moderate clergy, who had a candidate of their own in view, failing on the question of the College Test, which Leslie at once took, sought out a passage in his 'Treatise on Heat' in which the name of Hume was mentioned in relation to Philosophical Causation. This supplied them with what they required—a personal exception to the candidate whose science was unassailable. But the Town Council, jealous of this attempt to supersede their authority, and encouraged by the support of many eminent and liberal men, stood firm, and elected Leslie to the vacant chair. After a long contest in both the civil and ecclesiastical courts, their election was confirmed, and Leslie retained his Professorship some years, and not without distinction. His manner, however, was not attractive to all alike, and he seems to have indulged in one, at least, of the coarse habits of his time. 'Henry does not seem to like Leslie,' wrote Peter Holland, the Knutsford surgeon; 'too much of a *bon vivant*.'[1]

[1] P. Holland to Josiah Wedgwood, January 17, 1807. Mayer MSS.

CHAPTER II.

Importation of French Earthenware—Its Defects—Improved Skill of English Potters reverses Balance of Trade—Rapid Increase of Exports—Evasion of Restrictive Duties—Trade with France—Pitt's Treaty of Commerce—Daguerre and Sykes—Daguerre's Incapacity as a Man of Business—His Ruin of the splendid Consignments made to him—His Contest with Wedgwood—Arbitration—Daguerre in London—Probably at Etruria—Young Wedgwood at this date employed in Experiments on Light, Heat, and Colour—His Love of Philosophical Speculation—Corresponds with Priestley—Papers appear in the *Philosophical Transactions*—Edgeworth and Thomas Wedgwood confer as to Improvements in the Ventilation of Prisons—Staffordshire Bowmen—Marriage of Josiah Wedgwood the Younger—Dr. Beddoes—Researches in Pneumatic Chemistry—Pneumatic Institution at Clifton—The Elder Wedgwood's Contribution to its Establishment—Watt invents an admirable Apparatus for the Administration of Medicated Air—His Correspondence with Beddoes—Death of Josiah Wedgwood the Elder—Etruria becomes a Place of the Past.

FROM the reign of Charles II. till nearly the close of the first half of the eighteenth century a considerable quantity of earthenware was imported into England from the French coast. It was less heavy and more porcellaneous than Delft ware, its glaze was thin and white, and the result being a sort of China, brought it into favour for the breakfast and tea table, and for the dinner table so far as sauce-boats and small dishes of various forms went, the rest of the service being invariably of pewter. The exceptions to this rule lay with those who, from wealth or the incidents of trade and foreign intercourse, possessed services of Oriental porcelain or costly Delft earthenware. The white ware thus favoured was made principally in and near Paris and Boulogne; in fact, on

the old pottery-sites of the Celtic and Roman eras, and the more southern of the Flemish towns. But much sand being used in its composition, thus forming a paste easily vitrified and warped, the goods, as a general rule, were misshapen and otherwise defective. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, much of this ware found its way into this country—by smuggling when its importation was prohibited, and partly in a more open manner when prohibition was relaxed and a duty imposed. For nothing could be more protean in that day than the subject of commercial tariffs. No scientific or enlightened views guided their imposition. The whims of kings and ministers, the greed and ignorance of the commercial and industrial classes, or the belligerent spirit of an entire population, had often more to do with prohibition or heavy taxes than necessity.

But from 1730 to 1752 the balance of trade in the article of pottery began slowly to tell against France. The wares of Staffordshire showed marked improvement in form, colour, and durability; the porcelain works of Bow and Chelsea were established, and twenty-one years later those of Worcester and Derby. The French potters began to see that, if they would hold their own in an import trade with this country, they must, like the English, enter upon a career of improvement; and, as an easy way to this purpose, they sought by every means, both nefarious and open, to allure masters and workmen to France. In some few instances they succeeded. Hatred of rivals made one or two petty masters prefer retaliation to patriotism, and a larger number of workmen fallacious hopes to the comforts and stability of home; but the process was analogous to that of taking cupsful of water from a river fed by increasing springs. The tide of improve-

ment rolled on; it was met by the growing wants of a rapidly increasing civilization and wealth, and the two together soon revolutionized the whole balance of this and many other handicrafts. We exported instead of imported, and thus added to the national prosperity.

The first export trade of any value seems to have been with North America and the ports of the Baltic; but it was carried on differently than a few decades later, when the amount of productiveness had become so vast. Instead of sending his wares directly to the foreign agent whose business it was to supply the consumer, the potter or hardware manufacturer sold a few pieces to merchants here and there, who risked them in ventures made up of many sorts of goods. It was in this way Wheildon and other masters of their day disposed of their commodities; sending a crate or two to Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, or London, the merchant unpacking the goods, and dividing and repacking them as it best suited his trade or convenience. It was in this way that Wedgwood opened an export trade prior to 1765, by selling red earth tea-pots, green pickle-dishes, small dessert services, and vases, to various English and foreign merchants residing in London. By 1769 his trade with New York was direct and considerable. The same year he opened his trade with Holland by consigning goods to Du Burk of Amsterdam. In 1772 he had supplied the Elector of Saxony with goods so beautiful as to elicit the warmest praise. In the year succeeding he manufactured the first Russian service, besides completing large orders for plainer goods. In 1774 his connection with Italian merchants commenced, the ports of Italy varying in their scale of import duty. The trade with France began in a small way through supplying a shopkeeper of Dunkirk

named Du Rovery; and in the year succeeding Boulton and Fothergill sent hundreds of crates for Wedgwood to the Baltic. The year 1776 saw a trade opened with Spain, the duty on imported goods being sixteen per cent. The same date was that of an opening in Eastern Europe; for pattern boxes were despatched into Bohemia. In the autumn of this year, 1776, Bentley visited France apparently with a view to see what could be done for the disposal of goods in that direction; as it must have been an anomaly to his sagacious mind to find that whilst the export trade to North America, even in spite of the war with South America, the West Indies, Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, was increasing every day, that with our near neighbours the French was next to nothing. True, the earthenware of England was under the ban of prohibition in that country, but so it was in Portugal and Sweden; and yet, in spite of this, the merchants took such measures as made the restrictive policy of their respective governments a mere dead letter. This state of things was in some measure to be explained by the fact that, though near home, Paris, as well as many of the French towns, was literally far removed. Unless the port of Havre were chosen, it was easier to despatch goods by way of Liverpool to America or the West Indies than overland to Dover or Southampton, and thence across the Channel.

Bentley, who reached Paris by way of St. Omer and French Flanders, and returned by Amiens and Abbeville to Calais, appears to have opened up business relations on various parts of his route; as soon after we find papers relative to a trade with St. Omer, Nancy, Dunkirk, and Tournay; and about the same period a person named Perregaux was appointed Wedgwood

and Bentley's Paris agent. Through his hands, as also that of a merchant or dealer named Honoré, a large number of choice articles infiltrated, so to speak, into the possession of the Princesses of France, the Duc d'Orleans, Count d'Artois, Cardinal de Rohan, the Duc de Bouillon, and other of the high nobility.

Yet till 1784, when Pitt's enlightened commercial policy seemed likely to take effect, the more useful class of Wedgwood's ware was comparatively unknown, even amongst dealers. At that date Charles Chappuis, a shopkeeper of Versailles, opened a correspondence with Wedgwood, offering, if the proposed Commercial Treaty between England and France were ratified, to receive orders for his ware, either for the purpose of exportation or to sell upon commission. 'I have very often had the pleasure to enjoy Mr. Wedgwood's company,' he added, 'whilst I was a clerc at Mr. Radcliffe,[1] with whom I lived many years.'

In November 1786, Byerley, accompanied by young John Wedgwood, visited Paris, on further business relative to the proposed Treaty; and amongst those whom they seem to have addressed were M. Daguerre, a merchant living in the Rue St. Honoré, and MM. Sykes and Compagnie, Place du Palais Royal. In the February succeeding, Daguerre was in correspondence with Wedgwood,[2] with an ultimate settlement to the effect,

[1] The eminent Manchester merchant. Chappuis to Wedgwood, August, 1784.

[2] The first letter from Daguerre to Wedgwood is as follows. The translation is Chisholm's, and poorly done. It is dated from Paris, Feb. 26, 1787:—'The letter which you did me the honour to write to me confirms to me the project you have of establishing with me an *entrepôt* of your manufacture, which was agitated verbally between Monsieur your son, Mr. Beierlee, and me, while they were in this city. I believe for this effect I can assure you that in all Paris your *Depôt* could not be either in a house more known, or a quarter more advanta-

that the latter should keep Daguerre supplied with a choice assortment of goods, both plain and ornamental;

geous, than what I live in; and that, besides being accustomed to keep only what is fine and well finished, and the public to find it with me, your articles will be the better distinguished from those which your imitators may send hither. I observed to those gentlemen, and I still think so, that, for the greater advantage of the project in question, it would be infinitely better that there should be only one house that was the depository thereof; I know generally the taste of the public, and I am of opinion that we ought never to satiate it by a superabundance of objects, with which, being too much familiarized, it is not long in receiving a disgust; and this it is important to watch over. On another side, this branch of commerce being divided among several houses, there may happen what happens but too often among men—I mean jealousy; and from jealousy there arises pretty often diversity of prices, which I believe to be injurious to a manufacturer, whose basis ought to be in probity. Such is the light in which I see it. I am of your opinion, and think that the commencement of this business ought to be presented to the public with a complete assortment in every kind. Your manufacture being little known here, it is experience that must teach us what are the articles that will have the greatest vogue. I think that table services, for example, will have success; but I repeat it, that experience alone can enable me to pursue a sure and certain correspondence with you on the advantageous manner of making your manufacture and my commerce to prosper. What you say, Sir, has full justice: that at the end of twelve months I shall know sufficiently what part I ought to take of the articles that shall not be sold, and which I shall be at liberty to return to you. I agree to take on my own account the articles which I shall demand of you particularly on the terms of making payment in six months after their arrival with me. You will perceive that I shall be obliged to augment the price of your goods, in proportion to the charges of carriage and the duties which the two sovereigns have thought proper to lay upon objects of industry and commerce. I understand, also, that I am not to be accountable for anything relatively to breakages that may happen during the passage of the envoy you are going to make me; and, on unloading, I hope Mr. Perregaux will be so good as to send a person on his part, for your interests, to ascertain breakages, if there be any; for me, I am to be accountable only for accidents that may happen with myself.

'Tis to Rouen that the goods are to be addressed. That city, on account of its communication by water with Paris, is the most convenient, both for saving expenses and preventing breakages. I have the honour to be, with perfect consideration, your most obedient, humble servant,

'DAGUERRE.'

There is extant one brief letter of somewhat the same date in Daguerre's handwriting. His Christian name was Dominique. Mayer MSS.

and that Daguerre, on his part, should establish proper and convenient show-rooms for the reception and display of the same, as also keep appropriate servants. Wedgwood was to base his invoices on the prices which he sold for to the London public, adding thereto all the expenses to shipboard; and Daguerre add those which he should pay from London to Paris, including the duty. This agreement was to continue a year between the contracting parties; and then for either, as it might be agreed, to take the business solely on his own account.[1]

The negotiations with Sykes and Compagnie were carried on at the same time; and thus on October 1, 1787, the day on which the celebrated Treaty of Commerce between France and England came into force, the Parisians were informed by public advertisement that 'Mr. Wedgwood of London, manufacturer of cameos of two colours and all sorts of sizes, had established two depôts for the sale of these goods—the one at the house of M. Daguerre, merchant, Rue St. Honoré, near that of Orleans; the other at the house of Sykes and Compagnie, Place du Palais Royal.[2] During the progress of this arrangement, various merchants seem to have competed for the privilege of selling these famous wares. One, named Vevrier, of the Palais Royal, informed Wedgwood by letter that 'he had sold twelve casks of his pottery within a twelvemonth, and that recently he had sent a new demand for flower-pots. His house was better situated for trade than that of Daguerre; he should be contented with small profits; but it would be necessary to receive the goods direct, and not, as heretofore, through the agency of M. Honoré.

[1] Reciprocal propositions, Daguerre and Wedgwood. Mayer MSS.
[2] Original advertisement in French. Mayer MSS.

A contest with Daguerre,' he added, 'could be alone sustained through receiving objects at the first hand; and, were his proposition agreed to, it would be best to ship goods from the Thames to Rouen, and so by way of the Seine to Paris.'

But, either from the respectability of his name and position or some motive it would now be impossible to ascertain, the preference was given to M. Daguerre. Sykes's trade was divided between Bordeaux and Paris, the former being most prominent, and therefore it is likely he had less space for display, or less time to bestow on his Parisian business. But the result sadly belied every expectation. The splendid assortment of goods shipped from Liverpool to Havre and thence to Rouen in July 1787 was suffered to lie at the latter place till the close of September, and this at a period when so many competitors were in the field, and each one running a race to have his goods in the market first. When brought at length to Daguerre's shop or warehouse, only the ornamental part of the goods was exposed for sale in a proper manner. The fayence part of the stock, amounting to nearly two-thirds of Mr. Wedgwood's adventure, was crammed into a dark and damp cellar without any order, and a great part without being taken out of the straw; in this state Mr. Byerley found the goods after the lapse of more than a twelvemonth. In fact, neither Daguerre nor his assistants knew anything of business. He allowed a dealer to go amongst the stock and take what pieces he pleased—thus breaking up sets and rendering them unsaleable; and at length, when he found the confusion inextricable, Daguerre complained that the invoices were confused. But the real fact was, that the invoices from Etruria furnished sufficient light for

even a stranger to the business to verify them, provided it had been done at the moment of opening the goods, as is customary among all traders; for every article had a number in the invoice, and the same number was put upon one of the pieces of that kind, which was also put up into brown paper, so that upon opening the goods it might not be overlooked. But no books were kept; the numbers, owing to the dampness of the cellar, dropped off the goods, and amidst this confusion neither Daguerre nor his servants knew how to find anything that might be asked for, even twelve months after the goods had been received. If a customer asked for any particular piece of fayence, they had to go down into the cellar to see if they could find it; and, if they did, the customer had to wait till they turned to the invoice to fix a price—for no plan was formed relative thereto but the general one of so much advance—and this price, in contravention of the agreement between Daguerre and Wedgwood, was fifty per cent., and often more, upon the invoice.[1]

Considering that Wedgwood's views were not to catch at a temporary speculation, but to establish a lasting and mutually beneficial commerce, this failure, from sheer carelessness and inattention on the part of Daguerre, was most annoying. 'For while,' as the former very justly said, 'his goods were thus neglected and shut up in a cellar, he sacrificed all his other connections to these exclusive agreements, and thereby disobliged some very old friends, and absolutely refused the sale of goods to a very considerable amount.'

At length, finding, perhaps, his utter incapacity to

[1] Remarks on M. Daguerre's statements. Mayer MSS.

effect any good with the business he had undertaken, Daguerre applied to be relieved of the remaining stock, at the same time demanding repayment of the carriage of the goods from Rouen to Paris, and other expenses; forgetful, as it seems, that one of the clauses of the agreement was to the effect that the charges from Rouen were to be paid by himself, that he had a handsome percentage on the whole speculation, and that, in contravention of the agreement, he had taken for himself fifty per cent. upon sales.[1]

These disputes were carried on to a wearisome extent by Daguerre. At length the business was put to arbitration, Mr. Sykes and an Italian named Casaurane being the arbitrators. What was the ultimate settlement is not very clear; but restitution and rigid adherence to the agreement seem evident. The goods were probably absorbed into Sykes' Parisian stock,[2] and the

[1] Remarks on M. Daguerre's statements. Mayer MSS.

[2] On the other hand, Sykes succeeded in establishing a flourishing business both in Paris and Bordeaux, though ultimately he suffered from the financial difficulties which preceded and followed the French Revolution. For Pitt's noble initiative scheme of commercial freedom had but a short-lived existence, and yet one amply sufficient to prove the immense preponderating value of unfettered over-restrictive commerce. The Commercial Treaty between France and England only came into force in October 1787. From June 1789 we may date the French Revolution; and from that period till the declaration of war between the two countries, in 1793, when the Treaty became necessarily a dead letter, trade fluctuated, and then rapidly declined. A letter from a person named Maynard, who managed Sykes's Paris business, proves that the French were fully sensible of the immense improvements introduced by Wedgwood. Writing to Byerley in February 1788, Maynard states: 'I have now passed the severest campaign I ever experienced in my life, very much to my own satisfaction, as also to that of Mr. Sykes. Business now goes on smoothly and well, and I am happy to acquaint you that your manufactory forms a brilliant and capital part of our variegated commerce. The idea we adopted of the Etruscan colours succeeds beyond what I had conceived, and 'tis with difficulty we sell any ornamental Queen's ware but that. As for the flower-pots—those designs executed in a large bold manner none but your genius was capable of—

business terminated about the end of 1789, or early in 1790.

The question at this point is: Was Daguerre, a man of scientific as also artistic tastes?—did his utter inaptitude for commercial details arise in any degree from his absorption in study and experiment? It was then common, in France and Germany, whilst science, except in professorships, gave a man no adequate means for daily bread, for the savant and experimentalist to be one and the same with the shopkeeper or bourgeois.

they pleased beyond description. Unfortunately, they did not remain with us an hour after they were unpacked. I have not less than 200 or 300 retained as soon as they arrive, from the *bruit* they have made. The common blue basins and jugs, though not quite so happy in their execution, succeeded equally as well. There is not an hour in the day passes without people sending to know if we have more arrived. If they had been on the fine light quality of Mr. Wedgwood's Queen's ware, they would have been the compleatest things in the world. I depend on your good taste and judgment to render them perfect; the blue was rather too deep a couleur. I recollect, also, you promised to vary the colours, such as Devonshire brown, rose, green, and straw colour, and orange, with noble black Etruscan borders; if you could contrive a sort with a cover to them, they would also sell amazingly, and should be particularly pleased to have some in plain Queen's ware, same form, with bold Etruscan red and black borders inside and out of the basan, and some with an Etruscan figure or two on the center of the ewer. They would be enchanting, and sell themselves, without limit as to quantity. The same idea of a figure or two in the middle of the flower-pots would have equal effect . . . . I have now the satisfaction of acquainting you that I believe your depôt of cameos will become an object more considerable than I imagined; the merchants begin to find us out, and of late have made some considerable *Emplettes*. We really have nothing capital left. You should forward us a supply immediately. The sorts most wanted are small and large rounds for snuff-boxes, small oblong squares, octagons, and ovals for rings, chains, keys, &c. . . . But I must observe they complain very much that they have nothing but the same subjects over and over again; that it's quite discouraging. Whether true or not, I will not pretend to say; but they always tell me Mr. Daguerre's assortment is much more new and agreeable than ours. You will be careful to send no more Dancing Nymphs in bowls . . . nor any green cameos of any size.' Maynard to Byerley, Paris, Feb. 14, 1788. Mayer MSS.

Be this as it may, the next we hear of Daguerre is that he is in London; still holding business relations with Mr. Wedgwood, and on terms of friendship with him.[1] The result of the arbitration, therefore, whatever it might have been, had not put an end to all intercourse or business relations between them. 'I am very sorry that I cannot find Mr. Daguerre's model, nor can I recollect anything of it,' wrote Wedgwood, by the hand of his son Josiah, in some memoranda sent from Etruria to London March 3, 1791;[2] 'he had better get another from Paris. I have no sketch of the size. As to making four Academies, that is quite out of the question. I can make four subjects of Lady D. Beauclerk's boys, or perhaps find two subjects which will match with the Academies. Pray make my compliments and excuses to him, for I am really sorry.'

From this it is evident that Daguerre had not relinquished his dealings in works of art; and, more important still, that he was in England at this date. There is reason to think—indeed there is a tradition to that effect—that he visited Etruria, as was customary with most foreigners, and whilst there he probably witnessed some of those experiments on light and heat with which Wedgwood's youngest son was then occupied.

The nature of heat and its relation to light were just then engaging a good deal of philosophic speculation. Black's discovery of the principle of latent heat had greatly stimulated further research in this direction; and the practical questions arising from the use and

[1] He was in London four years previous to this date. We find Mr. Byerley and Daguerre dining with Sykes, in the Crescent, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, July 1787. Mayer MSS.

[2] Mayer MSS.

improvement of his father's thermometer, the occasional appliance of the camera obscura, rude as was then its condition, to artistic purposes, and the experiments then in hand at Etruria towards a new style of ornamentation for black ware in silver lustre, were, apart from purposes of abstruse speculation and philosophical research, undoubtedly amongst the minor causes which led Thomas Wedgwood to take up the study of this class of subjects.

As early as his sixteenth year we find him, on his own account, sending to London for a copy of 'Newton's Optics.' He may have been induced to enter upon the study of that immortal book by the admirable analysis which Priestley gives of its chief principles and discoveries in his work on 'Vision Light and Colours,' published in 1772, and to which the elder Wedgwood had been a subscriber. To us it seems that in many parts of the 'Optics' several of the after tracks of discovery in relation to heat, light, and colour are indicated, if not precisely defined; and further study must have made young Wedgwood well acquainted with the fact that, as early as 1558, it had been noticed that horn silver was blackened by the sun's rays. Petit had shown that nitrate of potash and muriate of ammonia crystallised more readily in light than they did in darkness. Scheele had analysed the action and studied the influences of the differently coloured rays of light. He had also discovered that the chloride of silver spread on paper was speedily darkened in the blue rays, whilst the red rays produced but very little or no change. Senebier had repeated Scheele's experiments, and with fresh results; so that, whatever were his purposes—whether a mere abstract and philosophical one, or experiments carried on with a view to artistic

improvements in manufacture—young Wedgwood had had predecessors in this curious branch of physical enquiry.

Under the dates March 1, 1790, and November 2, 1791, we find him sending to Burley in Birmingham for steel or iron, as also silver, wire of extreme fineness, cylinders of highly polished silver, and philosophical instruments of several kinds.[1] At the same time he was corresponding with Priestley as to the course he was pursuing. 'I like very much the plan of experiments that you mention,' wrote Priestley in reply, 'as

[1] 'Nov. 8, 1790. Memoranda from Etruria to Greek-Street. Coloured silk stockings for Mr. T. W.; also procure ditto two pounds of purest quicksilver; also, from Wilmington, mathematical instrument maker, a small pair of screw steel dividers, for accurate divisions, for Mr. T. W.' 'Nov. 2, 1791. Thomas Wedgwood, Etruria, to Burley, Great Charles Street, Birmingham. "Sir, I am obliged to you for the silver pieces, but the workman has not at all attended to my directions; he has made them square. I asked for cylinders, and drew a square for a section only. One of the cylinders was to have been of a high polish, and the other like a worn shilling. He has made them both alike in this repect; they should have been solid, too. Directions: a solid cylinder of silver $\frac{2}{10}$ inches in diameter and $\frac{2}{10}$ in height, to be turned on a lathe, out of a solid lump of silver, and polished in the highest manner, both ends and sides much higher than the pieces I have received. Suppose silver wire was ever made $\frac{2}{10}$ inches diameter. I want a bit cut off $\frac{2}{10}$ inches long, and the cut off bit very highly polished. Another solid cylinder of very exactly the same dimensions, not polished higher than a common worn shilling. These you will easily get made in a day, and I am very much distressed for want of them. I hope you will oblige me by sending them in a day or two."' In another letter, addressed to Burley, of about the same date, he says 'I am much obliged by the attention you have given my commission. You may tell the German that all I want is two common barometer tubes, blown into a bulb, something of the form I drew in my last. The whole tube and bulb together to be about thirty-six or thirty-seven inches. Show him this drawing, and I am sure he can make me two in five minutes' time. He has no more to do than to direct his flame to the end of a common barometer tube, of as narrow a diameter as he can above $\frac{1}{8}$ inches, and to blow up the other end. Please to send them as soon as possible. . . . Please to send me two or three yards of the very finest possible steel or iron wire. It cannot possibly be too fine.' Mayer MSS.

they will very probably throw some new light on a very important subject about which we as yet know very little. Indeed, light and heat are little known, and yet I think they are as open to investigation as air.[1] Later in the same year Priestley added: 'I do not know that any experiments have been made on the curious and important subjects you mention, and I have little doubt but your labours in so new a field will be crowned with considerable success. All that is known of the kind is the general aptitude of the more refrangible rays to be reflected in such media as water and the atmosphere.'[2] 'There is nothing,' added Priestley in a further letter,[3] 'more within the field of random speculation than light and heat; their connection is evident, but which is the element of the other is unknown.'

The immediate result of these experiments was the appearance of two papers on the 'Production of Light from Different Bodies,' in the volume of 'Philosophical Transactions' for the year 1792. They are, as literary productions, very immature, and needed, as Priestley justly observed, incorporation and curtailment;[4] for the observations and experiments of others are merely strung together, without those connecting links of inference and speculation so necessary to philosophical discussion, and which at the same time constitute its chief value.

It is curious to observe how much the experiments

[1] Priestley to T. Wedgwood, June 20, 1791. Finch MSS.

[2] *Ibid.* Oct. 18, 1791.

[3] *Ibid.* Feb. 22, 1792.

[4] Referring to the second article, Priestley wrote, 'I think, however, it might not be amiss to recompose some parts of your paper, in order to make the correction of the observation in the former part of it unnecessary.' Finch MSS.

narrated in the earlier paper were made with substances used in his father's manufactory, or arranged in his collection of fossils. Crystal, the diamond, quartz, chert, felspar, barytes, whiting, earthenware, white porcelain, flint and plate glass, moorstone, borax, alum, Derbyshire black marble, and many others; these producing, when rubbed, white or red light of different degrees of intensity. He also found that all hard earthy bodies emit a peculiar smell on attrition; and that in some cases these bodies were raised to a temperature beyond visible red heat; it remaining, at the same time, entirely problematical in what manner heat operated to produce this light; for the air did not seem to have any concern in its production, as bodies are equally luminous in all kinds of air, and when immersed in liquids. Thus having made incombustible bodies red-hot without the aid of fire, young Wedgwood at once conceived that all the light which they emit, when heated to redness in the fire, proceeded entirely from their great phosphorism; for he could not suppose that they absorbed light from the burning fuel and emitted it again at the same time, and during a continuance of the same circumstances.[1]

In the second of the papers, which rises considerably above the literary average of the first, we come upon the purpose for which the cylinders, previously referred to, were procured. In order to discover what effect the light of burning fuel had on incombustible bodies he fixed into the end of a tube of earthenware two equal cylinders of silver with polished surfaces, half an inch in length and a quarter of an inch in diameter. One of the cylinders was painted over, except the end

[1] *Phil. Trans.* vol. lxxxii. p. 28.

within the tube, with a thin coat of incombustible black colour, to make it absorb the incident light; the other end, intended to reflect, was left with its polished surface. Applying his eye to the opposite extremity of the tube, which was fitted exactly so that no extraneous light could enter, and directing it towards the two polished ends of the cylinders, he held the tube within a red-hot crucible, surrounded by burning coke, and continually turned it round, so that both cylinders might be equally exposed to light and heat. The result of this was that the end of the blackened cylinder began to shine a considerable time before that of the polished one, and remained constantly somewhat brighter. On removing the tube from the crucible, still looking within it, he was surprised to see the appearance renewed; the polished cylinder continuing to shine for some time after the blackened one had ceased. Cylinders of gold and of iron, treated in the same manner, gave the same result; but the differences between the polished and the blackened ones were not so remarkable in these as in the silver.

This and other experiments were made to ascertain whether metals and earthy bodies began to shine at the same temperature, and the result led to the inference that they invariably did. They also showed that red-hot bodies ignited by white light give out only red rays, and that light produced by bodies from attrition is double.[1]

At this date, or somewhat previously, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who for near a quarter of a century had been a friend of the elder Wedgwood, was engaged in some experiments bearing on the better ventilation of

[1] *Phil Trans.* vol. lxxxii. p. 270.

Irish prisons. He considered that were air passed through a heated chamber prior to its inhalation by those shut up in close places it could be freed from many impurities; and during a visit which he and Mrs. Edgeworth made to Etruria, in the autumn of 1790, the subject seems to have been discussed by him and Thomas Wedgwood. Correspondence followed, Edgeworth proposing to pass the air through a large retort partly composed of iron and earthenware; young Wedgwood objecting on the ground that air brought into connection with heated metals, iron especially, was deleterious. 'Since our conversation on heated air,' he wrote, 'I have examined the subject with some attention, and hope I shall be able to give you a satisfactory account. In the first place, it is well ascertained by experiment that air heated by a substance not in combustion suffers no other change than a diminution of its density. So that air passed over heated earthenware, argillaceous, or siliceous stones is perfectly innocent. On the contrary, air which has been in contact with any substance which either calcines or consumes becomes highly mephitic. Iron is one of the worst metals that can be used. It may be said to consume, though at a much slower rate, in the same manner as any combustible substance; for sprinkle a few iron filings into a smart fire, and they will instantly flame and become a mere calx. Air passed through any fire is still more noxious. . . . Accordingly, experiment discovers a large quantity of pure air in all calces of metals and in the ashes of consumed wood and coal; and the air caught from a fire extinguishes animal life. The attention which you show to the health of the prisoners does you great honour; in strict justice their position should be made as easy as possible; for no

punishment should be inflicted where the crime is only supposed. It is a shocking reflection that so many innocent men should experience the gloom and disgrace of confinement, should languish for many months in a noisome dungeon, whilst their families are starving, and their fairest hopes blasted for ever. But it is fruitless to lament; all general laws involve a number of evils, and the laws of Nature are perhaps not wholly exempt. If prisons lost all their horrors, the temptation to commit crimes would be greatly increased; for the prison, I believe, is more formidable than the gallows. A just medium must be sought, and on this principle.'[1] He then proceeds, in this and a subsequent letter, to the suggestion of measures for improving the condition of prisons and the health of prisoners; such as the frequent whitewashing of walls and ceilings, the use of ventilators in the panes of upper windows, the passage of warm air through earthen pipes, the introduction of improved closet pans, baths, and a frequent change of clothing.[2] These improvements now form a part of every prison and its discipline; but in that day, in spite of what Howard had effected, the condition of the prisons of Great Britain and Ireland was horrible to contemplate; and thus propositions which appear commonplace and supererogatory to ourselves were then, in the highest degree, the test of thought and philosophic culture.

It must not be supposed that the abstract studies and experiments of a youth who had not yet reached his twentieth year were so wholly absorbing as to deprive him of interest in the questions of the day, whether they were social, political, or literary, or of sharing

[1] Thos. Wedgwood to Edgeworth, Oct. 6, 1790. Edgeworth MSS.
[2] *Ibid.* Nov. 26, 1790. Edgeworth MSS.

in amusements so common with the young. On the contrary, we find him ordering cricket bats and balls from London; and he was a prominent member of a county association called the 'Staffordshire Bowmen.' Ladies were received into membership, and, dressed in Watteau-like costume, contended for a prize; and the gentlemen wore a handsome uniform of green and gold. The coat, waistcoat, and sleeve buttons were works of art made at Soho; and it is probable that young Wedgwood acted as treasurer or secretary to the corps, as we find him, late in the autumn of 1792, paying Boulton a bill for these of 41*l.* 6*s.*[1] The gentlemen used painted and silvered arrows; the ladies polished quivers and gilded marks.[2]

In January 1793, Josiah Wedgwood the younger married Miss Elizabeth Allen, eldest daughter of John Allen, Esq., of Cresselly, Pembrokeshire, a gentleman who, in early life, had seen service in the 'seven years' war.' At a somewhat later date, John Wedgwood, the eldest brother, married a younger sister of this lady. The second wife of Sir James Mackintosh was another sister; and a fourth was the Mrs. Drewe who, with her daughters, followed Francis Horner to his foreign grave. These ladies were all personally attractive, and their letters give evidence of superior intellect and cultivation.

It was at this period, or somewhat earlier, that Thomas Beddoes, a man of most original mental powers, conceived the idea that the permanently elastic fluids, if medically administered, might serve as a palliative, if not an absolute cure, for consumption. The first germ of this idea he had derived from

[1] Soho MSS.

[2] Bills. Mayer MSS.

Priestley's work on 'Air,' as also from Mayow, a medical writer of the seventeenth century, whose indications of discovery in various branches of pneumatic chemistry had astonished Black. Beddoes, whilst chemical lecturer at Oxford—an appointment he held from 1788 to 1791—had published an analytical account of Mayow's writings; and various experiments subsequently made, whilst residing at Ketley in Shropshire, as the guest of his friend William Reynolds, the celebrated ironmaster, confirmed him in his opinion as to the remedial character of the artificial gases. Both Reynolds and his brother were men of enlarged capacity, and, like other of the industrial leaders of their time, willing recipients of such new ideas as wore ameliorative promise. They therefore entered warmly into their friend's idea of opening a medical institution for the administration and trial of medicated airs. For this purpose they each contributed the sum of 200*l.*; a Mr. George a like amount; and Beddoes, who possessed a small patrimony, added the same sum. London was the first place thought of for the institution, but subsequent considerations pointed to Bristol; and thither Dr. Beddoes repaired in March 1793. Here he found Edgeworth, who, already known to him, was at this date residing at Clifton, on account of the health of a son, and with his aid the difficulty in procuring a suitable house was surmounted; for the rumour had got abroad that the gases to be employed were dangerously explosive, and that the house in use as a hospital would be a focus of contagious disease. What followed was the work of time. There was to prepare the medicated gases, as also to ascertain, by experiment on animals, the quantity of non-respirable airs which might be safely mixed with atmospheric. The airs at

first administered appear to have been a compound mixture of diluted ether with hydrogen or azotic gas; but subsequently carbonic acid gas, obtained by pouring on it diluted sulphuric acid. Erasmus Darwin, whose acquaintance Beddoes had made in 1788, looked favourably on these attempts to solve the question as to how far pneumatic chemistry could aid in the cure of disease; and Dr. Withering of Birmingham, Dr. Ewart of Bath, and Dr. Thornton of London, lent their countenance to the scheme.

The first idea appears to have been that the Pneumatic Institution should be merely a place for chemical trial; a testing point, as it were, for the gases to be used in private practice. But as time progressed it occurred to Beddoes that the Institution would best answer its intended purpose were it made capable of receiving from six to twelve patients; these to remain whilst cure was in progress. The necessary apparatus would be on the spot, the gases in their highest state of efficiency, and medical aid constantly at hand. In this idea he was encouraged by the Duchess of Devonshire, then residing at Clifton; and, as funds were necessary, he made known his intentions to a number of persons, and received in return assurances of co-operation.

It is not very clear by what means Beddoes came first in contact with the Wedgwoods. It may have been through the instrumentality of Keir, whom he knew, of Edgeworth, of Darwin, or of Watt. But, at least, one of the earliest of the letters bearing relation to the extension of the Pneumatic Institution was addressed to the elder Wedgwood; and by him, as was customary, promptly and generously responded to. None knew better than he did, who had had to contend with disease under the pressure of incessant duty, the

great boon conferred by every true advance in the art of medicine. The sum is not given; but Beddoes's letters of appeal were only written in the autumn of 1794, and on December 4 in the same year it was Mr. Byerley's province to pay into Coutts's bank a remittance to his credit.[1]

The machinery at first employed in the administration of fictitious airs was ludicrously complicated; but an application to Watt resulted in an apparatus as simple as it was efficacious. Of this Watt wrote a description, which was appended to Beddoes' later pamphlets on 'Fictitious Airs.' His correspondence with Watt was spread over a considerable period, and is said to have been of a most interesting character; for it included the discussion of many points of scientific interest, besides those connected with pneumatic chemistry. The men, too, were so different, and yet so original—Watt cautious, reflective, severely logical, and desponding; Beddoes sanguine to a fault, hasty in judgment, and prone to theories which, in many respects, proved little more than day dreams.

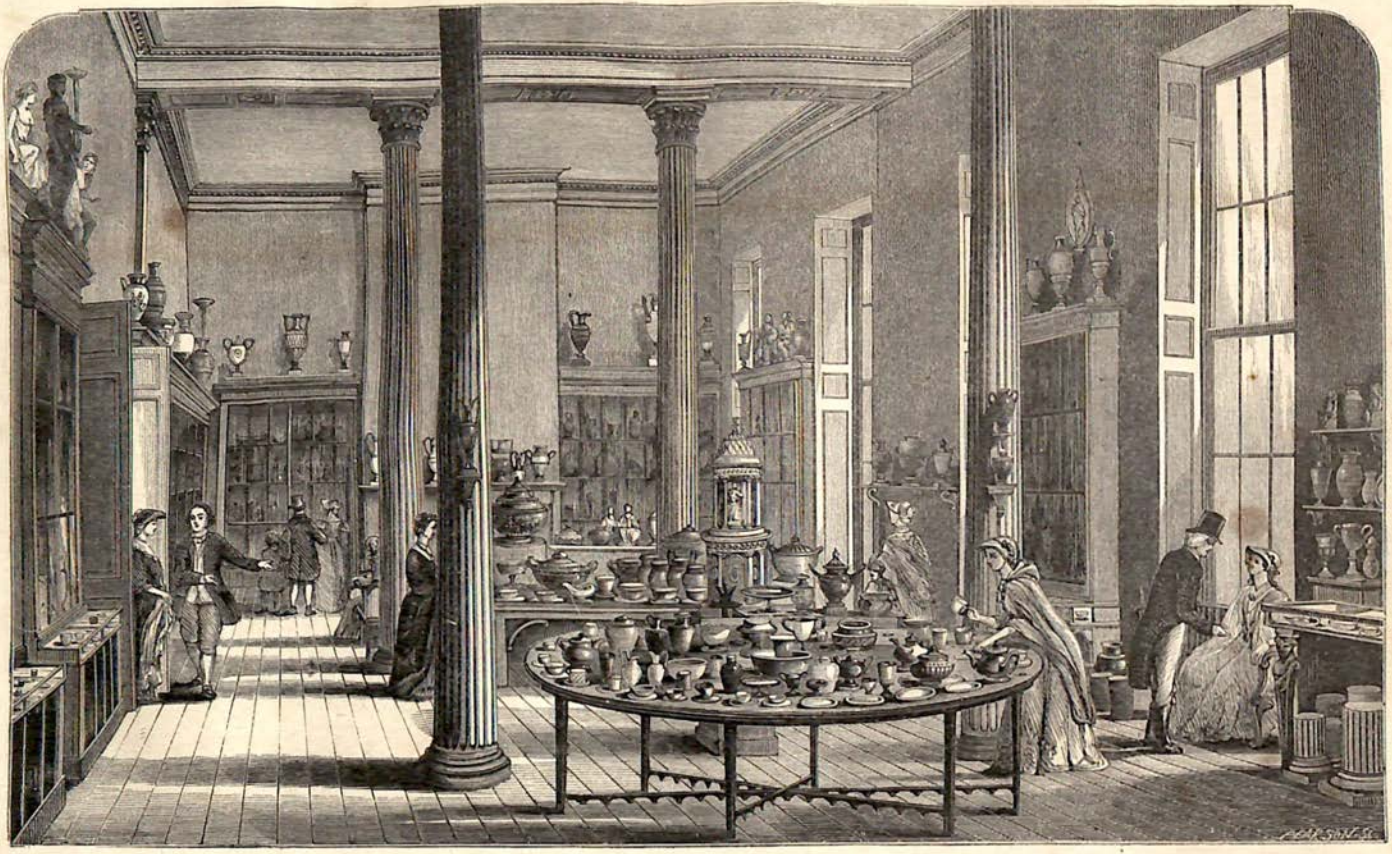
His contribution to the Pneumatic Institution was amongst the last benevolent acts of the elder Wedgwood's life. He died a month afterwards, January 3, 1795; and from that day the English Etruria might be considered a place of the past. Disintegrating influences were soon at work; and his family, dispersed hither and thither, were brought within new influences, and more or less into connection with the opening of a greater age of fresh thought and freer action.

[1] Mayer MSS.

CHAPTER III.

Removal of Wedgwood's Show Rooms from Greek Street, Soho, to York Street, St. James's Square—Spaciousness of the Premises—Fine Objects shown there—The Rendezvous of eminent Men—Progress of the Pneumatic Institution—Thomas Wedgwood a Patient—His Faith in the ultimate Value of Pneumatic Chemistry as a Branch of Science—The Predilection of the Staffordshire Potters for the South of England—The Cause of this—Bristol—Coleridge and Southey—Coleridge's Introduction to Thomas Poole of Nether Stowey—Poole a Tanner, and a Man of extraordinary Parts—His Friend Mr. Purkis.—De Quincey's Opinion of Poole—The Watchman—Coleridge's Journey through the Midland Counties—His Settlement at Nether Stowey—Wordsworth to his Sister—Description of Coleridge—The Wordsworths at Alfoxden—Its beautiful Neighbourhood—Suspicions of the Tory Squires—Information sent to the Government—Cottle's Visit—Thomas Wedgwood at Nether Stowey—Humphrey Davy—Thomas and Josiah Wedgwood pass a Winter at Penzance—They assist Davy—Mr. Giddy, afterwards Gilbert—Davy introduced to Beddoes—His Removal to Bristol—Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. Lambton generously aid the Pneumatic Institution—The Fictitious Gases—Their Effects—Character of Beddoes—Great Ability as a Physician—Frogs—Failure of the Institution—Philosophic Toys—Coleridge's Necessities—Preaches—Offers his Services to the Unitarians at Shrewsbury—Refusal of 100*l.*—Memorable Sermons—Hazlitt present at the first—Accepts an Annuity of 150*l.* per annum for life, and quits the Ministry—Thomas Wedgwood in search of an Estate—His continuous Illness and Depression—Both Coleridge and Wordsworth visit Germany at his Expense—In Somersetshire—His Letters—Buys Castle Florey—His female Servant—His domestic Projects—Proposed Sale of Etruria Hall—A Step to be regretted—The elder Mrs. Wedgwood in Somersetshire—Thomas Wedgwood again a Wanderer.

THE leases of the several premises in Greek Street, Soho, which Wedgwood had held from the autumn of 1773, were, at the time of his death, expired, or nearly so; and in the March following application was made for their renewal to the agent of the Duke of Portland. But, it being the intention of his Grace



WEDGWOOD'S SHOW-ROOM, YORK STREET, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, FROM 1796 TO 1829

to sell the whole estate to the original lessees, or, in case of their refusal, to the then occupiers, it so occurred, probably through the lessee, a Mr. Cullen, retaining the property for himself, that new premises had to be sought for the London warehouse.[1] In July, a very large house, with a smaller one attached, as also a chapel, were treated for and ultimately purchased by Messrs. Wedgwood and Byerley from the assignees of Messrs. Freeman and Grace. The situation was aristocratic, but eminently dull, being on the north side of St. James's Square, and stretching far up the eastern side of York Street towards Piccadilly. Considerable expense and difficulty attended the purchase, as it was necessary to ascertain whether any Act of Parliament had ever passed to restrain the occupiers of houses in St. James's Square from converting the same into shops and warehouses. After much search, no prohibitory clause could be found, though a general opinion had prevailed, and been acted upon, that no shop or warehouse could be opened on three sides of the square. Thus the purchase was concluded; and in the March following the small house and chapel in York Street were let to the Reverend Mr. Leycester for fourteen years, at an annual rent of a hundred and fifty pounds.[2] The chapel was, however, relet at no late date, and Sydney Smith, as we shall see, desired to rent it, and occupy its pulpit.

According to our present ideas, the situation was ill-suited to the necessities of a business the prosperity of which depended more upon the sale of objects of utility than of luxury. There was Bond Street, or St. James's Street, or Piccadilly, if fashionable patronage were alone

[1] Solicitors' bills, Ward, Dennent, and Greaves. Mayer MSS.
[2] *Ibid.* Mayer MSS.

desired; but a corner of one of the dullest and most silent squares in London seemed scarcely the place for the general public. Time, perhaps, made this evident, for commercial success was never yet maintained by the patronage alone of a given class. However, for a period of thirty-three years—viz. from 1795–6 to 1829—the well-reputed wares of the great Staffordshire house of Wedgwood found here their centre of dispersion. Its rooms were lofty and noble, its offices convenient, its staircases wide, its cellarage on a scale to accommodate the wares of Brobdignag. Its showrooms were magnificent, and for the first few years after opening, whilst the stores of a great artistic era were yet unexhausted, and fine modellers and facile workmen yet wrought at Etruria, they held such an assemblage of noble works as no other capital of Europe could show. But there followed a time of war, heavy taxation, deep commercial distress, political uneasiness, and dissatisfaction. The great name of Wedgwood was less familiar to a new generation, the veneration for his art remained only with a cultivated few, classical taste gave way to a preference for gaudy colouring and crude form: and so countless fine objects dropped away from sight, and were lost in dusky closets and cellars, till the closing of the London warehouse in 1829. A general disentombment and sale then took place. Objects, the models of which had cost pounds, or on which the finest work of the enameller was displayed, were sold for a few shillings. Thus, more for curiosity, or from a love of acquisition, than true taste, many collections were formed, to be distributed again and again in our own generation at prices constantly increasing. This is the true secret of many collections of Wedgwood ware. Original and degenerate

copies are intermingled. And it is only perhaps in the possession of the nobility or old county families that specimens had direct from Wedgwood himself now remain. The great era of Wedgwood's art was from about 1772–3 to 1795; and, so far as London is concerned, the place to be associated with it is Greek Street, Soho.

But another sort of fame connects itself with that dull corner of St. James's Square. None of the Wedgwoods made York Street their residence when in town, though in later years there was a proposition that Mr. Byerley should remove from Sloane Street thither. Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, junior, usually lodged in Charles Street hard by, or in Howland Street, Fitzroy Square, then an airy part of the town, but there was an office or parlour in which the brothers, when variously in London, saw their friends. There often went Coleridge whilst engaged upon the 'Courier,' and Brougham, Horner, and Basil Montague were accustomed to call on their way to and fro from Westminster Hall, or the House of Commons. Here Davy sent for specimens of pottery with which to illustrate certain Lectures at the Royal Institution. Thomas Poole of Nether Stowey—whom De Quincey styles 'a stout, plain-looking farmer'—was often a visitor whilst engaged with Rickman on the Poor Law Enquiry; and Sydney Smith, Thomas Campbell, Basil Montague, and others, render that dusky corner of St. James's Square more worthy of remembrance than did the noble lords and ladies and bucolic squires who inspected dinner-services, or ordered tiles and milk-pans for their dairies. Useful art, even fine art, is one thing; fresh thought and the bold advocacy of truth, in all its forms, another, and much higher.

In 1790, when Josiah Wedgwood the elder retired from an active part in business, the firm, carried on solely in his name from the death of Bentley, was newly constituted, under the title of Wedgwood, Sons and Byerley. Two years later, the eldest son, John Wedgwood, joined the London and Middlesex Bank, Stratford Place, as a junior partner; and half a year later—namely, in June 1793—both he and his youngest brother, Thomas Wedgwood, ceased to be partners in the Staffordshire firm. From this we may reasonably conclude that the health of the latter had already given way, and that, advised by his physicians to travel, he spent some time on the Continent. He was again in England in January 1795, as all the brothers were gathered round the elder Wedgwood's deathbed.

Meanwhile Dr. Beddoes and his proposal for a Pneumatic Institution were becoming widely known. If his general freedom of opinion in those days of narrow beliefs repelled many, his fame as a physician attracted an equal number to Clifton and its neighbourhood. And his various lectures delivered at the Institution excited general admiration for their simplicity and yet richness of experiment and illustration. Let it be remembered that Thomas Beddoes was the first who delivered medical lectures to females, and who considered that bad training and a miserably inefficient scale of education alone rendered them mentally inferior to men.

For the sake of placing himself under the medical care of this now famous physician, Thomas Wedgwood passed some portion of 1796 or 1797 at Clifton. At first he probably resided with the doctor, as Beddoes had married, during the summer of 1794, Anna, the youngest daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth by his

first wife, Maria Elers, and had thus a domestic circle in which to receive an occasional high-class patient. But towards the close of 1797,[1] John Wedgwood, after residing at Tallaton in Devon, hired Cote House at Westbury, near Bristol. And here it was that Thomas Wedgwood often stayed, in his fitful wandering to and fro. It is not known if he tested by experiment the medicated airs, imperfect as they were, prior to the advent of Davy in the autumn of 1798; but, if he did, they afforded no alleviation of the disease from which he suffered. On the general point of medical skill his opinion of Beddoes remained unchanged, and time strengthened his faith in pneumatic chemistry as a branch of science; for it would necessarily occur to a philosophic mind like his, that the various gases engendered by heat, if not remedial agents, might contain latent principles of equal value in scientific medicine—an opinion of account, as time has proved, for in this experimental quackery of the early part of the present century lay the germs of the great modern discovery of anæsthetics and their application.

By that law which makes opposites attractive, the Staffordshire potters, so long as locomotion has been improved, have shown a preference for the southern counties of England. The continuous canopy of smoke which envelopes their own bleak moorlands and the humid and misty nature of the climate combine to render peculiarly attractive the open downs and hills of the south. There, also, are found several of the necessary materials of their manufacture, and in the train of business relations naturally follow those of social intercourse. Thus Dorsetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall

[1] In this year the Wedgwoods presented Dr. Beddoes with a copy of the Barberini vase.

have been better known to many potters than their own immediate neighbourhood; and a favourite employment of their brief seasons of repose has been a journey south from the dull, bleak region of their labours.

When the finer clays of the south began to be first used there were not, as now, merchants or middlemen, who explored for clay, dug the pits or mines, and contracted to supply certain quantities at given periods; but each man had to seek these new materials for himself. If he could command sufficient time and money, and was eager to lead the competition of the period, he usually set off alone on these exploring expeditions, carefully concealing his journey and its purpose from his neighbours.[1] Then when successful, and the necessary clays and gritstones were found, he hired men to dig, and ships to carry them round the coast. Occasionally two or three potters would journey together, and now and then a clay-company was formed under rules of stringent monopoly; but, more usually, each man served himself. The elder Wedgwood made several of these private journeys into southern England. Once he visited Cornwall in company with Matthew Boulton; on another occasion he was there with Boulton and Watt; and the coast of Dorsetshire and Devonshire was familiar to him. When he first beheld Mount Edgecombe, his admiration was intense; he felt, comparing the scene with his own bleak moorlands, as though he had had a vision of Paradise. But he was too patriotic and far-sighted to live too much away from the country of his race and bread—for at that day the strong instincts of locality were less smoothed away than with ourselves—yet, wearying, as it would

[1] An admirable and graphic description of one of these journeys is to be found in Mr. Mayer's *Art of Pottery in Liverpool*, pp. 16-18.

seem, of Buxton, he, during the last summer or two of his life, delighted to repair, when in town, from the turmoil and closeness of Greek Street to Cobham in Surrey, where his son Josiah had lived from the period of his marriage. It was here that the elder Wedgwood indited some of his most characteristic letters to his friend Lord Auckland.

Soon after Dr. Beddoes had settled at Clifton, Bristol, so near at hand, was brought into connection with circumstances simple in themselves, but strangely interlinked in their bearings upon the great intellectual movement then apparent. The old city of the merchant princes had already produced one poet, Chatterton, born in 1752; and twenty-two years later—namely, in 1774—Robert Southey honoured it in his birth. In 1793 the latter entered as student at Balliol College, Oxford, and in the following summer, June 1794, he made the acquaintance of Coleridge, who had come to visit an old schoolfellow, then resident at the University. Similar intellectual tastes and pursuits resulted in appreciation and friendship; Coleridge, who was Southey's senior by nearly two years, soon leading him to share in one at least of his own visionary projects. It was one which, in some shape or another, has been the day-dream of many young and intellectual men—that of testing civilisation under purer and less conventional forms. A band of brother-adventurers was to be collected; they would go forth to the New World with their wives and other female relations, purchase land with their joint contributions, till it by their joint labours, and thus found a community at once industrial and intellectual. There were adherents to this scheme prior to and after Southey; but they were all more or less of the stuff that poets are made of, and

not the rough pioneers who can alone succeed in a wild, unsettled country. Want of the necessary funds and marriage gradually lessened the faith in Pantisocracy, and it faded away as a vision of the two poets.

Upon leaving Oxford, Coleridge, after a visit to London, made a tour in Wales; and on his return thence stayed five weeks in Bristol, where he was introduced to Sarah Fricker, his future wife, to Joseph Cottle, the bookseller, and other of Southey's friends. This was in August 1794. He spent the Michaelmas Term at Cambridge, his last there; and then, repairing to London, met with Southey, and at his solicitation returned with him to Bristol. The dream of Pantisocracy was now at its full, but the means to live were wanting, and to meet this necessity a course of lectures by both poets was the result; Coleridge choosing political and moral subjects, and Southey historical. But this lecture-giving was not their sole business. Their intellectual power was of the highest kind, and had already found expression; Cottle having in the preceding year published Southey's 'Joan of Arc,' whilst Coleridge's 'Minor Poems' were to follow in a little while. In the autumn of this year, 1795, both the poets married; Southey after that event visiting Portugal, and Coleridge settling for a brief time at Clevedon in Somersetshire.

The lectures given by Coleridge were probably the means which brought about his acquaintanceship with Thomas Poole—a man as remarkable in his way as either of the poets. He was then in the prime of life, and, pursuing the trade of a tanner, lived with his mother at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire; a quiet little town, lying rather more than forty miles from Bristol, amidst the greenness of the Quantock hills.

In that day the mere ability to read and write was considered as education sufficient for a man in trade, but Poole's acquirements went far beyond. Early in life he had gone to London, and, in order to master his business in a thorough manner, he worked in the yard of Mr. Purkis, of Brentford, the foremost tanner of the day. Here he soon attracted notice by his extraordinary knowledge of the Bible and Shakespeare. Mr. Purkis sent for him, and was so much pleased with his intelligence that they became great friends.[1] Whether he established his tanning business at Nether Stowey for himself, succeeded some relative, or purchased it, is not very clear; but it was on a considerable scale, and he seems to have added to it occasional dealings in land and wool. These multifarious occupations took him from time to time over a large extent of country, and he thus acquired that great amount of original information, relative to the tillage, acreage, population, and Poor Law administration of the south-western counties, which rendered his aid so valuable to the Government on the occasion of taking the second census in 1810. This local knowledge was backed by the culture derived from incessant and careful reading and foreign travel. On all points relative to continental and English agriculture he was well informed; and he had so mastered the political philosophy of Turgot, Adam Smith, and other advanced thinkers, as to suggest free trade when the Government proposed to raise the tax on bark.[2] Referring to a few years later, 1807, De Quincey gives this charming character of Poole: 'I consented willingly. . . . to stay a day

[1] From information kindly afforded by Richard Poole King, Esq., of Brislington, Bristol, a nephew of Mr. Poole.

[2] Mayer MSS.

or two with this Mr. Poole—a man on his own account well deserving a separate notice; for, as Coleridge afterwards remarked to me, he was almost an ideal model for a useful member of Parliament. I found him a stout, plain-looking farmer, leading a bachelor life, in a rustic, old-fashioned house; the house, however, upon further acquaintance, proving to be amply furnished with modern luxuries, and especially with a good library, superbly mounted in all departments bearing at all upon political philosophy; and the farmer turning out a polished and liberal Englishman, who had travelled extensively, and had so entirely dedicated himself to the service of his humble fellow-countrymen, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, in this southern part of Somersetshire, that for many miles round he was the general arbiter of their disputes, the guide and counsellor of their difficulties;[1] besides being appointed executor and guardian to his children by every third man who died in or about the town of Nether Stowey.'[2]

Poole had relations in Bristol, his sister having married Mr. King, a solicitor, and probably brother of the surgeon of that name who resided at the Pneumatic Institution with Dr. Beddoes, and who married a sister of Mrs. Beddoes, namely, Emmeline, daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, by his second wife, Honora Sneyd. He thus occasionally went thither, and, either by attending his lectures or through private introduction, made the acquaintance of Coleridge. A consistent Whig in politics, and of a liberal religious creed worthy of his culture and his sound, healthy

[1] This universal faith in Poole's honour is referred to by Thomas Wedgwood under date April 26, 1799. Mayer MSS.

[2] De Quincey's *Autobiography*, vol. ii. p. 145.

understanding, he was just the man to be attracted by the genius and eloquence of Coleridge, whose metaphysics, as yet, had not, through the use of opium, degenerated into mysticism, or his politics narrowed to an effete Toryism. The result of this acquaintanceship was an invitation to Nether Stowey, which Coleridge, after a brief residence at Clevedon, accepted, in October 1795. Early in the year succeeding he returned to Bristol, to superintend the press whilst his poems were printing, and to prepare for the issue of a cheap miscellany, to be entitled the 'Watchman,' which, published every eight days, would give a summary of news, and discuss political and literary topics. It is not improbable, considering Coleridge was so fresh from Nether Stowey and the influence of a practical mind like that possessed by Poole, that the first idea of this publication was due to the latter. If it sold it would produce a steady income, and confirm Coleridge in a continuous habit of work. At first matters wore a promising aspect. With unusual activity Coleridge made a journey to the chief midland towns, and finally to London, to canvass for subscribers, and with a success which a more practical man would have turned to account; but in this case, as might have been expected, the 'Watchman' ceased to be at its tenth number. Its opinions went too far for some, and not far enough or full enough for others; in short, Coleridge had promised too much and fulfilled too little. But his extraordinary eloquence and knowledge had secured him friends wherever he had gone. At Worcester he had charmed the household of Mr. Barr, one of the partners in the porcelain works of that city. In Birmingham the letters he bore had introduced him to the family of the Lloyds, the head of which was a wealthy banker.

The eldest son of this gentleman, being gifted with poetic taste, if not possessing great intellectual strength, was so attracted by the wonderful visitor as shortly afterwards to become his resident guest at Nether Stowey. At Derby Coleridge saw Wright the painter, and Erasmus Darwin, the latter of whom he styled 'everything but Christian.' But it was the fashion of the day, in imitation of the savants of the new *régime* in France, to somewhat coarsely avow heterodox opinions; and Darwin, with the natural contempt of a strong mind for what is weak and effete, was just the man to fall into an extreme. But if this were coarse, nay unwise, compared with the method of our 'milder day,' there can be little doubt from which pole of belief the intellectual impetus has come. Metaphysics have done but little towards the intellectual or moral well-being of mankind, even though clothed in the gilded words of a man so originally gifted as Coleridge.

Soon after the natural death of the 'Watchman,' Coleridge, at the invitation of Poole, repaired with his wife and child again to Stowey. This time a house, with orchard and garden, at the rent of 7*l.* per annum, had been secured, and here, with the exception of an occasional journey on business or pleasure to Bristol, Bath, or London, he remained till his visit to Germany in September 1798. On reaching his new abode he thus wrote to Cottle: 'We arrived safe. Our house is set to rights. We are all—wife, bratling, and self—remarkably well. Mrs. Coleridge likes Stowey, and loves Thomas Poole and his mother, who love her. A communication has been made from our orchard into T. Poole's garden, and from thence to Cruickshanks', a friend of mine and a young married man, whose wife is very amiable, and she and Sara are already on the most

cordial terms; from all this you will conclude we are happy.'[1]

In the previous autumn, 1795, Wordsworth and his sister had settled for a time at Racedown Lodge, near Crewkerne in Dorsetshire, not more than twenty miles from Stowey. The surrounding country was attractive, and they varied their time in gardening, country rambles, and literary occupation—Wordsworth at that time being engaged in writing his tragedy of 'The Borderers' and his 'Lyrical Ballads.' Two years previously he had published two little volumes, one entitled 'Descriptive Sketches,' the other 'The Evening Walk;' and the former, having fallen into Coleridge's hand during his last term at Cambridge, had won his warm admiration. Yet Wordsworth had been almost a year at Racedown before they met, though in comparatively such near neighbourhood, and eventually through what means does not appear. At length, in June 1797, Coleridge went over to Racedown, and there enjoyed an intellectual intercourse such as poets can alone know. They read each other's poems, praised each other fully, and in conversation drank deep of felicitous thought and expression. Miss Wordsworth, writing at the time to a friend, thus describes Coleridge: 'You had a great loss in not seeing Coleridge. He is a wonderful man. His face teems with mind, soul, and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good-tempered and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every little trifle. At first I thought him very plain—that is, for about three minutes; he is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth, longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough, black hair' (in both these

[1] Cottle's *Reminiscences of Coleridge*, edit. 1847, p. 100.

respects a striking contrast to his friend Wordsworth, who in his youth had beautiful teeth and light brown hair). 'But if you hear him speak for five minutes you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark but grey, such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind: it has more of 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' than I ever witnessed. He has fine dark eyebrows and an overhanging forehead. . . . The first thing that was read after he came was William's new poem, 'Ruined Cottage,' with which he was much delighted; and after tea he repeated two acts and a half of his tragedy, 'Osorio.' The next morning William read his tragedy, 'The Borderers.'[1]

This visit made the poets so desirous of further intimacy that in the following month, July 1797, Wordsworth and his sister spent a fortnight with Coleridge, and were so enchanted with the country about Stowey as to wish to find a home there. 'You know how much we were delighted with Stowey,' wrote Miss Wordsworth in letters to a friend; 'sea, woods wild as fancy ever painted, brooks clear and pebbly as in Cumberland, villages so romantic; and William and I, in a wander by ourselves, found out a sequestered waterfall in a dell formed by steep hills covered by full-grown timber trees. The woods are as fine as those at Lowther, and the country more romantic; it has the character of the less grand part of the neighbourhood of the lakes.' In a letter written in August from Alfoxden she continued: 'The evening that I wrote to you, William and I had rambled as far as this house, and pryed into the recesses of our little brook, but

[1] C. Wordsworth's *Life of Wordsworth*, vol. i. p. 99.

without any more fixed thoughts upon it than some dreams of happiness in a little cottage, and passing wishes that such a place might be found out. We spent a fortnight at Coleridge's: in the course of that time we heard that this house was to let, applied for it, and took it. Our principal inducement was Coleridge's society. It is a month since we came to Alfoxden.

'The house is a large mansion, with furniture enough for a dozen families like ours, and it is situated in a large park with seventy head of deer. There is a very excellent garden, well stocked with vegetables and fruit. The garden is at the end of the house, and our favourite parlour, as at Racedown, looks that way. In front is a little court, with grass plot, gravel walk, and shrubs; the moss roses were in full beauty a month ago. The front of the house is to the south, but it is screened from the sun by a high hill which rises immediately from it. This hill is beautiful, scattered irregularly and abundantly with trees, and topped with fern, which spreads a considerable way down it. The deer dwell here, and sheep, so that we have a living prospect. From the end of the house we have a view of the sea, over a woody meadow country; and exactly opposite the window where I now sit is an immense wood, whose round top from this point has exactly the appearance of a mighty dome. In some part of this wood there is an under grove of hollies which are now very beautiful. In a glen at the bottom of the wood is the waterfall of which I spoke, a quarter of a mile from the house. We are three miles from Stowey, and not two miles from the sea. Wherever we turn we have woods, smooth downs, and valleys with small brooks running down them, through green meadows, hardly ever intersected with hedgerows, but scattered over

with trees. The hills that cradle these valleys are either covered with fern and bilberries, or oak woods which are cut for charcoal. . . Walks extend for miles over the hill-tops, the great beauty of which is their wild simplicity; they are perfectly smooth, without rocks.'[1]

This residence of Coleridge made Stowey for the time a centre of attraction to others besides Wordsworth and his sister. Charles Lloyd was domiciled with the poet—as occasionally George Burnet, one of his Pantisocratic friends. John Thelwall the politician also resided in the neighbourhood, peacefully occupied on a small farm, but not forgotten or unobserved by the agents of the Government. He had been drawn hither, like the rest, by his admiration for Coleridge, who at that day shared with him in the belief that Parliamentary Reform was the one great necessity, and without which misgovernment would increase and constitutional liberty be still more imperiled. The Tories in the neighbourhood were soon alert. John Thelwall was a bad man; Coleridge and Wordsworth were known admirers of Robespierre. At length the country gentlemen following scent on this air of treason, one of their number, a Sir Philip Hale of Cannington, gave notice to the Government that some very suspicious persons had congregated in their neighbourhood.[2] A spy was therefore sent down, and his report was that Coleridge might be harmless, but that Wordsworth was suspicious, as his habit was to walk by moonlight in the loneliest valleys of the Quantock hills, where his mutterings to himself were audible to every listener. Some said he was a poet, and that his verses were

[1] C. Wordsworth's *Life of Wordsworth*, vol. i. pp. 104–105.
[2] Letter, Richard Poole King, Esq.

addressed to the moon, to the owls, to the flowers, and to such simple objects of nature. But this was a sort of thing bucolic brains could not be brought to understand; so these squires and their dependents made their neighbourhood as uncomfortable as they could, and after a year Wordsworth quitted it, never to return, except on a flying visit years long after. As to Tom Poole, he might be dangerous, for he was so violent, and always talking of Parliamentary Reform, an amended Poor Law, and lessened taxation. But brave Tom Poole held his own against the Tory squires, and lived not only to see the passing of the Reform Bill, a better administration of parish relief, a more enlightened government, and a more educated people, but to know that the noble verse of his friends Wordsworth and Coleridge had survived the ignorant criticism so long at war against it, and was enshrined, as a precious heritage, in the hearts of his countrymen; whilst he himself died in a green old age, reverenced and beloved through a wide compass of men.

However, for a time the poets gathered their friends about them and enjoyed life. Southey came from Burton, near Christchurch, in Hampshire, as also from Bristol, on more than one visit; Charles Lamb was also a guest; and Cottle mingled business and pleasure, when he took the stage from Bristol to Bridgewater, from whence his friend Poole drove him to Stowey. Of his first visit, in July 1797, he himself gives us this exquisite description: 'It is delightful, even at the present moment, to recal the images connected with my then visit to Stowey (which those can best understand who, like myself, have escaped from severe duties to a brief season of happy recreation). Mr. Coleridge welcomed me with the warmest cordiality.

He talked with affection of his old schoolfellow Lamb, who had so recently left him; regretted he had not an opportunity of introducing me to one whom he so highly valued. Mr. C. took particular delight in assuring me (at least, at that time) how happy he was; exhibiting successively his house, his garden, his orchard laden with fruit; and also the contrivances he had made to unite his two neighbours' domains with his own. After the grand circuit had been accomplished, by hospitable contrivance we approached the "Jasmine harbour," when, to our gratifying surprise, we found the tripod table laden with delicious bread and cheese, surmounted by a mug of true Taunton ale. We instinctively took our seats; and there must have been some downright witchery in the provisions, which surpassed all of its kind; nothing like it on the wide terrene; and one glass of the Taunton settled it to an axiom. While the dappled sunbeams played on our table through the umbrageous canopy, the very birds seemed to participate in our felicities, and poured forth their selectest anthems. As we sat in our sylvan hall of splendour, a company of the happiest mortals (T. Poole, C. Lloyd, S. T. Coleridge, and J. C.), the bright blue heavens, the sporting insects, the balmy zephyrs, the feathered choristers, the sympathy of friends—all augmented the pleasurable to the highest point this side the celestial! Every interstice of our hearts being filled with happiness, as a consequence, there was no room for sorrow, exorcised as it now was, and hovering around at unapproachable distance. With our spirits thus entranced, though we might weep at other moments, yet joyance so filled all within and without, that if, at this juncture, tidings had been brought us that an irruption of the ocean had swallowed up all our brethren of Pekin,

from the preoccupation of our minds, "Poor things" would have been our only reply, with anguish put off till the morrow. While thus elevated in the universal current of our feelings, Mrs. Coleridge approached with her fine Hartley; we all smiled, but the father's eye beamed transcendental joy.'[1]

During the period that Poole and his friends made Stowey thus attractive Thomas Wedgwood was a guest. Cottle, referring to February 1798, says: 'It is proper here to mention. . . . that Mr. Poole, two or three years before, had introduced Mr. Coleridge to Mr. Thomas Wedgwood. This gentleman formed a high opinion of Mr. C.'s talents, and felt an interest in his welfare.'[2] This is sufficiently vague, as it gives either 1795 or 1796 for the introduction, which undoubtedly took place in Bristol, through the instrumentality of Dr. Beddoes or Mr. King. With time so entirely at his own disposal, and even thus early incessantly seeking relief in change of scene and society, young Wedgwood was likely to accept from time to time Poole's invitations to Stowey; and this the more readily when he had once practically tested the hospitality and genuine sympathy of Poole, and the intellectual freshness and power of the young poets.

In his 'Life of Sir Humphry Davy,' Dr. Paris, in referring to young Gregory Watt, and the winter he spent at Penzance, in the hope of benefiting by a milder climate, thus adds: 'Mr. Wedgwood and his brother Thomas also spent a winter at Penzance; and I have reason to believe that their friendship was of substantial benefit to Davy.'[3] As usual, in that lax method which used to prevail in writing biography and

[1] Cottle's *Reminiscences*, pp. 150-151, edit. 147.
[2] *Ibid.* 171.
[3] Vol. i. p. 49.

history, no date is given; but we come upon it thus in a solicitor's bill of costs belonging to Josiah Wedgwood, junior: '1797, Nov. 7: Your having wrote to us from Penzance, to know whether the grant which had been made some years past by the late Josiah Wedgwood to Mr. Thomas Wedgwood out of the Staffordshire estate was a sufficient qualification to enable Mr. Thomas Wedgwood to kill game.'[1] It was not. A special grant was at once prepared, and sent down to Cornwall before the month had closed; thus leading us to the conclusion that field-sports were another means by which the invalid sought to find relief from the *tædium vitæ* from which he suffered.

What were the benefits conferred on Davy by the Wedgwoods is not stated; but he certainly did not owe to them his introduction to Beddoes. That was due to Davies Giddy, who in 1788, when the latter returned to Oxford to take the Chemical Chair, was an undergraduate at Pembroke College. Constant attendance upon the eloquent and able lectures delivered by Beddoes led to acquaintanceship, and, upon their joint removal from Oxford, to correspondence. Mr. Giddy —or Gilbert, for he afterwards took the latter name— was a native of Cornwall, a man of position and wealth, an admirable chemist, and the possessor of literary tastes. He resided at Tredrea, near Penzance, and walking one day with a friend in the latter town, he observed an odd-looking boy swinging on a half-gate before a house. 'That boy,' said the friend, 'is young Davy the carver's son, and he's fond of making chemical experiments.' 'Chemical experiments,' exclaimed Mr. Giddy; 'if that be the case, I must have some conversation with him.'

[1] Ward, Dennetts and Greaves. Mayer MSS.

The introduction was made, and the conversation followed. Other interviews took place, all confirmatory of Giddy's first impression, that Humphry Davy was a youth of singular genius. Whereupon he invited him to Tredrea, offered him the use of his library, and introduced him to a Dr. Edwards, who afterwards removed to London, and became chemical lecturer at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. This latter gentleman was, with his father, employed in the assay of metals, and possessed a well-appointed laboratory. Upon his first visit with Mr. Gilbert, this was shown to the young chemist. 'The tumultuous delight which Davy expressed on seeing, for the first time, a quantity of chemical apparatus hitherto only known to him through the medium of engravings is said by Mr. Gilbert to have surpassed all description. The air-pump more especially fixed his attention, and he worked its piston, exhausted the receiver, and opened its valves with the simplicity and joy of a child engaged in the examination of a new and favourite toy.'[1]

It is evident that Mr. Gilbert, in his letters to Dr. Beddoes, had variously referred to Davy, and also informed the latter that Beddoes' opinions coincided with those of Lavoisier as to the non-existence of caloric as a cause or substance of heat. Upon this Davy wrote to the Doctor, and gave an account of his own researches on Light and Heat; at the same time offering for his perusal an Essay he had drawn up on friction and percussion, which proved heat to be but motion. Beddoes appears to have formed no very high notion of what was thus offered; but when the papers detailing these experiments reached him, through the hands of

[1] Paris, *Life of Sir H. Davy*, vol. i. p. 47.

Gregory Watt, he was surprised by their ability; and at once it flashed across his mind that the young experimentalist was just the person he required as superintendent of the Pneumatic Institution. He replied to Davy, offering to print his papers in a work he was then meditating on physical and medical subjects from the West of England. Of this proposed work he enclosed a prospectus, as also a printed account of some experiments made by Count Romford, and of which it was evident Davy was entirely ignorant. At the same time Beddoes wrote to Mr. Gilbert, offering through him the place of superintendent to the young chemist. This was towards the close of July 1798. By the end of September, the negotiations relative thereto were brought to a close by Davy's acceptance of the offer. On October 2, the same day which brought to England the news of Nelson's glorious victory of the Nile, he set off on his journey to Bristol.

As yet the Pneumatic Institution was a dream in printers' ink, rather than a reality. But the experiments connected with the chemical lectures delivered by Dr. Beddoes had popularised the subject of the gases; and many were now willing to try their effects. Subscriptions increased; and amongst those who gave were persons of rank and fortune. Still a large sum was needed. To obviate further delay, Mr. Lambton, father of the afterwards celebrated Earl of Durham, and at that time one of Beddoes' patients, gave 1,500*l.*, and Thomas Wedgwood 1,000*l.*; the latter considering 'that it was worth while to expend the sum subscribed in order to assure us that elastic fluids would *not* be serviceable as medicines.'

Soon after Davy's arrival a house for the purposes of the Institution was taken in Dowry Square,

Hotwells, and a laboratory established on a most efficient scale. By the succeeding April there were several in-patients and more than eighty out-patients; and in the interval Davy, who had carried on an elaborate course of experiments on the physiological effects of such aeriform fluids as held out any promise of useful agency, made a discovery of a highly interesting character. The gas named by Dr. Priestley, its illustrious discoverer, dephlogisticated nitrous air, and by the French chemists the gaseous oxide of azote, had hitherto most contradictory qualities assigned to it. Curious to test these, Davy carefully prepared the gas and then cautiously respired it. Finding it could be inhaled without danger, he ventured upon a larger dose, and was surprised by experiencing the most vivid sensations of pleasure, accompanied by a rapid succession of highly excited ideas. His report induced others to make a trial of it, and all with varying effect. Mr. Coleridge felt a highly pleasurable sense of warmth and an inclination to laugh; Southey's merriment was at first tempered by fear, but further inhalations excited him as much as Davy. 'Oh, Tom!' he wrote to his brother, July 12, 1799, 'such a gas has Davy discovered, the gaseous oxyde! Oh, Tom! I have had some; it made me laugh and tingle in every toe and finger tip. Davy has actually invented a new pleasure, for which language has no name. Oh, Tom! I am going for more this evening; it makes one strong and so happy! so gloriously happy! and without any after debility, but, instead of it, increased strength of mind and body. Oh! excellent air-bag! Tom, I am sure the air in heaven must be this wonder-working gas of delight.'[1]

[1] Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 21.

Others who tested it were equally rapturous. Some danced, a few were pugnaciously inclined, others were affected by nausea or revived rheumatic pains. Davy himself ran hither and thither, and a young lady, after inhaling the nitrous oxide, dashed out of the room and house, and was only overtaken by her fleetest friend. Such were the scenes at the Pneumatic Institution. For a time this wonder-working gas exorcised philosophic gravity, and converted the laboratory into a region of hilarity and relaxation. But only for a time. Davy was too ardent an experimentalist to be long idle. He next tried the nitrous oxide whilst his system was in a high state of stimulation from drinking wine, but found no increase of stimulus therefrom.

As may be imagined from his sanguine temperament, Dr. Beddoes' hopes were raised by this discovery to the highest pitch. 'I shall not dissemble,' he wrote, 'that the contemplation of the phenomena revived, in more than their original force, certain well-known physiological conjectures which I had formed many years ago, and concerning which I had so ardently desired that they should be submitted to an experimental scrutiny. That oxygen should have seldom been administered in its most perfect state; that the newly-tried gas may be regarded as a more powerful form of oxygen gas; and that between the two we should now have at our disposal an infinite series of powers, are considerations highly encouraging. And the possibility of exalting the bodily and mental powers and of renovating excitability seem now more feasible than ever.' In these hopes Beddoes was in a measure disappointed. But, as in all cases of the kind, a philosophical residue was left of the highest value. The enemies of medical improvement raised a cry far and wide of quackery and exaggeration,

not seeing the valuable part illusion and exaggeration often play in working out *à priori* conceptions. In reply to some expression of the sort, Southey wrote, and truly, 'Of Beddoes you entertain an erroneous opinion. Beddoes is an experimentalist in cases where the ordinary remedies are notoriously and fatally inefficacious. . . . The faculty dislike Beddoes, because he is more able, and more successful, and more celebrated, than themselves, and because he labours to reconcile the art of healing with common sense, instead of all the parade of mystery with which it is usually enveloped. Beddoes is a candid man, trusting more to facts than reasonings: I understand him when he talks to me, and, in case of illness, should rather trust myself to his experiments than be killed off *secundum artem*, and in the ordinary course of practice.'[1]

Having succeeded so well with the nitrous oxide, Davy next hazarded a trial with a far more deadly agent, nitrous gas. But, in spite of all precaution in inhaling it, nitrous acid was formed by the unavoidable mixture of the gas with common air, and with effects so painful on his teeth, tongue, and palate as to preclude any further experiment. He next tested the effects of carburetted hydrogen gas, a compound much like our present illuminating gas, but with an effect so deadly that, but for the dropping of the mouthpiece from his unnerved hand, he would have died at the third inspiration. Still the experiment served for something. It proved that the hydrocarbonate acted as a sedative, producing diminution of vital action and consequent debility without previously exciting.

Fortunately for himself, Davy's next experiment to

[1] *Life and Correspondence*, vol. ii. pp. 23–24.

inspire fixed air, or carbonic acid gas, was frustrated by his inability to draw it into the windpipe; although, in a very diluted form, he so far tested its effects upon the human frame as to indicate that it produced giddiness and a tendency to sleep. Without doubt these frequent and varied experiments with the most deadly gases known to chemists left effects upon his respiratory organs which told in an after day; but their immediate and indirect results were most valuable to Davy. He described them in a volume entitled 'Researches, Chemical and Philosophical, chiefly concerning Nitrous Oxide and its Respiration.' This was widely circulated, and amongst the earliest of those who were attracted by its philosophic spirit, its cautious induction from ingeniously contrived experiments, and its happy talent for analysing the different circumstances which influence the chemical changes observed, was Dr. Hope of Edinburgh. This eminent physician had already met Davy at Bristol, and now forming the highest opinion of his ability, he was the means of introducing him to Count Romford, under whose auspices the Royal Institution in London had been recently established. A lecturer of talent was wanting to fill the chemical chair; and this appointment, as also that of director of the laboratory, was conferred on Mr. Davy during the early part of 1801.

Both for the interests of science and of Davy personally this appointment was a most fortunate one; for the Pneumatic Institution, so far as the administration of the gases was concerned, had for some time been in a state of slow collapse. When it was found that they were not a panacea for every human ill; that at best they were but palliatives in some few forms of chronic affection, as palsy, rheumatism, scrofula, asthma,

hypochondriacism; that in no single instance had they effected any real or permanent cure, public interest in the medicated airs died rapidly away. The nitrous oxide was occasionally administered and held its ground to the last, and the hydrocarbonate gas and nitrous acid were occasionally and beneficially resorted to; but, except as he experimentalised on a wider field and in the cause of pure science, Davy's work was done. The Pneumatic Institution became a mere dispensary for the administration of ordinary medical remedies, and for the trial of many that were new. Muriate of lime was used on a most extensive scale in cases of scrofula, a preparation of foxglove in cases of consumption and dyspepsia, and a favourite tonic was a highly oxygenated preparation of iron. Beddoes was also a believer in that *opprobrium medicinæ* calomel. His faith in digitalis or foxglove, both alone and in conjunction with other medicines, was as great as that of Bishop Butler in tar-water. He wrote in favour of it, and held, contrary to the opinion of his professional brethren, that it was an anodyne and a stimulant bordering upon opium, and, when judiciously administered, was useful as a stomachic. Whether he tested the effects of galvanism upon his patients is not very clear, but he and Davy dosed, electrified, and administered fictitious airs to scores of puppies, kittens, and frogs. The last were in such request during the early days of the Pneumatic Institution that the supply from about Clifton and Bristol being exhausted, Dr. Beddoes applied to his friend Mr. William Austin, of Madeley Wood in Shropshire. That gentleman set the lads of his neighbourhood to work, and scores were soon fished out of pond and marsh and packed in a cask. In those days large trows came down the

Severn from Shropshire to Bristol, and by one of them the cask was sent. But the trowmen, being ignorant of its precious contents, bumped it down heavily on Bristol Quay; when lo! the cask burst, and the frogs, saved from nitrous oxide, digitalis, and galvanic shocks, leaped about in all directions, to the dismay of hundreds of worthy Bristolians, who, conjecturing that they had been brought there as food for Frenchmen, smelt a plot and a revolution, and fancied French incendiaries were hiding in their quiet little city.[1]

Some of Davy's earliest experiments at the Pneumatic Institution related to Galvanism—a subject on which Dr. Beddoes was almost as enthusiastic as himself. They proved to him, thus early, that galvanism was a purely chemical process, depending wholly on the oxidation of metallic surfaces having different degrees of electric conducting power. He decomposed water by the galvanic pile, tested its effects on oxygen and various acids, and by the variety and exactness of these experiments prepared the way for that series of electro-chemical investigations which have immortalised his name.

The Pneumatic Institution, so long as Davy remained connected with it, was a centre of attraction. Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Cottle, the Wedgwoods, the Lambtons, Clarkson, Edgeworth, various physicians, and foreign professors, to say nothing of titled people, went to and fro, testing the gases, witnessing experiments, or, carried away by Beddoes' enthusiasm, became converts on the spot to the virtues of the nitrous oxide or all-curing digitalis. Davy seems to have been everybody's favourite. Under his guidance prosaic Joseph

[1] Letter, Thos. Poole King, Esq.

Cottle commenced a series of chemical experiments, and the young Lambtons, who were domiciled with Dr. Beddoes, often referred, in after life, to the knowledge they unconsciously picked up from one who delighted to be their companion and friend. Of these bright days, when science and poesy were alike young, Southey wrote long after: 'This was one of the happiest portions of my life. . . . I was in most frequent and familiar intercourse with Davy, then in the flower and freshness of his youth. We were within an easy walk of each other, over some of the most beautiful ground in that beautiful part of England. When I went to the Pneumatic Institution he had to tell me of some new experiment or discovery and of the views which it opened for him, and when he came to Westbury there was a fresh portion of 'Madoc' for his hearing. Davy encouraged me with his hearty approbation during its progress; and the bag of nitrous oxide with which he generally regaled me upon my visit to him was not required for raising my spirits to the degree of settled fair, and keeping them at that elevation.'[1]

Davy told Cottle that during the latter part of his stay at Bristol the Pneumatic Institution was only kept open by bribing each patient with sixpence a day. But this was not exactly the case. Finding, like most medical men, the difficulty of insuring the regular attendance of the less educated classes, Beddoes made each patient, upon entrance, deposit half-a-crown. This was returned if the patient left the Institution in a regular manner; but was forfeited and given to a charity for absence or other non-conformance to rules.

[1] *Life and Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 339.

In spite of this comparative failure of the gaseous remedies, Beddoes never lost faith in his opinion that they contained principles which others would pursue and turn to account. He wrote much and well upon the laws of health. He showed that they ought to be as commonly taught in schools and families as the ordinary branches of knowledge. He warmly advocated temperance and personal cleanliness at a date when neither was commonly practised. In regard to education he held most enlightened views, and proposed to teach, even in play, by the use of what he called 'rational toys.' For the construction of these upon a sufficient scale a committee was formed and subscriptions raised, but the matter, after some little agitation, fell to the ground. One of the committee was John Wedgwood, Esq., of Cote House, Bristol; and referring to the education of the young Lambtons, who resided with him, Dr. Beddoes thus wrote to Mr. Giddy: 'I wish you and Josiah Wedgwood lived near me, as by joining purses we might procure some uncommon advantages for all the children.'

During the two years and a half Coleridge resided at Stowey he appears to have written little else than a few poems. How he lived and kept a wife and child seems inexplicable, unless we presume that even thus early he was helped in all directions by his friends. He was always soliciting small doles from Cottle, and Poole was also called on in various ways. So long as Charles Lloyd remained his guest he was handsomely remunerated; but, differences occurring, young Lloyd returned to Birmingham at the close of 1797, and some other source of income had to be thought of. Necessity had already suggested to Coleridge the ministry as a means of subsistence. His opinions

were Socinian, and he had preached at Bath, Bridgewater, Taunton, Sheffield, and Birmingham. Cottle gives a ludicrous account of his first appearance in the pulpit; but his subsequent essays at Sheffield and Birmingham were far more favourable, and thus the Unitarian body regarded him in the light of an accredited minister. When, therefore, towards the close of 1797, or the beginning of 1798, it became known that the Unitarian pulpit at Shrewsbury was vacant, it occurred to him to offer his services. But some of his friends were against the scheme, as removing him from the wider and more useful field of literature; whilst others considered that certainty and permanence of income, combined with the necessity of regular occupation, would be a great boon. Whilst the matter thus hung in suspense, Thomas Wedgwood sent, through his brother Josiah, the sum of 100*l.*, hoping thereby to remove the necessity of Coleridge's acceptance of the ministry. But the 100*l.* would soon be spent, and then the old necessities would recur; and thus, guided by prudential reasons, which were those of his wife or Poole rather than his own, he returned the money to Josiah Wedgwood, with a long letter stating his reasons for so doing. He then set forth for Shrewsbury.

The Unitarian pulpit in that town had been for some time filled by an extremely able and eloquent minister named Rowe; but a vacancy occurring at Bristol, he had removed thither, leaving thus an opening to such candidate as might by his gifts secure the suffrages of a somewhat large and critical audience. For though at a period when it required no small amount of moral courage to profess belief in Unitarianism, the Shrewsbury congregation had largely increased under Rowe's

ministry—in fact, it was attended by many who were not Socinian in opinion, but who could appreciate eloquence and breadth of thought apart from dogma.

Amongst the prominent members of the congregation was a family of the name of Taylor, who occupied a large and handsome house on St. John's Hill near the Quarry, and thither Coleridge repaired upon reaching Shrewsbury. The Taylors and Wedgwoods had long been intimate, and as a friend of the latter, as much as for his own gifts, Coleridge met with a hearty welcome; and, it being the middle of the week when he arrived, he went, according to custom, the round of what might be presumed to be his future congregation, and, his fame as a poet and a scholar having preceded him, his reception was flattering in the extreme. The expectation thus excited was shared by the pastors of several surrounding congregations, who, on the eventful Sunday morning, helped to fill the little chapel on Swan Hill to overflowing; for, as a matter of course, they were well acquainted with the various ministerial needs and changes of their persuasion. Amongst others was William Hazlitt, the son of the Unitarian minister at Wem. He was then a mere youth, but the impression left by Coleridge's sermon was never effaced. Nineteen years afterwards, when he addressed the editor of the 'Examiner,' in relation to Coleridge's 'Lay Sermon,' he referred in terms of warm admiration to the memorable discourse he had listened to in January 1798.[1] The contrast between the opinions of

[1] It was in January 1798, just nineteen years ago, that I got up one morning, before day-light, to walk ten miles in the mud, and went to hear a poet and a philosopher preach. It was the author of the *Lay Sermon*. Never, Sir, the longest day I have to live, shall I have such another walk as this cold, raw, comfortless one, in the winter of the year 1798. Mr. Examiner, *Il y a des impressions que ni le tems ni les cir-*

the two was scarcely to be realised by a rational mind; for involved was not the ordinary and natural ascent

constances peuvent effacer. Dussé-je vivre des siècles entiers, le doux tems de ma jeunesse ne peut renaître pour moi, ni s'effacer jamais dans ma mémoire. When I got there, Sir, the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done Mr. C. rose and gave out his text: 'And He went up into the mountain to pray, HIMSELF, ALONE.' As he gave out this text his voice 'rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,' and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, Sir, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, 'Of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey.' The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. *That* sermon, like *this* sermon, was upon peace and war; upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation; on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity—not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had 'inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore.' He made a poetical and pastoral excursion, and to show the fatal effects of war drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd boy driving his team afield, or sitting under the hawthorn piping to his flock, as though he should never be old, and the same poor country-lad crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder as pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the loathsome finery of the profession of blood.

'Such were the notes our once loved poet sung.'

And, for myself, Sir, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and Philosophy had met together, Truth and Genius had embraced, under the eye and with the sanction of religion. This was even beyond my hopes; I returned home well satisfied. The sun that was still labouring pale and wan through the skies, obscured by thick mists, seemed an emblem of the *good cause*; and the cold, dank drops of dew that hung half melted on the beard of the thistle had something genial and refreshing in them; for there was a spirit of hope and youth in all nature that turned everything into good. The face of nature had not then the brand of JUS DIVINUM on it—

'Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.'

Now, Sir, what I have to complain of is this: that, from reading your account of the 'Lay Sermon,' I begin to suspect that my notions formerly must have been little better than a deception; that my faith in

from error to truth, but the descent to religious narrowness and obsolete political faith.

Whilst thus there seemed every likelihood that Coleridge would accept and be accepted by the Shrewsbury congregation, he received a letter from Thomas Wedgwood, offering, on his own part and that of his brother Josiah, an annuity for life of 150*l.* per annum, if Coleridge would relinquish the ministry. Mr. Wedgwood was of opinion that the duties connected therewith would interfere with Coleridge's literary pursuits; and the offer was thus generously made with the view of securing him simple independence and peace of mind whilst realising, by his pen, some few of the splendid visions which were ever crowding in his brain. No one at that date appreciated more justly than Thomas Wedgwood Coleridge's extraordinary subtlety and force of intellect. Few perhaps had the

Mr. Coleridge's great power must have been a vision of my youth, that, like other such visions, must pass away from me; and that all his genius and eloquence is *vox et preterea nihil:* for otherwise how is it lost to all common sense upon paper?

Again, Sir, I ask Mr. Coleridge why, having preached such a sermon as I have described, he has published such a sermon as you have described? What right, Sir, has he or any man to make a fool of me, or any man? I am naturally, Sir, a man of a plain, dull, dry understanding, without flights or fancies, and can just contrive to plod on if left to myself; what right then has Mr. C., who is just going to ascend in a balloon, to offer me a seat in the parachute only to throw me from the height of his career upon the ground and dash me to pieces? Or, again, what right has he to invite me to a feast of poets and philosophers, fruits and flowers intermixed—immortal fruits and amaranthine flowers—and then to tell me it is all vapour, and, like *Timon*, to throw his empty dishes in my face?' No, Sir, I must and will say it is hard.—Hazlitt's *Political Essays*, edit. 1819, pp. 137, 138.

Though Hazlitt did not stay to hear it, the evening discourse seems to have been as remarkable as that of the morning. The fame of the latter was spread about the town, so that with evening a large miscellaneous congregation filled the chapel to overflowing, for many stood without the doors and by the windows. Till recent years, Coleridge's discourses were well remembered by inhabitants of Shrewsbury.

capacity to do so. His intellect was as profound and wide in its range as that of Coleridge. And he could thus accurately gauge what the product might be if circumstances were favouring.

Coleridge accepted the offer,[1] and after two further discourses to what was probably the disappointed congregation he repaired to Bristol, where Mr. Thomas Wedgwood was then staying with his brother John at Cote House. Here instructions were given to Messrs. Ward, Dennetts and Greaves of London to execute the necessary deed securing the annuity;[2] the amount of which probably represented the stipend annexed to the Shrewsbury pastorate.

At this date Thomas Wedgwood was traversing midland and south-western England in search of an estate; it being his desire to purchase one, in the hope of securing health and pleasurable occupation in its im-

[1] In the following hasty note:—

Shrewsbury, Friday night, 1798.

My dear Sir,

I have this moment received your letter, and have scarcely more than a moment to answer it by return of post. If kindly feeling can be repaid by kindly feeling, I am not your debtor. I would wish to express the same thing which is big at my heart, but I know not how to do it without indelicacy. As much abstracted from personal feeling as possible, I honour and esteem you for that which you have done.

I must of necessity stay here till the close of Sunday next. On Monday morning I shall leave it, and on Tuesday be with you at Cote House.

Very affectionately yours,

S. T. Coleridge.

T. Wedgwood, Esq.

Cottle's *Reminiscences*, edit. 1847, p. 172.

[2] Feb. 17, 1798. Writing an answer to a letter received from you, requiring to know in what manner you would charge your Copyhold Estate with the payment of an annuity of 150*l.* per annum. Solicitors' bill of costs.—Josiah Wedgwood, Esq., to Ward, Dennetts and Greaves. Mayer MSS.

provement and cultivation. Advertisements[1] had been inserted in several provincial papers, but hitherto without effect, nor was it till the following year that a purchase was made.

Sometime during the spring of 1798 he was again at Nether Stowey with his friend Poole. Here, it seems, the idea of Coleridge's visit to Germany was first broached; and, as the scheme grew, Wordsworth and his sister were included; for, though a fact hitherto unknown, they were, in relation to this journey and residence in Germany, as much indebted to Thomas Wedgwood as Coleridge. At the close of June, Wordsworth and his sister made a short tour on the banks of the Wye, passing through Bristol, where they stayed with Cottle. In July they returned there, in order that Wordsworth might be near the printer whilst the 'Lyrical Ballads' were passing through the press. At the end of August they left Bristol for London; and on September 16, 1798, Wordsworth, his sister, and Mr. Coleridge sailed from Yarmouth for Hamburgh.

The sums supplied to Coleridge, and possibly to Wordsworth, prior to their leaving England, would, as a private transaction, remain unknown; but being accredited to the house of Phillip and Otto Von Axen, the Hamburgh agents of the firm of Wedgwood, the sums drawn by both poets whilst in Germany passed necessarily into the accounts transmitted to England, and have thus been preserved.[2] The poets reached

[1] Paid postage of Sundry Letters addressed to our house, in consequence of the advertisement inserted for the purchase of an Estate.

Though inserted in his brother's bill, these various items were charged to Thomas Wedgwood, as the bill is indorsed '1*l.* 10*s.* to be charged to T. W.'

[2] Translation of accounts, 1795–1801. Phillip and Otto Von Axen, Hamburgh. Mayer MSS. The invoices of ware sent to this eminent

Hamburgh on September 18, and on October 2 Wordsworth received by letter from the firm 32*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.*; on the 12th of the same month Coleridge was paid 35*l.*; on December 24, 30*l.*; on January 24, 1799, 30*l.*; March 29, 30*l.*; and on July 8, the poets conjointly received the sum of 106*l.* 10*s.* This last sum must refer to a current account between March and July, as Wordsworth and his sister returned to England early in the spring of 1799.

Prior to his visit to Germany, Coleridge knew nothing of the language; and thus his acquaintance with its literature had been derived solely from translations. But these were already numerous; and, embracing the best works on philosophical, religious, and other subjects, had improved in the highest sense the tone and character of the more advanced phase of public thought. Young men like Wedgwood and Coleridge, with their natural taste for philosophic inquiry, were necessarily influenced by these broadening tendencies; though whilst the one seems to have remained a steady adherent of Reid and Hartley to the end, Coleridge converted the idealism of Kant and Fichte into mysticism; and with it accepted and promulgated that narrowness of belief which mysticism begets.

Coleridge, during his year's residence in Germany, corresponded regularly with the Wedgwoods; and about the time that Wordsworth and his sister returned to England we come upon more vivid traces of Thomas Wedgwood. He was at Cote in February; from there he removed to Cobham; and travelling thence with his servant, and in a gig, tandemwise with a pair of horses,

firm give lists of works of the finest character. Through this medium the States of Northern Germany were supplied with vases, medallions, and cameos.

we find him at Maidenhead, on his way into the midland counties, on March 1, 1799. Various replies to his and his brother's advertisement for an estate had been sent in, and whilst desirous to purchase one near Bath, the matter was sufficiently doubtful to render a further survey necessary. By March 14 he had reached Worcester, and he thus announces disappointment to his brother Josiah; the estate in question having found another purchaser. 'Thus you see our fate is completely decided. We are altogether unfortunate, and where we shall now turn ourselves I know not. I have heard of nothing new in this country, and but one place to look at in Worcestershire—Marsh Court and only two hundred acres, between Little Malvern and Tewkesbury. . . I am heartily sick of my mission, but determined to persevere. The E. wind is returned this morning, and the snow along with it. I shall brave it, however. . . My best love to Susan and the Doctor.[1] I cannot quit my present object, or it would be very delightful to me to spend a few days with them. I am mortified to think that my search is now more and more remote from them. . . I have heard from T. Poole about Luttrell's estate; large enough, good land, but dirty in wet weather, not very pretty, no mansion, but a good farm-house. Perhaps it may be worth looking at when I am in the country. I shall write to you again as soon as I have seen Marsh Court, if it is likely. Else I shall proceed into Herefordshire first, where I have three objects—Armstone House, on the left bank of the Wye, between Hereford and Ross belonging to Woodhouse; Hartleton, left of road from

[1] Dr. R. W. Darwin of Shrewsbury, who in the spring of 1796 had married the eldest Miss Wedgwood. Josiah W., jun., was on a visit to Shrewsbury.

Gloucester to Ross, with house, 300 acres, at 250*l.*; and the site of castle and large estate, four miles below Ross on the Wye, belonging to D. of Beaufort. Pray let me have the consolation of a letter from you at Bristol Post Office; I shall be there in three days at the latest. I find it very cheering at a lonesome fireside to hear any tidings of my clan. I spent a day and two nights at Moseley's. . . Walter is very friendly, hot rolls to breakfast, and an excellent table. Yours ever, T. W.'[1] The search was unsuccessful, and a fresh attempt was made to secure the estate near Bath by offering a handsome premium. Writing from Newport, Monmouthshire, on March 16, he says: 'I own the hope is forlorn; but a drowning man, &c. Where are we to turn ourselves? the more I see of these counties, the more I am convinced we shall find nothing comparable to Bishop's Leigh.[2] . . I go to Clifton to-morrow, and next day but one to Stowey. I shall return to Bristol. If my search and this desperate attempt at B. Leigh prove altogether unsuccessful, I do not know what I shall do to gain a little strength this summer. I dare not stay at Stoke,[3] and next winter I must migrate, so that you see our living together depends upon getting B. Leigh; do give it your most earnest attention.'

Upon reaching Stowey, Mr. Wedgwood seems to have found that his friend Poole had been busy in his behalf in respect to land in a beautiful country about twelve miles from Bridgewater. It was in separate lots, and for various reasons required adroit negotiation

[1] Thos. W. to J. W., March 14, 1799. Mayer MSS.

[2] The name of the estate near Bath.

[3] Stoke House, near Cobham, Surrey; the residence of Josiah Wedgwood the younger till his purchase of an estate in Dorsetshire.

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so as to secure the whole. One portion with a house was known as Castle Florey, others as Combe Down farm, Miles farm, Combe Wood, &c.[1] 'Between Miles farm,' he writes to his brother, 'lie some lands which have been for some time purchasable—one front taking in a reach of Taunton Dean, the other the whole of the beautiful little Combe and its picturesque objects. Now, what say you, if you consider the B. Leigh business altogether desperate, of immediately getting some farmer to purchase Miles and Wood farm as for himself, and Poole, as *tanner*, to purchase Combe Wood. We would then buy the intermediate land, wait awhile for the chance of the home lot, and, the worst come to the worst, build. What other chance remains? What place combines so many advantages? The wood swarms in pheasants, hares, and woodcocks, and I am sure we should never meet with any difficulty about partridge shooting. 2. The climate is warm. 3. The scenery cheerful and picturesque. 4. The land of the most desirable quality. 5. An excellent road to a capital town. 6. Proximity to romantic country. 7. Within an easy day's journey from John and Jane,[2] of Caroline.[3] 8. A most pleasant part of England. 9. Near to warm retreats in winter. 10. Perfect retirement. In Bagbourne is a very pretty house which is, I believe, to let; I think it would do for us till our

[1] These beautiful spots were all apparently in the parish of Combe Florey, of which, in later years, Sydney Smith was incumbent. It is thus described by Lady Holland: 'The climate, the vegetation, and the soil were all in strong contrast to the north, and it well deserved the name of Combe Florey, for it really was a valley of flowers, a lovely little spot, where nature and art combined to realize the Happy Valley.'—*Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, vol. i. p. 228.

[2] Namely, from Cote House, Bristol.

[3] Mrs. Drewe of Broadhembury, Devon, sister of the wives of John and Josiah Wedgwood, and at a later day the friend of Francis Horner.

own was built. I have no doubt of our lodging ourselves somewhere in the neighbourhood. Turn it in your mind. . . . If you accede, I think it will be absolutely necessary for you to come down to Bridgewater, where —or at Stowey you shall find me. . . in order to satisfy yourself as to the spot for building on. . . The business will not admit of delay. . . there scarcely is in all the countries I have looked—Worcester, Gloucester, Hereford, and Somerset—any likely region to look for anything suitable.' Writing to his brother five days later, he is still more urgent; he describes anew the beauty of the situation proposed for the house:—'There are some charming rides about Castle Fleury, to Lidyard, and Cothelaston is one of the finest views and rides I ever beheld. The whole land for miles about C. Fleury is a dry and sandy loam, the fields very pretty, and most agreeably soothing and pleasant to walk in. I am convinced we shall never find such a retreat again, and that two years hence we shall be much better satisfied with our situation than if we were to buy B. Leigh, for even then we should have to do with brick and mortar. Poole seems to think we may buy the scattered lots cheap. . . The whole for 900*l.*' Then, urging his brother to come down to Bridgewater, he appends a sketch, and adds, 'If no letter by Monday's mail, by G—— I will buy the place myself.'[1]

Under the date of March 27, we hear that negotiations still go on, and that the sale of certain portions of the land is fixed for April 6. 'You shall know our fate as soon as possible,' he tells his brother, who, unable to attend, trusts all to his discretion. 'I go to Beddoes to-

[1] Thos. W. to Josiah W., March 17, 1799.

morrow, where I find myself very comfortable, and oxygenerate, warm bath, ride, and talk metaphysics till the awful April 6 be over. Poole is indefatigable; it is incredible the trouble he has given himself. . . . I am exceedingly wearied, as you may suppose, of this business; but I rather get strength than lose it. . . I have a good deal more to say, but cannot persuade myself to go further into the subject till these ten fretful days have passed away. I am, however, quite a philosopher to what I was. We have done all that was possible; success is with the Gods, and patience and resignation I am determined to exercise, and indeed have practised for some days.'[1]

Whilst these several purchases were awaited with that morbid impatience which comes of disease, Bishop's Leigh, the estate first desired, was offered, as also another, to which the objection is stated to be that it is situated in a 'country full of clothiers and steep hills.' But the offer came too late. The exquisite situation of Castle Florey made it now the one great object of desire. But some measure of disappointment came. Whilst with Beddoes at Clifton, Thomas Wedgwood heard from Poole to the effect that portions of the coveted estate had been disposed of, and thus his anxiety to possess what remained was intensified. 'I have found no benefit from oxygen and warm bathing, and have discontinued them. I resist the cold better than I did in the winter by going out a good deal; my stomach

[1] T. W. to J. W., March 28, 1799. Mayer MSS. At this date, or a little later, Poole, in writing to Coleridge, informed him of this matter. In return, Coleridge thus wrote to Josiah Wedgwood:—'Poole half mentioned in a hasty way, that depressed my spirits for many days, that you and Thomas were on the point of settling near Stowey, but abandoned it. God Almighty! what a dream of happiness it held out to me.'

is at the weakest. I expect the happiest effects if fortune does not again spite us at C. Fleury.'[1]

It did not, for in the next letter Watt is to be consulted as to the aspect of the proposed house; timber, bricks, and a long &c. are to be bought, orders are given for the purchase of sixty head of sheep, and pleasant neighbours are referred to. Still later, Watt has sent his advice as to situation, as to means of deadening sound from floor to floor, as to chimneys, and the best method of speedily drying new-built rooms. The elder Mrs. Wedgwood is already in the neighbourhood, and on April 26 Thomas Wedgwood tells his brother, referring to the original house or cottage of Castle Florey: 'I shall not be in my cot these four days. I have bought a cow, almost hired a woman.'[2]

May comes, and the sick man is almost well, through novelty and excitement. Staplegrove House is to be hired as a residence for his mother and sisters; Upcott House for his brother Josiah. He hears of more land, and he will buy. 'Yesterday I spent in the wood, and condemned 400 great and small to the stroke of the axe—300 oak and 100 ash.[3] . . . If my things are not sent off by waggon, I wish to have my double saucepan; it has two insides. I can buy nothing of the kind here. And I should be much obliged to my sister to buy me a good cheap calico for a bed 6 feet 6 inches long by 5 feet.; no lining. . . . I shall have 3 draught horses in a day or two if we build. I

[1] T. W. to J. W., April 3, 1799. In some jottings of accounts in a letter of the previous day, April 2, a payment to Coleridge of 150*l.* is notified, as also one to Leslie of 75*l.* The latter seems to have received a regular annuity of 150*l.* per annum from the Wedgwoods.

[2] Thos. W. to J. W., April 26, 1799. Mayer MSS.

[3] Poole was a large purchaser of the bark. He bought more than twenty-three tons at the price of 98*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

must get a plough of oxen for the farm beside. I have got some of the most beautiful ewes and lambs, about 40. Send me the Bath Agricultural Reports with the other things. I begin to waver about having a bailiff. I mean such a one as I have often talked of. Our concern is too small, and I think it would render me too listless about the farming concerns. . . . The Taunton Balls and Card Assemblies are very well kept up. They often dance two sets. The country gentry attend. Sixteen couple last ball was considered a very poor meeting. I tried ploughing this morning; I made a sad hand of it; but it is very good exercise, and I shall learn. I can't help thinking my mother and sisters might be very comfortable at the cottage[1] till Staplegrove House was made ready for them. They would be within two miles of that place without passing through Taunton, so that they would have a daily object in forwarding the gardening, planting, furnishing, &c. I am afraid they will trifle with the only opportunity which is likely can arise to serve them till it is past. . . . I want very much a good elementary book of Agriculture. I know there are several describing different soils, cultivation, implements, &c. More wou'd ask A. Young which is the best. Get him to do it for me. . . . Pray enquire the wholesale price of Indian corn.'[2] Two days later, after describing his purchase of a plough of six oxen, we have this pleasant picture: 'My female servant is come to my cot to-day, and as busy as a bee. She is, I am told at all hands, a most excellent servant; but her wages—10*l.* 10*s.* and no tea—are deemed enormous.[3]

[1] Castle Florey.

[2] Thos. W. to Jos. W., April 9, 1799. Mayer MSS.

[3] What would Mr. Wedgwood have said to wages in the present day? No capable servant, not even a kitchen-maid, can be got for 10*l.* 10*s.*

D'autre part, she is not to have an under servant, and is to wash, cook, bake, brew, dairy, pig-stye, &c. She is 45, and a picture of health, cheerfulness, and industry. My dairy sets agoing to-night; in two or three days I drink buttermilk. I am in no hurry to get into my house, as I now dine *en famille*, and find the society a great comfort.[1] There is a bowling meeting at the Gore Inn. Twenty-six attended yesterday —the first gentry; I shall try to get in. My first introduction to my neighbours will be the next Vestry. I am looking after the poor. . . . I am going to purchase 20 acres of marsh land to fatten some stock every summer, and enable me to keep 2 cows for the use of *dear* Castle Fleury—a thing I have set my heart on. Not a drop of milk to be bought here. The marsh land sells at 25 years' purchase—is quite a drug, Poole says.[2]

Later in May, Upcott was hired as a temporary residence for Josiah Wedgwood, and after expatiating on its orchards—for it had three—and the beauty of the neighbouring scenery, Thomas Wedgwood adds: 'Never was a greater show of apples than this year. You will make some hogsheads of cider, some of it of the best kind. . . . My bailiff is quite *au fait* of cider; he will save you all trouble in that concern; he says you may make 50 hogsheads.'

As May steals on, he still tries to deaden his eternal sense of weariness and pain by busying himself in

Some other curious particulars as to rise in prices will appear as we proceed.

[1] Mr. Wedgwood was boarding temporarily with a family in the neighbourhood. The house alluded to was the original Castle Florey, apparently a mere cottage.

[2] Thos. W. to J. W., York Street, St. James's, May 11, 1709. Mayer MSS.

small matters for his brother's benefit, and by anticipating another of those journeys which the restlessness of disease made necessary; for to be still was, as it seemed, impossible. After requesting that his minnow rod be sent, Romford's Essays, and other things, he adds: 'I am going to bottle your gooseberries; have you any receipt which practice has proved good? I propose to bottle six dozen quart bottles, and shall get the best sorts. . . . I wish you could get me a gig—new or second-hand, as you find expedient—to have a head, and not (be) a slight carriage. . . . How do you go to Shrewsbury? I should like to ride it. Pray let me know your plans as soon as fixed. What stay at Shrewsbury? Do you go with my mother? . . . T. Poole sets out for London to-morrow. . . . I cannot boast any improvement in health for my journey to Cote. I long to be with you all again. The days at Cote are too long for me by some hours. . . . Come when you will, I can lodge you at my cot. . . . Pray remember me to Mrs. Mackintosh.' Another day he says: 'These cold winds keep me very weak, and my stomach has been retrograde, but is recovering. I dig every day. . . . I am laying in for your provision, viz., setting excellent potatoes, of different kinds, in quantities; making some capital rich cheese; curing hams in quantities, some with hardly any salt but plenty of smoke, others little salt and no smoke; fattening six Purbeck wethers, &c., &c.'[1]

Incredible as it may appear to our present generation —which, with all its faults, proves its higher tone of moral and intellectual culture by the reverence which it pays to the memory of its eminent countrymen— Etruria Hall, emptied and dismantled, was to be sold!

[1] Thos. W. to Jos. W., May 1799. Mayer MSS.

Early in April Thomas Wedgwood had written to his brother: 'I wish most sincerely you may sell Etruria.' And so, like some roadside tavern, anyone might buy it who had a sum sufficient! It is astonishing. The garden which the greatest of English potters had created out of the stone-covered, heathery moor; the house which he had made it his unceasing hobby to fill with utilities, comforts, and beauties; this scene of the friendships of his life and of the triumphs of his art—and he not dead a century, but scarcely more than four years! Did the smoke, the air, the scenery offend? What was it? Even now, internally, Etruria Hall is a singularly convenient and cheerful dwelling, though its surroundings are somewhat besmeared and smoke-dried from the constantly encroaching neighbourhood of pits, iron furnaces, and potters' kilns. But in the last year of the last century, little other than Etruria works and the small gathering of workmen's dwellings lay outstretched to view; and even these picturesquely varied by fields, trees, canal, and the green moorland ridge leading to Newcastle. These rural environments have almost all passed away; yet it is still the spot, *Artes Etruriæ renascuntur*. There was something akin to disloyalty in selling it; and, with full allowance for disease and the weariness of soul which disease begets, one reads this expression of pleasure at the prospect of disposal in juxtaposition with the anticipatory facts of bottling gooseberries, curing hams, making cheese and cider, and setting potatoes, with somewhat the grim wonder that one learns that a man has turned renegade to his faith or his country. Although it was not eventually sold, but let as an ordinary dwelling, the mere suggestion of sale—even of abandonment—reads curiously, nay painfully. Need there was none—

for the sons of Wedgwood were at that day very wealthy men. If to them as a dwelling it had lost its old charms, if to them of the past no poetry remained, it could have been kept as a show-place at little cost; and, with its assemblage of vases, medallions, cabinets of gems, fire-places, friezes, panellings, and countless other ornamental objects, might have handed down to our time a more vivid picture of the man and his works than what we can now gather from biographies or perpetuate by institutes.

The elder Mrs. Wedgwood and her two unmarried daughters, having thus left Etruria Hall, were spending their time in London, or between Cobham in Surrey and Cote by Bristol. But now, with a view to residence and companionship, Mrs. Wedgwood and one of her daughters travelled into Somersetshire. 'My mother and Kitty,' Thomas Wedgwood wrote, 'came to Taunton on Tuesday, where I soon found them—my mother still an invalid, but better for her journey. Her spirits seem to fail her exceedingly on the subject of change of abode. On Wednesday we went to see the house at the 2 mile-stone, Kitty and I. My mother staid in the chaise on the road. There is one very comfortable parlour and bed-room; the rest small, the whole ill-finished. I think, and so does Kitty, that, with the addition of a parlour and two bedrooms, the house may be made to do. I proposed to my mother, in order to remove all anxiety and care from her mind, that you and I should undertake to make the house complete for her, without her giving herself any kind of trouble. The present tenant offers to quit at Christmas, and I am sure, from his manner, that he might be cheaply bribed to quit at a few days' notice. As it is essential that any house they ultimately make

their residence should be between Taunton and Castle Fleury, I can't help thinking they had better take this place at once if it can be bought at any moderate price. I hear of *nothing* else *on that road*, therefore it seems in vain to advertise. My mother will consult you on this. She seemed well pleased with the country and Castle Fleury; Kitty very much so. We went across the hill to Bridgewater and slept there; I am just returned from them. They went on to Cote, where they will stay 2 or 3 days. I tried to prevail on my mother to stay longer for change of scene, and half prevailed. Kitty backed my solicitation. . . . I do not get into my house for some days.'[1]

What was the result of these visits and negotiations is not exactly clear; but, no great while after, Mrs. Wedgwood and her daughters were temporarily settled at Staplegrove, a country house near Taunton, and where they remained till Thomas Wedgwood returned from the West Indies, and removed to Eastbury by Gunville.

[1] Thos. W. to Jos. W., May 1799. Mayer MSS.

CHAPTER IV.

Thomas Wedgwood in London—A Benefactor to Godwin—Purchases the Estate of Gunville in Dorsetshire, but transfers it to his Brother Josiah—Voyage to and Return from the West Indies—Still ill; yet consulted occasionally on difficult matters connected with Manufacturing Processes at Etruria—The Scenery and Climate of Bermuda referred to by Basil Montague—Invites Thomas Wedgwood to Cambridge—A Letter from Poole—Sale of Castle Florey in Somersetshire—Basil Montague in respect to Lane, a Barrister—The Bounty and Good Nature of the Brothers Wedgwood encroached upon—Montague's literary Projects—Coleridge and Jeremy Taylor—Letter from Poole—Somersetshire Cider—A noble Relic worthily enshrined—Young Wedgwood's Hypochondriacism—Consults Drs. Baillie and Cline—Plans a long Continental Tour—Seeks a Companion—Difficulties connected therewith—Poole's Letter—Refers to Thomas Wedgwood's metaphysical Work—Willmott as Steward—An extremely worthy and able Man—Increase of Thomas Wedgwood's Illness—Goes abroad—Calais and Bruges.

On his way from Taunton to Shrewsbury, at the end of May or the beginning of June 1799, Thomas Wedgwood passed through London, and for a few days at least was again amongst his literary and scientific friends. He appears, however, from the annexed letter,[1]

[1] Dear Wedgwood,

I received a letter from you in June last, which afforded me considerable pleasure, and in some degree satisfied me in the disappointment of not seeing you in Town a short time before. I did not answer it because I did not know exactly where to address you, and because correspondence loses much of its charms when one of the parties to it feels himself restrained from writing, or from writing at large.

I now trouble you to request information respecting the promissory Note of Robinson the bookseller for 257*l.* which I put into your hands, and which became due in the beginning of this month. My Novel,[2]

[2] St. Leon.

to have missed Godwin, whom he knew, probably, through Thelwal, and had assisted in a pecuniary sense. Godwin at this period was at the height of his literary fame. He had published 'Political Justice,' 'Caleb Williams,' 'The Enquirer,' and 'Cursory Strictures' upon the charge of Judge Eyre, which, first appearing in the pages of the 'Morning Chronicle,' had greatly influenced the result of the Government prosecutions against Hardy, Horne Tooke, and Thelwal, and mainly contributed to their acquittal. In the previous year, 1798, he had issued the life and posthumous works of Mary Wollstonecraft, and he was now occupied with his novel of 'St. Leon,' which came out towards the close of the year in question, 1799. But with Godwin as a political thinker, rather than a novelist, young Wedgwood had probably the greatest sympathy.[1] He and

has proved under my hands to extend to a volume more than I expected, which of course gives me an additional demand upon him. But this additional demand I do not wish to bring forward till I know that the former one has been settled. I therefore intreat you to inform me if it has been paid; and if it has not yet been presented for payment, I shall take it as a particular favour if you would take care that it should be presented with the least possible delay.

I hope that your health is now better than when you wrote last; and with every possible wish for your prosperity and perfect command of leisure and spirits,

Yours ever,

W. Godwin.

Polygon, Somers Town,
Oct. 26, 1799.

Endorsed,
Thos. Wedgwood, Esq.,
York Street,
St. James's Square.

To be forwarded.

[1] In some very interesting book bills we find that Thomas Wedgwood was in every sense Godwin's friend and patron. In November 1795, he bought a copy of the 'Political Justice,' in the mouth ensuing 'Caleb Williams,' and a few days later another copy of the 'Political Justice.' And we may infer the general style of his reading from the entry of Pindar's Works, Hutton's Dictionary, Nicholson's Dictionary,

his brother Josiah had bought a copy of the work on 'Political Justice' as soon as it appeared; and their father had read it the year prior to his decease. The views it took of social and political liberty were new and striking, and won necessarily the favour of all those who, unlike Burke and his followers, saw that the excesses of the French Revolution were the natural result of long political oppression, social neglect, and dense ignorance, and not inherent in the principles of liberty themselves.

In September he added largely to his landed property by purchasing the estate of Gunville, near Blandford, in Dorsetshire; but possession did not bring him—what he so much needed—health. In January 1800, he was again at Clifton with Dr. Beddoes, from whence he seems to have gone to France for a short period.[1] Upon his return a voyage to the West Indies was suggested, and he sailed to that country not long after. It was probably thought he would never live to return, for prior to leaving England he made his will, and conferred a power of attorney on his brother Josiah during his absence.[2] Of this voyage and its results no

Priestley's 'Hartley,' Berkeley's 'Analysis,' Tooke's 'Purley,' Reynolds's Works, and various other books of travel and medicine.

[1] Southey refers to this in a letter to Coleridge, Jan. 8, 1800. 'Thomas Wedgwood has obtained a passport to go to France.'—*Life and Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 39.

[2] January 23, 1800. 'Taking instructions for a drawing, and ingrossing a power of Attorney from you to Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, to enable him to transact all your affairs in England, and to appoint substitute if he should think proper.'

January 25. 'Paid carriage and porterage of the same, in a parcell to you at Clifton. Paid Coach hire on that occasion for the sake of expedition, it being necessary that it should go by this night's mail.'

'As to your will.'

January 28, 1800.

'Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, having informed us by Letter that you intended making your will at Bristol, and wishing to be furnished with a

further data is preserved than what follows in two of Mr. Byerley's letters. Writing from London to Etruria May 28, 1800, he says: 'We have just had the pleasure to hear that Mr. Thomas Wedgwood arrived safely in the West Indies, and was very considerably better in health, so as to give hopes that the voyage will be likely to restore him to perfect health.'[1] But these hopes were unfulfilled, for in somewhat less than a month he again wrote, this time from Etruria, to London: 'Mr. Thomas Wedgwood is arrived at Falmouth, finding the climate of the W. I. not likely to be serviceable in his complaint.'[2]

The estate of Gunville, near Blandford, in Dorsetshire, was leased,[3] almost as soon as purchased, to his brother Josiah for life; and prior to his landing at Falmouth, on his return from the West Indies, Mr. Thomas Wedgwood's solicitors—Messrs. Ward, Dennetts and Greaves—were in treaty with the agent of the Marquis of Buckingham for the purchase of Eastbury, an estate contiguous to Gunville. It comprised a park and woods of considerable extent; the house in the former being inhabited by French priests. A fresh residence seems to have been provided for them; and after a long negotiation, extending over fourteen months—for Lords Arundel, Temple, Aylesbury, and Grenville were

proper description of your landed property, perusing the conveyance of the Combe Florey and Gunville estates, and drawing out a description of each, for the purpose of sending to you as instructions for your will.' —*Bill.* Ward, Dennetts and Greaves. Mayer MSS.

[1] Mayer MSS.

[2] *Ibid.* June 26, 1800.

[3] Feb. 10, 1800. 'Upon receiving a Letter from you, immediately to prepare a Lease, from Mr. Thomas Wedgwood to you for life, of all the Gunville Premises, in order to your residence thereon, and to send the same to you at Falmouth. Josiah Wedgwood, Esq., to Ward, Dennetts and Greaves, respecting the lease from Mr. Thomas Wedgwood to you of the Gunville Manor and Estate.'

parties in the matter with the Marquis of Buckingham —the estate was sold to Mr. Thomas Wedgwood for 70,000*l.*, 22,000*l.* of which was paid on March 31, 1801.[1] Yet two months prior to this final settlement he had written thus from Etruria to York Street: 'I wish Mr. Howship would buy me a book translated lately from the German: "The art of preserving feeble life under incurable diseases."'[2]

When he rallied, as he occasionally did, from these fits of extreme illness and consequent depression, he took a lively interest in all that was going on at Etruria in the way of improvement and revival. When any doubts or desiderata arose as to the manipulation or components of any new body, colour, or glaze, it was, if possible, usual to refer to him. 'I wish,' wrote Mr. Byerley, sometime during the autumn of 1800, to one of the London clerks, 'Mr. Mowbray would borrow again from Colonel Ironside the bottle he lent us some time ago, and show it to Mr. Thos. W. . . . T. W. will know that there is no difficulty in making a porous body like this; but the bottle is covered with a white varnish that we know nothing about, and cannot imitate. A glaze cannot be used, and this is none but a hard varnish, through which the water exudes, without doing it any injury, for the vessel being emptied and dried the varnish resumes its first appearance. I think it likely Mr. T. W. can tell us what this varnish is, or perhaps, through Mr. Johnson or some West India friend, can get us information about it. Be so good as to mention this subject to Mr. T. W. only in the case you think

[1] Ward, Dennetts and Greaves, respecting the Eastbury Estate. Mayer MSS.

[2] Jan. 26, 1801. Mayer MSS.

he is sufficiently in health and spirits to find such a thing no trouble to him.'[1]

Although returned so recently from a sea-voyage, another was soon in contemplation. It is probable the invalid found relief in the continuous motion of the sea, as the moment he set foot on land his malady returned. From Basil Montague we hear of this new proposal. Writing from Cambridge to Josiah Wedgwood, at Gunville, he says: 'I heard some days since that your brother had some thought of "Bermudas." If I am right I can promise you every information respecting it, from a very intelligent young man, the son of a gentleman who resides there. He speaks to me as if it were the Garden of Eden; and, if you please, you may use my name and write to Mr. Tucker, of Jesus College, at Mr. Dawson's, Sedburgh, North; where he is now reading mathematics. This will not, perhaps, be worth the expense of postage, except as a mark of the affection with which I think of you and all dear to you. How happy should I be could I contribute to alleviate Tom Wedgwood's sufferings. I have not a thought of him but of love and kindness. If he do not go out of England he may like Cambridge. I will be a brother to him. I can promise him a lodging near to me; such society is not to be found in any other part of England. I have often thought that a month or two here would serve him—come first and try. Ask Sydney Smith what the Genius of the Place is. I met him a few days since and was much pleased with him. My boy's asleep, my wife playing upstairs, and I as happy as I wish. Ever yours,

'BASIL MONTAGUE.'[2]

[1] Mayer MSS.

[2] Basil Montague to Josiah Wedgwood, July 9, 1801. Mayer MSS.

But this invitation, cordial as it was, did not draw him to Cambridge. On the contrary, after a visit to Paris, he was again at Gunville with his brother. Poole was invited over from Stowey to meet him, but thus declined: 'I received your kind and friendly letter, for which I sincerely thank you. I particularly thank you for the invitation you have given me to Gunville; most glad should I be to meet you and Mr. T. Wedgwood, but at present I feel I should neither contribute to your pleasure nor my own by paying you a visit. Pray remember me kindly to him. What does he say of Paris and the Chief Consul?' After a long and most interesting letter on the question of dibbling wheat in preference to sowing it—the method admirably illustrated by a pen-and-ink sketch—Poole adds in a postscript: 'I received a letter a few days since from Coleridge; he has a great affection for my mother, and he wrote inspired by it. He does not speak of his health, on which account I hope he is better.'[1]

A few days from this date, the estate, or portion of it, at Combe Florey, in Somersetshire, was leased, or more probably sold, to a Mr. Totterdale. From an inventory[2] of fixtures and other goods taken by the incoming tenant, the dwelling attached to the estate appears to have been on a very humble scale, containing but a parlour, kitchen, two or three bedrooms, and a dairy.

Poole, with his usual generous kindness, undertook the necessary business of Combe Florey. Of his success and the removal to Gunville, Thomas Wedgwood thus wrote to him: 'Oh! mihi post nullos, I cannot express how deeply I feel your continued kindness—your in-

[1] Thomas Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, Sept. 26, 1801. Mayer MSS.
[2] Mayer MSS.

defatigable zeal. How can we be otherwise than satisfied with the result of the Combe Florey business? You have procured all we wished, and more than I ever ventured to expect. As my health forbids my writing more than is absolutely essential, I must reluctantly dress the subject of feeling by a most unfeigned assurance of gratitude, esteem, friendship. Instead of sending the waggon, I send a man, boy, and two horses, to bring back the cart and what goods it will hold (the boy to drive the cows); viz. all the bedding, linen, kitchen chairs, bed-room carpets, tables, chairs, fire-irons, fenders, earthenware, glass noggins, watering can, bucket. No brewing utensils, but if they be appraised much below their value, they may be reserved. The kitchen dresser is a good piece of furniture, and would come into use here immediately, if the cart will hold it, but if very heavy may be disposed of. The horses will be there on Wednesday evening. Probably the cheese would pay for carriage, but this I leave to you; we shall be glad of any bacon or ham. I am very sorry your letter came too late for the venison. It would not keep, and we waited as long as we dared, waiting for your direction. The season for Buck venison is over; you shall taste the Doe as soon as we get any. I send you two dozen pounds of Honey in a stone jar, thinking the honey of this county superior to any I ever tasted. It is drawn from wild thyme, lime blossoms, &c. The Honey is to be emptied immediately, or it will candy, and you will not be able to get it out. In a day or two look out for a brace of hares.'[1] In a letter two months later from Gunville Mr. Wedgwood continues: 'I shall like very much to come and see you

[1] Thomas Wedgwood to T. Poole, Sept. 29, 1801. Communicated by Ven. Archdeacon Sandford.

at Stowey, if I can do it without putting you to any inconvenience. But I am engaged to meet Mackintosh in town on December 1, and I don't know how long I may stay. Have you any woodcocks or snipes in your immediate neighbourhood after the hard weather sets in? If so I will bring some spaniels. Your unfortunate honey left Westminster a fortnight since in Brown's Taunton waggon. Write to his warehouse in Taunton about it. It is directed to you at Rossiton. Is Coleridge coming alone? Make him write a letter when he comes.'[1]

It is uncertain at what date the younger Wedgwoods became acquainted with Basil Montague, but it was prior to July 1799, as a letter shows that they had already discussed some of the great problems of human life, and that those trifling differences which make the sun and shade of almost every friendship had occurred between the lawyer and his elder friend. 'I received a note from you some time since in London,' wrote Montague to Josiah Wedgwood, 'and must say a few words—not in answer to it, but to assure you that I never think of you but with the utmost affection, love, and respect. I have for some months enjoyed a portion of tranquillity and happiness which I am not conscious of having before experienced during the course of my existence. I have had what are called troubles, too. I have, however, satisfied my mind upon moral subjects. I have passed through Hell. I shall not look back. I am much deceived if my investigations will not tend to my permanent comfort through life. I hope it will be a long life. I hope that hereafter we shall meet; but, wherever separated, be assured that I know your

[1] Thomas Wedgwood to T. Poole, Nov. 20, 1801. Archdeacon Sandford's MSS.

worth, and that I esteem you. Remember me affectionately to your wife and to Tom; and I do not forget old Joss. God bless you! Basil Montague. Huntingdon, Saturday. I know not the day of the month. I take for granted that Lane wrote to you. This shall be franked by the Husband of an Angel, infinitely more beautiful and more lovely, I had almost said, than Mrs. J. Wedgwood. Should this be forwarded to you at Cote, do remember me with the kindest affection.' This letter was franked by G. Chambers, at Huntingdon, where Montague was upon circuit, July 9, 1799; and addressed to Josiah Wedgwood, at Dr. Darwin's, Shrewsbury.[1]

Wealthy, kindly, and generous, Thomas and Josiah Wedgwood gave liberally of their wealth; in some cases, as in that of Coleridge, they even anticipated the wants of their friends. Occasionally this good nature was trespassed upon, but, generally speaking, their literary and scientific friends were men of honour and principle. If they borrowed they returned; though often with difficulty and after long delay. Upon the death of his brother Josiah Wedgwood began to see the prudence and necessity of resisting solicitations, which in some few instances were thus made without

[1] 'Basil Montague's feeling face and gentle tones were very interesting. Wordsworth said of him that he is a "philanthropised courtier." He gave me an account of his first going the Norfolk Circuit. He walked the circuit generally, and kept aloof from the Bar; in this way he contrived to pay his expenses. He began at Huntingdon, where he had a half-guinea motion, and as he was then staying at his brother's house, he walked to Bury with that money in his pocket, picked up a fee there, and so went on. Mackintosh was the immediate senior of Montague, and assisted in bringing him forward. Mackintosh had business immediately as a leader, and after a short time the two travelled together. But, during some time, Montague lived on bread and cheese. He is a strenuous advocate for all reforms in the law, and believes that in time they will all take place.'—H. Crabb Robinson, *Diary*, vol. i. p. 488.

delicacy, and apparently in entire oblivion of former loans. At a later period he cancelled the share he had hitherto paid of Coleridge's pension; the other portion being a special bequest secured by a clause in the will of Thomas Wedgwood. Basil Montague and Lane, both of them barristers, at this date, on the Home Circuit, had borrowed and found it difficult to return. 'My dear Wedgwood,' wrote Basil Montague, 'I know not what you have seen in my conduct to induce you to entertain the beginning of a thought that I should be so unmindful of all that is valuable as to be silent to any application of yours; but I have seen sufficient of your conduct to know that a hasty expression will sometimes escape; and I love and respect you too much to be displeased, nay to be pleased, with these little sparks struck off at a heat. I will see Lane at the ensuing assizes; but I will undertake to pay 100*l.* at three months from this day, and the remaining 100*l.* at six months. I hope that when I see Lane I shall be able to send you directly the whole sum. If I had a farthing in the world at my command I would now send it to you, but I am poor, and, I suspect, supposed to be rich. I am rich. I have about 400*l.* a year with my wife. I think that by my Professional labours I shall this year clear about 300*l.* I am living with my wife in the Temple, without any establishment, a laundress, and my clerk. I intend annually to appropriate my earnings to the liquidation of my debts. I labour hard; I think I am succeeding. I have not a farthing in the world of ready money; and if I am now to pay you, I assure you, upon my soul, that I shall be obliged to borrow the money. I shall do it with pleasure. Draw upon me at the times I have mentioned, and I will

take care that the bills are paid. I love Lane as I love my life; and, if you did know him, you would laugh as I do at talking of Attornies. I think he acts wrong. I told him, in a letter which I wrote to him a few weeks ago, that the consciousness of *really* loving his friends reconciled him to the *appearance* of neglecting them. I have sometimes been months without being able to hear from him. He too, I conceive, imagines that I am in opulence. Were there any defaults before my marriage? So much for that.

'I am now to apologise for my apparent neglect in not having written to you. Day after day, for some months, have I intended to write: but whether from the consciousness that I had little worth communicating, or from the fear that after so long a separation et tot discrimina rerum that little might not be acceptable, or whether from the failing which I have attributed to my worthy friend Lane, I have been silent. I never think of you, or of any of your family, but with affection and with gratitude; and though I have known —I ought to say I have thought—that my worth has been improperly estimated by some of your family, I loved you all, and shall till the last beat of my heart. I now feel dearer to myself from knowing that no misunderstanding, nothing that I suffered (and indeed I suffered much), ever made me unmindful that the greatest pain I ought to endure should arise, and did arise, from the recollection that I had interrupted the tranquillity of the best and kindest of my fellow-creatures by making her the accidental cause of misery to a man who loved her with his whole soul. If I were to say another word you would have a renewal of my folio letters. I have done.

'I am now engaged in publishing 2 law works: the one on Bankruptcy, the other on Larceny. Coleridge[1] is to meet Mawman (a bookseller) here this evening respecting the publication of an Essay on the life and spirit of the writings of Jeremy Taylor, with extracts from his works. I had engaged in and partly completed it; but hope to resign it where it will be so much better completed. In the summer I hope to compleat a little system of Astronomy. I am advancing in my Profession. If I were writing to any other person but you, I should say, for *the next three years* I shall reside either in London or in Cambridge; i.e. in vacation. Remember me most affectionately to your wife. Heaven bless you all. Basil Montague. Temple, Saturday, 3 o'clock. . . . I have written in great haste. I am obliged instantly to go to the Old Bailey, and I received yours just as I returned from Lincoln's Inn Hall. I answered it directly. I have said whatever presented itself to my mind, without a second thought. B. M.'[2]

In February 1802, Thomas Wedgwood was staying with his brother at Gunville,[3] and it was thus that Poole wrote to him from Stowey:—'My dear Sir, I last night received the following letter from my Uncle at Taunton. I have made every enquiry to get some bottled

[1] Poole, as also Coleridge, was at this time in London. Ward, the partner to the former, in writing to him, says: 'Remember me to Mr. Coleridge. I hope you will write me some account of Mr. Davy's lectures. I trust they will give you pleasure and instruction.' Jan. 12, 1802. Archdeacon Sandford's MSS.

[2] Mayer MSS. Feb. 1802.

[3] Of his health he says to Poole at this date: 'Thank you most sincerely for your kind recollection of me in your offer of the house. Your country is too difficult for my powers, and too much competition of shooters. I am now walking four hours a day, and am better; I shall try to continue the plan all summer. Nothing I crave so much as the ability to rest at home.' T. Wedgwood to Poole, Feb. 2, 1802. Archdeacon Sandford's MSS.

cyder for Mr. Wedgwood, but to no purpose. I thought I had procured half dozen bottles from a private friend, but on examination it proved to be *Perry*. If you think that would be acceptable I can send it by the first conveyance, and shall thank you to let me know. Apples have been so scarce for several years, till the last, that no person has any bottled cyder by them. I doubt not but I could get a hogshead of prime cyder of the year's growth, if Mr. Wedgwood would like to have it, of which you will be so good as to inform me; but that is not yet fit to bottle.

'Thus far my Uncle. I am truly sorry for this disappointment; but, were I you, I would have immediately the hogshead of cyder, of which you may bottle some as soon as it is tapped and then draw upon it, and by the time it is out the bottled cyder would be up. You need not doubt of the cyder being good, and it will be by far the cheapest plan, though I know they used to charge from six to ten guineas a hogshead for the select cyder in question. Let me hear from you about this, and if you wish *the perry* to be sent.

'I thank you for sending Cruikshank his honey.

'I have nothing, my dear Sir, further to say, except that I have got possession of a *relick*, by means of a Friend of mine, worthy of being deposited in the *Portland vase*, where I mean to deposit it: it is a lock of *General Washington's* hair. It was given me by a beautiful Lady just come from America, who received it from Mrs. Washington herself since the General's death. I mean to have a gold box with a glass cover to place it in. On the back of the box shall be engraved an account of the manner in which I came by the lock of hair. The box shall be placed with a contrivance to

take it in the portland vase, for which I am indebted to your brother; and I think it will be the most magnificent entombment of General Washington's remains which those venerated remains have yet experienced.[1] Speaking of great men no more, what a loss is the Duke of Bedford. God bless you, and believe me, with kind regards to all, yours ever, Thomas Poole.'[2]

His rest at Gunville was but of short continuance, for about the middle of March 1802 Thomas Wedgwood had repaired to London, for the purpose of consulting Dr. Baillie, and arranging a fresh trip to the Continent. Both the hypochondriacism and *tædium vitæ* from which he suffered had increased, and alarming symptoms had begun to show themselves. Writing at the close of March to his brother at Gunville, he says: 'I am very sorry it has escaped me to acknowledge the 1,200*l.* I have been exceedingly engaged since I came to town.' After speaking of a subscription to Stockdale for maps, he continues: 'I have nearly settled my route, to Leipsic, Carlstadt, Staplitz, Dresden, Vienna, there spend Sep^tbr^, Italy *viâ* Tyrol. Hawkins[3] is very kind to me; he is exerting himself to procure me a good companion. I cannot quite make up my mind to quitting

[1] This vase was left by Mr. Poole to John Kenyon, Esq., of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, but is now in the possession of Richard Poole King, Esq. 'The vase,' writes Mr. King, 'was the mausoleum of a lock of Washington's hair. A note accompanied the lock of hair from Mrs. Marchant (*née* Coffin), the most beautiful American that "ever came to England." She married Charles Jos. Harford, Esq., of Stapleton, near Bristol.

'The vase stood over the fire place in Mr. Poole's library; underneath it a small portrait of Washington, the glass of which, as a boy, I had the misfortune to break, and great were my disgrace and punishment, unless I had it restored. I therefore remember it without much pleasure.'—Letter, Richard Poole King, Esq., July 6, 1868.

[2] T. Poole to T. Wedgwood, March 19, 1802. Mayer MSS.

[3] His bailiff at Eastbury.

England. I am thinking of attaching somebody to me, forming a little establishment near town. God knows what will become of me at present, but I suppose I shall be driven to travel. I have had many painful conflicts of mind from imagining that I had only to forget that I was an invalid to be like other people and get well. I now know that my body is seriously damaged; my feelings and views are undergoing a change in consequence.'

At this date little, comparatively speaking, was known of the intimate relation existing between disorders of the stomach and those of the brain; or that rarely the former is seriously affected without implicating the latter, through a train of maladies which too often end in insanity. Dr. Baillie and Mr. Cline's advice and prescriptions appear to have effected little or no benefit. The former considered it an ordinary case of hypochondria, the result, usually, of over-mental work, and this view was confirmed by what the sick man admitted: that 'his low spirits came on in the midst of his experiments on Light, and obliged him to desist.' Baillie advised foreign travel as the best means of amusing his mind by new and interesting objects; but he had a loathing for going abroad, and was yet utterly unable to devise any practicable scheme of living in England. With a view of companionship whilst abroad, negotiations with an artist of the name of Chamberlaid were opened, and a temporary association took place; but there was a failure of health, and they separated. 'The horror I have of quitting this country,' wrote Thomas Wedgwood to his brother, 'is founded on a conviction of my inability to exist long together without the comfort of domestic society. Enough at this time. Do you know if anything was ever given to Howarth—

father and son—for writing my Essay?'[1] In another letter, of somewhat the same date, to Thomas Poole, he says, in reference to his disease and Baillie's advice: 'Medicine can do nothing. I must try some active scheme of life and persevere in it, and I may then surmount it. I propose a horseback tour through Germany and Italy, there to spend the winter, incessantly travelling, and goading my jaded mind in every possible way. In the course of ten days, or sooner, I should be glad of the English opium, a little parcel by coach to York Street. I have sent you Coleridge's pictures by waggon.'

Whilst Thomas Wedgwood was thus consulting physicians, visiting his club, which met at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand,[2] and preparing a fresh tour on the Continent, Thomas Poole was sending further pleasant letters to Josiah Wedgwood. Thus on April 7, 1802, he wrote from Stowey: 'I was with my uncle of Taunton, Saturday, and he has promised to procure for you a hogshead of the best cyder to be had in that neighbourhood. He means, if possible, to get a hogshead of the golden pippin cyder. In a week or ten days, he said, it should be ready; so that by the time you have done *barley sowing*, I doubt not, it will be in my order for your cart. You begin to *talk like a Farmer*,' and I dare say you will be opposing me soon in obtaining all the premiums I shall think of. My fat ox has made wonderful progress since its return from Bath, and it is really a *chef d'œuvre*. The poor fellow is to die the Tuesday before Easter, and Friday in Easter week some of my friends and neighbours are to dine

[1] Probably that on *Our Notions of Distance*.

[2] He wrote, in reference to his club, 'I was very warmly greeted at K. Club by Sharpe, Scarlet, Rogers, Philips. Sharpe and I preserve our cordiality. I am to dine tête-a-tête, and afterwards meet Sheridan.'

with me on the rump of him. I wish you were a little nearer, and I should request you to make one of the Party. Billingsley and Tom Cook have promised to come down. My good Friend Mr. Tom Wedgwood, you say, is in Town. Remember me kindly to him when you write.[1] Tell him I shall be very glad to hear his plans. *I wish they could chime in with any part of mine for the coming summer.* I have been expecting to hear something of his metaphysical work: I hope it is in a progressive state. Every thing has gone on as I could wish—that is, my business, &c., are approaching to a situation which enables me to leave home without a sense of imprudence or neglect. I see no reason why I should remain here longer than the beginning or the middle of next month. Could you lend me Young's Agricultural Tour through France? I will return it with Phytologia with the Cyder. I have also ½ a doz. of the Chedder Cheese here for you, which I shall get to Taunton in time. During the last month I have been amused by the conduct of our new vicar, Mr. Northey. He has behaved to me and others in a most ungentlemanly like manner. He is gone for the present; and we hear that he means to request Mr. Davis of Longleet to come and survey the living. I sincerely hope it may be so, for there is need of all Mr. Davis's ability to remove the impression of dislike which he has left behind him. I hope you will have a pleasant journey to Etruria. You move *En Prince*; it is almost a little Colony. You will remember me with all respect and kindness to every one around you, not forgetting Mademoiselle B—— and Master Jos.[2] I am, my dear Sir, Your sincere Friend, Thos. Poole. P.S. King is with me

[1] This letter is addressed to Gunville.

[2] Mr. Wedgwood's eldest daughter and son.

(my Brother in law). He has desired me to ask if you have a Pointer Puppy which you could give him. Don't part with anything, I beg you, that you want; but if you have one more than you wish to keep, you will oblige me by sending it to him—Mr. King, North Street, Bedminster, Bristol.'[1]

Generous in character and a true friend, Poole's services had a wide range. A fortnight later he writes thus of a female servant, who leaves his and mother's house to take place at Gunville; and in the same letter we hear first of one of the most faithful servants the Wedgwoods ever had, a man of the name of Willmott, who, like Poole himself, possessed a well-cultivated intellect of wide range, and was a gentleman in thought and feeling. Hitherto a bailiff of the name of Hawkins had been found sufficient for the management of the Somersetshire property; but the wider estates in Dorsetshire called for the services of an able man. 'Jenny was not engaged,' wrote Poole. 'I have mentioned your proposal to her, at which she seems much pleased; she leaves me the 5th of next month. She wishes to be at home a few days before she goes to Gunville, and next Thursday fortnight, or any day sooner or later, she will be at your service. Be so good as to inform me on what day you would wish her to leave Taunton, and by what conveyance, and I will take care to give her the necessary instructions to be punctual. Hawkins, I suppose, will not leave you before Michaelmas next, so that there will be time for consideration respecting the future plan of managing your estates. If you could find such a Character as you first sketched in your last letter, he

[1] Mayer MSS.

certainly would take a great deal of trouble and anxiety from your own mind. I do know one man whom I believe to be *fully qualified* to fill the situation; but whether he would like it, or leave his present employment, *I know not.* Mr. T. Wedgwood knows him, and you, I think, once saw him. The person I allude to is Mr. Willmott of Woodlands, who occupies the estate there. He was well educated, is a good Accountant, understands Land surveying, and has applied himself with more intensity and success to agriculture, the value of lands, the knowledge of stock, and in short to every branch of rural concerns, than any man I know. Under such a man you need only have what we call a head Workman on each of your estates, and he could well attend to the Staffordshire, the Dorsetshire estates, and to the whole of your private concerns. I certainly will sound Willmott if you wish me so to do; but in this case it will be necessary for you to inform me more explicitly of the nature of the situation, the salary you would adequate to such services, and, in short, the rank you would wish such a man to hold in Society. Willmott at present lives in the most economical manner, but with great credit, and I know his circumstances are very narrow. With respect to the other plan, I know many who would fill Hawkins's place if it were not for the accompts; but you can have no notion of the little attention paid to education in this part of the world among that class of men. There was one who applied to me six months ago to recommend him to a situation of the sort, and the young man appeared to be well qualified, and will inquire the first opportunity if he be engaged. My Shepherd (whose Father, you may recollect, lives at

Pentridge) went home to see his Friends at Easter;—he saw Hawkins, I understood, at Gunville, and walked over some of your estate with him. He says you have land to keep a much larger flock of sheep. This, I know, you are aware of; and certainly I would keep as many as I could, as nothing has been more profitable for some years past. Should you want a Shepherd, Thomas has a brother of whom I have often heard him speak, and who, by his account, must be a valuable servant. I know of no precautions necessary in the cultivation of the Swedish turnip, except sowing early, manuring well, and hoeing with attention. I will write to Hawkins when the cyder is ready at Taunton, and the cheese (which I bought wholly for you) shall be there at the same time. I have heard from Mr. T. Wedgwood. He has told me his plans, and God grant they may effect the purpose intended. I have asked him if I can possibly contribute to carry them into execution, and have intreated him to tell me his feelings on the subject without reserve; and this I trust he will do, as he knows how happy I should be to add one moment to his happiness, and, on the other hand, how miserable it would make me if I thought he sacrificed one pleasure, even in idea, on my account. I hope to leave home in three weeks. With respect to all, Yours ever, Thos. Poole.'[1]

In the course of a few days, Poole sought Willmott, and wrote to Mr. Wedgwood at Etruria thus:—'In consequence of what you said in your last concerning Mr. Willmott, I yesterday went over to Woodlands. I hinted the business to him, and, he not appearing to be disinclined to accept such a situation as you proposed

[1] Thomas Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, Etruria, Staffordshire, April 25, 1802. Mayer MSS.

I more fully explained the nature of it. He said: "Provided Mr. Wedgwood will make the situation reputable, I have no objection to accept it. As to the business, I trust I should be able to conduct it as it ought to be conducted, and to Mr. Wedgwood's satisfaction." He adds, "If he were at Gunville, he sees no occasion for any servant beyond a confidential Workman on whom he may depend as doing what he directed to be done during his absence in Staffordshire and on your other concerns." On my mentioning to him about the house he said *that*, he thought, could be no obstacle, as a very small one, provided it was comfortable, would be sufficient for him. He said he thought he should give up his whole time to Mr. Wedgwood's concerns, and, as he was now at the time of life when he should exert himself, that Mr. Wedgwood should pay him 200*l.* per annum. To auditing your Brother's accounts, he said he could have no possible objection. He added: "You know I rent this estate very dear; and though I think I could get people who would take it, yet I see no prospect of doing myself much good here; nevertheless, I live comfortably, and by no means lose money." I desired him to consider every part of the subject and to call on me to day. This morning he was with me, and says on consideration, he has no reason to alter what he before said, and that if you thought proper he should think himself happy to be your steward. The more I think of this the more I am satisfied that you would be pleased with the arrangement, as he is really the only man I know capable of fulfilling the duties you pointed out; indeed, I don't think there are five men in the County so capable of performing them. Willmott has a wife, a very excellent woman, but *no family*, nor is he likely to have any. As to what you hinted concerning seeking

for mortifications, he has too much sense for that;—he only wishes to be considered the Steward of your concerns. I of course informed him that all I had said was by on means proposing anything, but merely inquiries of mine. He said he perfectly understood me. Should you authorise me to make proposals to him, he probably could soon dispose of his estate and be at Gunville, or, at any rate, he could frequently spend a week or a fortnight there till Michaelmas, by which time he certainly could dispose of his concern here. I have written to you without waiting for your letter concerning Fleury, as, if anything was done in this business, I should be glad to see it in forwardness before I go. God bless you, my dear Sir. Yours most truly, Thos. Poole. Willmott, if you liked it, could at any time come to you, when you could see something of him, and be enabled more fully to explain the nature of the situation. Should you think proper to farm to a much greater extent at Gunville, he said he should have no objection to undertake the direction of it. Excuse this hasty scrawl and the numerous SAIDS.'[1]

For some weeks prior to his leaving England, Mr. Wedgwood's illness had increased, and his family, by whom he was idolized, were deeply grieved. 'I sympathise with you in your affliction about your brother Thomas,' wrote Byerley to Mr. Josiah Wedgwood at Gunvillle;[2] but nevertheless the invalid left London on the 7th of May, and on the 9th wrote thus from Calais: 'I have just a moment to say that I got here in good plight at 5 yesterday, and that all goes

[1] Thomas Poole, Stowey, to Josiah Wedgwood, Esq., Etruria, Staffordshire, April 6, 1802. Mayer MSS.

[2] April 25, 1800. Mayer MSS.

on as well as I could desire. We had a four hours' passage, and I was not sick in the full sense of the word. We had at least 30 passengers, and in not being sick I was very singular. If my baggage, left behind, comes to-day, I go to Dunkirk to-morrow, thence next day 40 miles by water to Bruges, and so by Ghent to Brussels. I like my companion better the more I see of him.[1] He is so pliant that I entertain some hopes of moulding him a little to my own inclinations. He is quite enraptured with my fiddle. He says all the Connoisseurs at the Concert came flocking about him to look at the fiddle that had excited such astonishment by its exquisite tone.[2] Dear Jos, I fully meant to have said a word in reply to your kind expressions. You may readily believe that the desire of exchanging a few words before my departure was naturally felt; but, had I intended it, it was not in my power, nor, as you say, would any sufficient good have resulted from it. Thank Susan[3] for her kind farewell, and Bess,[4] and distribute mine about you. I will write again very soon, and trusting to hear from you Poste Restant à Bruxelles I remain most affectionately yours, T. W.'[5]

But in the brief period of five days Bianchi's power of pleasing was at an end. He fell ill, was peevish and irresolute, and was at once dismissed. He had concealed indifferent health, and this disingenuousness, coupled with a deficiency in good manners in mixed company, convinced his employer that he had sustained no great loss; though it mortified the solitary man to

[1] An Italian violinist, named Bianchi. Mr. Wedgwood performed well on the violin.

[2] Mr. Wedgwood's own violin, a true Cremona, sent purposely from Gunville to lend Bianchi.

[3] Mrs. Darwin.

[4] Mrs. John Wedgwood.

[5] Mayer MSS.

find that his six weeks' labour in London, in search of a companion, had thus been thrown away. He proceeded from Bruges to Ghent by water, thence by diligence to Brussels, where he had a letter to deliver to M. Romberg, an agent of the house of Wedgwood.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Thomas Wedgwood at Brussels—His foreign Servant—Cheapness of living at Brussels—Want of a Companion—Desponding Travels on Horseback—Longs to be again with his Family—Exceeding Love for Children—Likes the Flemish—Probably meets Poole in Paris, and accompanies him to Switzerland—Glimpse of Sir James Mackintosh—On Circuit with Basil Montague—Poole's History of Willmott—Originally a Silk Throwster—Receives little Benefit by his Father's Will, and turns Farmer after due Attention and Practice—Willmott's Eligibility not to be questioned—Thinks he could not well divide his Attention between Gunville and Etruria—Letter from Leslie—Proposes to visit Etruria—Thinks Thomas Wedgwood's Case a hopeless One—The 'Silver Pictures'—Watt proposes to make Experiments—Not a Particle of Likeness between them and the 'Soho Pictures'—Related neither by Processes nor Time—Davy's Lectures on Chemistry, illustrated by fine Specimens of Wedgwood Ware—Paper on the Heliotype Processes in the Journals of the Royal Institution—Wedgwood and Davy's Experiments not successful—Two original Heliotypes—Daguerre dead at this Date—His Son, without doubt, the Daguerre of 1824–8—Mackintosh and his procrastinating Habits—Long in writing the Epitaph for Flaxman's Monument of the elder Wedgwood—Thomas Wedgwood again in England—Beddoes' Prescriptions not salutary—Goes into South Wales with Coleridge—Shoots, and is delighted, but soon wearies—Renewed Despondency—Coleridge as a Companion—Renewed Mania for the Purchase of Estates.

THE next we hear of the sick and wandering man is from Brussels, where he was on May 17, 1802. Nothing can be more melancholy than the record of these purposeless and hopeless journeys. 'I am mortified to learn to day,' he wrote to his brother, 'that a letter I wrote from Ghent six days ago is still lying there, as I did not know it was necessary to pay postage. I write to have it sent hither, and then I shall forward it. It

was to announce Bianchi's departure thence for Paris. His health failed him. I arrived here on Saturday night. On Sunday I dined with Romberg, to whom I had a letter from Messrs. W. and B.[1] It is a great house of business. He is extremely obliging; has undertaken to procure me two horses. He introduced me as a visitor for one month to the Literary Society of 220 members. I dined there on Monday, but not a word did I hear on any literary subject. A very dull dinner of about a dozen. I have since that dined at the *table d'hote* which is quite the first in the town; and at the next best, always on the look-out for a companion. As yet my search is perfectly fruitless and hopeless. I have to-day begun German, and my master promises to make all possible enquiries for a likely companion. I have bought a gay cabriolet, which is to be finished in two days, and will cost me 55*l.* A servant who speaks French, German, Russian, Danish, a native of Florence, and who has been travelling all his life, has brought me most abundant attestations to his merit and fidelity from divers Princes and Seigneurs, and I shall engage him to-morrow, I believe, at 4*l.* per month, he clothing himself, and 1*s.* 8*d.* per diem for his food and lodging. To day I made an acquaintance with an elderly gent named Forbes, known to Tobins and Pennings, once resident at Nevis. I dine with him at *table d'hote* to-morrow, and he takes me to a private collection of pictures. Many English will no doubt come here, as provisions are very cheap: butchers' meat, 4*d.*; butter, 3*d.* to 5*d.*; and lodging in proportion. Mr. Forbes told me that his whole expences in one of the best inns in the place do not exceed

[1] Wedgwood and Byerley.

30*s.* a week. I have at present no plan; perhaps I may go to Paris. I feel so lost for want of a companion that the sight of any young person of decent appearance sets me speculating on him in a minute. To day I proposed to a young Genevese after five minutes sight and conversation, but he was going to England. I have not yet courage to set out for Leipzig. I have no temptation, however, to continue here. I see no probability of getting into any pleasant society. To day the weather has relaxed for the first time since my arrival. We have had alternate storms of hail, rain, and snow, and hard frosts at night. Many thanks to Sally[1] for her good letter. To day's post was barren, and I begin to think some letter must have miscarried, as the time appears very long since I left England. My mind is at present in so unsettled a state from the complete absence of all plan that I cannot write more with any satisfaction. I have got the saddles and trunk.'

In a hurried postscript, just as he closes the letter, he adds: 'John, write a letter to Odier for T. Poole; speak highly of him.'[2]

He writes next from Mons: 'My last was so truly dismal, that I feel that I owe you a letter in preference before all my other correspondents. As I expected, my spirits have recovered themselves wonderfully, and but for the reason before stated I should be much concerned and ashamed on account of my seeming weakness. I am just now seated in my chair after near 4 hours horseback. One of my horses was too frisky for the cabriolet, so I clapped a saddle on him, and my servant followed at a foot's pace. Everybody tells me

[1] Miss Sarah Wedgwood.

[2] T. Wedgwood to Josiah Wedgwood, May 17, 1802. Mayer MSS.

I have made a good bargain in horse-flesh. I have given 40 louis for a pair of chesnut geldings; one, slighter than the other, makes a tolerable hack, about as strong as Diggory. The other is well worth 30 louis, and an English dealer whom I consulted about the purchase assures me the pair will fetch sixty in Paris. I am already sick of a carriage on broken *chaussées* and mud *chemins de terre*, and I have scarcely a doubt left but my plan of travelling is to come round again to horseback. I shall probably immediately dispose of my carriage in Paris at no great loss, purchase another horse for my companion, and make a fair trial of this kind of exercise, continued for months together. I must pursue warm weather, wheresoever it may lead me, as that is quite essential to my plan, which is founded on the production of agreeable feeling. I must leave near two-thirds of my baggage behind me in Paris, or have it sent from town to town by diligence. But I consider this as a mere bagatelle, if horseback give cheerfulness and tone in a superior degree to lolling and fretting in a carriage on bad roads; and of this I have at present very little doubt. That black horizon which lately seemed to close in around me has given place to a prospect of tolerable cheerfulness. I now feel as if it were not impossible but I may be tolerably happy spending my winter in Spain, purchasing a nice farm near Valencia, and another in the Limosia, to bait at for a month or two at my annual horseback visit, and return to my *bien-aimés* in England, with whom I can spend four months of their best summer. The purpose of my letter is now answered, and dinner hour approaches—*vale, me ama.* I could write to you for ever, but for my warning symptoms. Warmest love to Bess. I never knew till I left England

how much I loved my 3 eldest nephews and nieces. I often think of them with a delightful feeling which nothing but children, and children of sensibility, ever can give. I feel nothing like solitude just at present. I accost everybody, and meet with some rebuffs and make some friends. I was well kissed yesterday by an unshaven Flamand, who loaded me with every kind attention and mark of attachment. The Flemish are a very pleasant character; half way between the English and French. May I never live to know an abatement of your affection and esteem. Adieu, adieu. I cannot feel satisfied with myself in not having yet written to my mother; assure her of my most entire love and duty. A kind word to Susan and Kate.'[1]

Another letter from Mons, dated two days later, completes all we know of this continental trip. It seems evident, that he joined Mr. Poole in Paris, travelled with him to Switzerland, and returned to England some time in August of the same year. 'Having at length procured a carriage,' he writes, 'a pair of tolerable horses, and a good servant, I am happily got thus far on my road to Paris. I find the roads so much rougher than I was given to understand that I almost resolved to sell my carriage as soon as I get to Paris, and to make my journey on horseback. I have made a four hours' stage on horseback this morning, and find myself much the better for it. Indeed a whole nest of blue devils hatched in Brussels have taken wing in this one stage. I am just going to set out for 2 hours more to-night to sleep in a nice country village. After spending 2 months in cities and in perpetual

[1] Thomas Wedgwood to Josiah Wedgwood, Etruria, Staffordshire, June 4, 1802. Mayer MSS.

agitation, the calm and verdure of the country is quite delicious. I still long for a companion—sympathy more than doubles all my pleasures—but I do not feel solitude painful. I hope to meet Poole in Paris; we may perhaps jog to Geneva together. If he is not set off, I wish John would write a line to him, and beg him to address a letter to me immediately, chez M. Peregaux, Banquier à Paris, and to beg him to call for me at Peregaux's. I shall be glad to hear when Sharpe comes, and any other friends. John and Sally's letters came together. Many thanks to them both. I don't suppose you will now get my letter from Ghent, and you have no loss, for I was not in the happiest state when I wrote it. I wish, before writing to Poole at Stowey, that a note were sent to Davy at the Institution to enquire whether Poole is in town, or set out from Stowey. I wish it to be constantly kept in remembrance that the most minute family details are extremely interesting to me; and if I do not put a thousand particular questions, it is merely to save writing, which, I still find, disagrees with me so much. The same circumstance gives my letters an air of continued egotism which I do not like to observe; but this must be a good deal the case when the writer is in the midst of Philistines whom one can never mention. The frost has made terrible havoc in this country. Whole woods and whole countries of rye quite perished. I shall write as soon as I get to Paris. At this moment my horse is just coming to the door. I feel myself unable to say anything more. I'll just mention, as it occurs to me now, that Romberg, at Brussels, as a great favour, introduced me to a friend of his to assist me in purchasing a horse. Now, this friend, I soon found by his manner, was actually in partnership with the Horsedealer he took me to, and so I found it to

be afterwards. But I will not believe that Romberg knew this. I almost as good as told it him myself. My blood was warmed, and I treated his friend with as much becoming shyness as certain ladies did a late visitor of theirs. Farewell all. T. W.'[1]

In the meanwhile various letters had passed between Basil Montague and Josiah Wedgwood, but, as they relate to pecuniary matters, they have little interest, except as they give an occasional glimpse of Sir James Mackintosh, for Basil Montague and he travelled the Norfolk Circuit together. In explaining the cause of his remissness in writing, Montague says:—'On Wednesday we arrived at Cambridge. All the business in which the parties had been so imprudent to employ me (except a paltry brief which Mackintosh was so good as to hold for me on the Friday) was finished on the Thursday. You know, possibly, how I loath the Circuit: on Friday morning I ascended the Cambridge diligence. I arrived in town. I returned the next day, and arrived at Cambridge just time enough to join Mackintosh, the chaise being at the door to convey us to Thetford. The next spare day was on a Sunday. There was a bad fever at Bury, and neither Mackintosh nor myself thought it worth while to continue. We, to my great joy, returned to Town on the Saturday.'[2]

Two days later, we have another of Poole's interesting letters. It gives a history of Willmott, and preserves some few particulars of the silk trade, which at that date, as also the staple of wool, was carried on in the coombes and valleys of Somersetshire and Wiltshire. 'Your inquiries concerning Mr. Willmott,' he wrote

[1] Thomas Wedgwood, Mons, to Josiah Wedgwood, Esq., 38 Guildford Street, London, redirected to Etruria, June 11, 1802. Mayer MSS.

[2] Basil Montague to Josiah Wedgwood, May 11, 1802. Mayer MSS.

from Stowey, "ye 16th May 1802" are very natural, considering the nature of the situation in question. I think the best way of answering them is to give you a short account of his life. Willmott's Father was in the Silk trade, a silk throwster. He had one Sett of mills at Sherborne and another at Taunton; he died in affluent circumstances, and left a large family of young Children. To his eldest son John, the person in question, he gave, when he became of age, the Mills at Taunton, at the same time leaving a discretionary power with the Trustees under his Will, *if they should think it for the advantage* of the Family, to dispose of those Mills; but it was soon discovered that they were obliged to do so, for Mr. Willmott was in partnership with a Mr. Norman at Taunton in this concern, and one article of the Partnership was that the Survivor should have the whole at a fixed valuation. The Mill at Sherborne was directed to be carried on till the second son became twenty-two, when he and a third brother were to have the concern. Thus Willmott was thrown out of the silk trade, and, strange to say, his Father had made no distinct provision for him, so that he came in only with his four sisters in the share of the residue of his Father's property; and this, too, after deducting what was given to Mrs. Willmott, his mother. This will was a death-bed testament, made when Mr. Willmott was little able to comprehend the state of his own affairs. Willmott, at his Father's death, was just come from school, sixteen years old. He continued with his mother, and had the whole management of the business, the keeping the accounts, &c., for the general good of the Family. When he grew up, nineteen or twenty years old, he began to look a little into his situation, and soon found it necessary to think of something for himself. Yet he did; for he found it

necessary for the welfare of his Family to continue to conduct the business till he was near four-and-twenty, when the second son being grown up, and Willmott being attached to the Person who is now his wife, he resolved to turn his attention to Farming—he placed himself with one of the best Farmers in the Neighbourhood, and added to the practice which he there saw, and in *which he shared* all the information which could be obtained by books. About five years ago he married, and took Woodland estate, where he has acted in a way to make every Farmer who knows him allow that he is as good a Farmer, and as good a judge of Stock, as any in the neighbourhood. Willmott would fain have been a Silk Throwster, the business to which he was used, but he found his capital was not sufficient to carry it on to the extent he wished, and he gave it up. He had at Sherborne the management of three hundred hands. Their accounts were always kept in the regular mode of merchants' accts. and he has no doubt of being able to understand any system of book-keeping presented to him. As for the circumstances of Willmott's leaving home, it was this—Willmott found he had taken a larger estate than his capital was equal to; he had laid out a great deal of money upon it, and became embarrassed; he very foolishly did not mention his situation to his friends—he was frightened and became out of spirits. Mrs. Willmott was unfortunately gone on a visit to his mother. He brooded over his situation till he had made the gloomy dark, &c. &c. and he determined to leave it. He was soon brought back to his Friends, and in an investigation into his affairs, it was found that he was going on very well and only wanted a little more money, which was immediately procured him, and *no Man in the World can have acted with more propriety*

than he has since. There were many little circumstances which have no relation to our business, which attended this affair, but I need not add, my dear Sir, that there was nothing which I think could affect his eligibility for the situation in question. Willmott himself says that he thinks it right that you should know every act of his past life, and every circumstance relative to his affairs, as well as he does himself, and that if there be wanting anything in this letter he would be himself most happy to answer any further inquiries you would be so good as to make. Willmott's friends are very respectable; his brother now carries on the concern at Sherborne, &c. &c. As to your farm-house I have no doubt with repairs it would be equal to his wishes. With respect to the proposal in the postscript of your letter, Willmott says that for a short time he could have no objection, till Mich. or Xmas next, say, but that afterwards he thinks that he should be so divided between concerns at such a distance that neither would be conducted as he would wish, but this he leaves for your consideration. On the whole, I think you had better write to him, and I need not add say everything, without any sort of reserve, which you would wish to say. Willmott's education appears to me a combination of literature, trade, and agriculture, better combined for your purpose than you will easily meet with in another; to which you may add perfect integrity and habits of industry and economy. So much for him, of whom you will think, but by no means allow what I say (any further than giving you information) to influence your plans. Jenny will go to Gunville as soon as possible and will give Hawkins due advice; she undertakes the washing, the Bailiff and Boy, and the other business you mentioned. The wages are, and I

believe were at C. Florey, 10 guineas and a guinea for tea. I heard from Mr. T. Wedgwood from Calais; he has smoothed the way for me in my expedition by a hundred kind attentions; among others he desires me to ask you for any letters you can give me to the places I may visit. I know not exactly where I shall go; my present plan is Paris, Lyons, Geneva, Switzerland, back to Paris, and perhaps home through Flanders and Holland. Sometimes I look over the Alps, but dare hardly indulge the idea. I need not add how valuable I shall feel any introduction you can give me in any part of my route. Excuse me using so little ceremony. Make my respects to all at Etruria, and believe me yours most truly, Thos. Poole. I hope to leave home, this day week—Monday morning.[1]

'Mr. Willmott's address is Woodlands, near Stowey, Bridgewater, Somerset.'

Eleven days later we hear again of Poole, who is at Bristol, on his way to town. 'I am here on my way to ——,' he writes to Etruria. 'I sincerely thank you for the letters you were so good as to send me; and I need not add particularly for the confidential clause in the latter part of that to M. Perigaux.[2] If I use it, I will punctually give you advice; but Mr. T. Wedgwood recommends me to talk with Mr. Johnson, at your Brother's Bank,[3] on pecuniary arrangements, and on the whole he thinks Henri's letter of credit the best plan I can adopt. I mean to go to London to-morrow; should anything occur which you would wish to say to me, a letter directed to the care of Davy, Royal Institution, will reach me. Can I do anything for you

[1] T. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, May 16, 1802. Mayer MSS.
[2] Messrs. Wedgwood and Byerley's Parisian banker.
[3] That of Messrs. Templer, Wedgwood and Co., Stratford Place.

where I am, or can I go anywhere out of my route to be of use to you going? if so, employ me *in any way*. I am in great hopes Mr. T. W. will surprise me some morning in my route; he tells me it is uncertain if his present Companion and he shall remain long together. I shall write to him as soon as I get to Paris. God bless you, my dear Sir. May you and all around you enjoy health and happiness till we meet again, and for ever. Your's most truly, Thos. Poole. P. S. I have told Willmott that he may expect to hear from you; should you ever want advice of me, by writing to Ward you will hear where I am. Adieu! I would write you a longer letter, but dinner is on the table.'[1]

As already stated, John Leslie, who, formerly tutor at Etruria, became Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, received, like Coleridge, an annuity of 150*l.* per annum from the Wedgwoods. The three brothers probably contributed each his share. Thus occasional intercourse was kept up between them; and from a letter written by Leslie to Josiah Wedgwood, at this date, June 1802, we find with what little hope the friends of Mr. Thomas Wedgwood viewed his case. From Carlisle Leslie wrote, 'I am thus far on my way to the South. I intend to make a short ramble on foot from this place to see the lakes of Cumberland, &c. and fall into the great west road about Lancaster. I expect to spend a day at Etruria with Mr. Chisholm, whom I have not seen for some years; and I am (not) without hopes of still meeting yourself there. After spending a week or two in London, I mean to proceed to Flanders, and so through to Paris. This plan I had formed some time

[1] Thomas Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, May 27, 1802. Mayer MSS.

since, and expected to have begun the journey in April, but have from different circumstances been induced repeatedly to defer it. One thing that diminishes the pleasure of the excursion is, the idea of travelling alone. While in Edinburgh I renewed my inquiries respecting Miss Crawford. Her situation, I find, is much the same as before. She very laudably supports herself and an aunt by her industry, and shows great fortitude and evenness of spirits. Yet I doubt whether she would come up to your idea of a governess: whether she possesses sufficient strength of mind, information, and accomplishments. And if on trial her deficiency were found, it would be mortifying to return her back to her former situation. I have given no hint of the object of the inquiries. Your brother Tom's case is truly lamentable. The only thing that seems to afford a prospect of amelioration is to procure some active varied employment. Travelling, in the first instance, if a proper plan could be devised, would surely be productive of benefit. Might he not revive his Eastern scheme on a smaller scale? Visit Constantinople, and the Greek Isles;[1] see Italy in going out—entering, either by the mountains of Savoy or those of Genoa—and on the return visit Hungary and Bohemia. Excuse this hasty scrawl written at an inn,

[1] Southey refers to this scheme of travel in a letter to Coleridge, dated Bristol, Dec. 27, 1799. It had been suggested that he and Coleridge should accompany the Wedgwoods, though objected to on the part of Coleridge, that he was under engagement to write the Life of Lessing, an engagement never fulfilled. 'The W.'s are at Clifton; if they saw the probable advantages of a journey to Italy, of the *possible reach* to Constantinople, the Greek Islands, and Egypt, in a light as strong as I do, they would, I think, wish to delay the new birth of Lessing; but this is, on your part, a matter of feeling; and, when I spoke of your joining us, it was with the conviction that it was a vain wish, but it is a very earnest one.'—Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 36.

amidst every sort of interruption. I am, my dear Sir, with very sincere regard, your's, John Leslie.'[1]

At this period, 1802, the subject of the 'silver pictures,' so far as the name of Thomas Wedgwood is concerned, finally reappears. From about the years 1793–4, when his health gave way, he seems never to have repeated his experiments on any truly scientific scale; but his camera and other instruments remained at Etruria; and these, when seen by visitors, occasionally brought the subject under discussion. Mr. Chisholm and Mr. Josiah Wedgwood—who had been often present during these experiments—could give every detail; and thus when James Watt visited Etruria in 1799, on business relative to a hand-mill he and Boulton were supplying to the firm, the subject of Thomas Wedgwood's extraordinary discovery seems to have been discussed; and a few days later, Watt received a letter (probably a promised one) from Josiah Wedgwood, in which were given the details necessary to experiment. To this Watt replied, 'Dear Sir, I thank you for your directions for the silver pictures, on which, when at home, I shall try some experiments. I was thinking on your mill after I left you, and fear the motion of the spindle is too slow,' &c.[2]

Now, if the coloured pictures found in recent years at Soho, and the two 'heliotypes' still existing, and known to be the result of a most original discovery made by Thomas Wedgwood in 1791, were one and the same, would Mr. Wedgwood have given this detail of process, or Watt acknowledged its receipt? The

[1] John Leslie to Josiah Wedgwood, Etruria, Staffordshire, June 12, 1802. Mayer MSS.

[2] James Watt to Josiah Wedgwood, docketed 'Hand Mill, 1799.' Wedgwood MSS.

business of producing cheap pictures by colour-washing had been carried on at Soho since 1772–3, and would not Watt have applied to Boulton or Egginton? or, indeed, would it have been necessary, when five minutes in the workshops close at hand would have supplied him with every process used in the application of colour to paper, pasteboard, wood, and metal? Moreover, the Soho pictures and the Wedgwood heliotypes, when seen side by side, are so utterly and wholly dissimilar as to present not a vestige of affinity. The same methods could not possibly have been used in their production. In the Soho pictures we see clearly a faded water-colour, generally lilac shaded by faint black, laid on by a mechanical, though free, process akin to stencilling; whereas the two heliotypes still in existence show strongly the results of a metallic solution made active by some instantaneous process. The hues are those of tarnished silver—faint through time and an imperfect method of manipulation.

After his processes were perfected in 1772-3, Egginton produced these coloured copies of pictures by the score. They were usually sold in glazed and oval frames of black or gilt, and are still to be seen in the remote chambers of old houses. They generally represent subjects taken from Angelica Kauffmann, Benjamin West, Zoffany, Reynolds, and other fashionable painters of the time, this water-colour process being found more suitable to portraiture and figures than landscapes. But after the advent of Boydell, and the fine engravers he employed, such mechanically produced pictures fell into disrepute, and Boulton and Egginton were too commercially wise to continue the manufacture of unsaleable articles. The processes were discontinued, or turned to other accounts, the

stock sold cheaply off, and such remnant as remained being stored away in the chambers and closets of a great manufactory, only came to light when the generation of workmen who had assisted in their production had died out.

We have seen that Thomas Wedgwood arrived in London from Dorsetshire on March 5, and left it May 7, 1802. In this period of two months he probably made several visits to the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, where Davy was then busy with a series of splendid experiments, and with his Lectures on Galvanic Phenomena. Though so great an invalid, Thomas Wedgwood could walk and ride, and to a man of his wealth, a carriage was necessarily at all times at disposal. We find him dining at the King of Clubs, at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, on April 24, his associates being Horner, Mackintosh, Scarlett, Sharp, Rogers, and Maltby.[1]

Davy varied his Lectures on Galvanism by those on Chemistry, and with his habitual taste for variety of illustration, he sought objects in many directions, and in April he addressed Josiah Wedgwood as follows: 'Dear Sir. My friend Mr. Poole, when He was at Gunville, I believe mentioned to you that I had a great wish to be able to show two or three specimens of your porcelain manufactory in my lectures on Chemistry in the Royal Institution. Would it be inconvenient to you to grant me the loan of one of the imitations of the Portland Vase, and any similar work of Art, for a couple of days from your House in St. James's Square? It shall be used with great care and returned with great care. With resp^{l}. comp^{ts}. to

[1] *Life of Francis Horner*, vol. i. p. 193.

Mrs. Wedgwood, I am, Dear Sir, Your obliged hu^ble. ser^t. H. Davy. Royal Institution, Wednesday.'[1]

Now, the fact of this letter being addressed to Josiah Wedgwood at this date must in no way militate against the almost positive assurance that Thomas Wedgwood and Davy met both at the Royal Institution and elsewhere. If health permitted, Mr. Wedgwood was certain to be one amongst the brilliant crowd which filled the theatre of the Royal Institution whenever Davy lectured, and he may have passed some hours in more scientific communion with Davy in his laboratory. But certainly, in the months of April or May 1802, Davy tried the heliotype processes at the Royal Institution, and it may have been in conjunction with Mr. Wedgwood; for Davy's article thereon was printed in the June number of the 'Journals of the Royal Institution.' It must, therefore, have been printed in May, and the experiments themselves may have taken place at intervals during the months of March and April. If it be said that did they thus meet at the Institution or elsewhere, it would be more natural for Davy to ask his friend offhand for the loan of pottery, than make the more formal request in writing to his brother. But the matter had already been opened to Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, and Thomas Wedgwood had long seceded from all business cares. As usual in cases of severe brain and stomach disease, he had, as his friends well knew, the utmost dislike to being troubled on subjects not chosen by himself. He had a distaste of the business of the past, because he had lost the strength and power of the past, and it was thus customary never to refer to him, except when absolutely necessary. In case, too,

[1] Mayer MSS.

of a request for the loan of so costly an article as a copy of the Portland Vase, even Mr. Byerley would have applied to his chief, and Davy, who was a man of clear thought, rapid action, and great punctilio, did what his friend would have advised if applied to—'Write to my brother.' The response was ready and generous. A fine copy of the Barberini vase, in its case lined with crimson velvet, some magnificent plaques and bas-reliefs, and a déjeuner service, blue and white jasper with Flaxman's figures of the Graces, were sent to the Royal Institution, where for some days they aided the illustrious chemist in his brilliant exposition of the science connected with their constituents and fabrication.

The paper published in the June number of the 'Journals of the Royal Institution' was headed 'An Account of the Method of Copying Paintings upon Glass, and of making Profiles by the agency of Light upon the Nitrate of Silver. Invented by Thomas Wedgwood, Esq., with observations by H. Davy.' Here, in the plainest and briefest words, we have the fact of the invention, and the name of the inventor, publicly stated by one who was not merely a friend, but a man of the highest moral character and scientific attainments. Egginton and Daguerre are as remote from these facts as though they had never existed. Had they been false, some other man would have claimed the discovery; or had it been practised elsewhere, the scientific and artistic rivalries of the day were sufficiently keen to have led at once to denial and adverse claims.

It is not at all improbable that, so far as the copying of paintings upon glass went, Thomas Wedgwood may have derived some hints from his father, whose old friend, Matthew Turner, the Liverpool surgeon, had expended much time, care, and chemical knowledge,

on the application of colour to glass, both as a fusion with components, and an after fixture. He was also probably aware that both Scheele and Senebier had made observations analogous to his own, as to the action of the sun's rays upon the muriate of silver; but, beyond this, the discovery is indisputably his, of producing copies of objects by bringing the solar rays to act upon a solution of the nitrate of silver. The insuperable difficulties which neither his own experiments, nor those of Davy, could in that stage of chemical knowledge overcome, were want of permanence in the colouring matter, and the impossibility of removing it from those parts of the surface of a copy which had not been exposed to light. The latter considered that, both in the case of the nitrate and muriate of silver, a portion of the metallic oxide abandoned its acid to enter into union with the animal or vegetable substance on which the solutions were laid, thus forming, with it, an insoluble compound; and he was also of opinion that it was more than probable that ultimately substances would be found capable of destroying the compound, either by simple or complicated affinities—a prophecy which has been more than fulfilled. Davy projected further experiments on this subject, and an account of them in some future number of the 'Journals of the Royal Institution,' for he considered that 'nothing but a method of preventing the unshaded parts of the delineation from being coloured by exposure to the day, was wanting to render the process as useful as it is elegant;' but his labours in connection with agricultural chemistry and electricity so occupied succeeding years, as to leave no time for experimental discovery in this branch of chemical optics.

Of the processes employed, or the results obtained

from these heliotype experiments at the Royal Institution, no account exists. Of the earliest heliotypes, those taken at Etruria, 1791–3, two are still extant. One, a breakfast-table scene, is to be found engraved in the 'Life of Wedgwood;'[1] the second, and most valuable, is given here. It is clearly a heliotype, or, as we should now say, a photographic copy, of an ordinary book-engraving, for the cross-hatching of the graver's tool is distinctly visible. It was, probably, hastily torn from some book of travels lying on the table, for the purpose of fixing in the camera, or behind the glass through which the rays of the sun were to pass. The original of this heliotype would just fit into an octavo volume, and appears to represent a Savoyard piper in the costume of his country. Whether the furnace was in the original print seems uncertain; but whatever it really be, it bears some resemblance to the enamelling kilns in use at that time. Like all educated men of active intellect, Thomas Wedgwood was an incessant reader of books of travel; and they form, with works on philosophy and science, the staple of his numerous and costly book-bills. From the dark shades yet remaining, this heliotype of the Savoyard was evidently taken on a summer's day, when the sun was at meridian. Finding some experiment succeeding, he may have torn a print from the nearest book at hand, and thus immortalised, by a new art, what in itself was intrinsically worthless. The authenticity of this heliotype is undoubted, and as the earliest known specimen of a most original and beautiful discovery, is considered, by those most competent to judge, to be of great value.[2]

[1] Vol. ii. p. 585.

[2] When shown at a Meeting of the Photographic Society, it was particularly admired by the late Lord Chief Baron Pollock, Bennett Woodcroft, Esq., and other members.

And Daguerre? Daguerre at this date was dead. He must have died between 1798 and 1802, as in the former year we have a notice of his dining with Sykes, in Bridge Street, Blackfriars. Our evidence touching Daguerre's death is as follows. Writing from London to Etruria, January 17, 1802, Mr. Byerley remarks to Mr. Wedgwood, at the close of a long letter, 'I have great pleasure in telling you that Lignereux has most honourably brought Daguerre's executors to York Street, and caused them to pay £173, as the amount of goods sold by him, out of those left with them on sales ten years ago, by you and I, which you will recollect were only riff-raff. He promised to send the account as soon as he gets home. They were all cameos and old portraits.'[1] It is certain from this that Daguerre was dead, and he died in debt; for not only was he a debtor in Alderman Boydell's bankruptcy, but in this same letter Mr. Byerley's list of foreign debts places Daguerre's account still due to Mr. Wedgwood at 1,108*l.* He appears to have possessed more or less taste for the fine arts, for he speculated largely in prints, fine pottery, and general articles of vertu; but his careless and unapt business habits were probably what made success in life an impossibility. His son, who was with him in his visits to Etruria in 1791 and 1793, was about twenty or twenty-one years old in 1802. If he inherited his father's tastes, we may reasonably conclude that he was one and the same with the M. Daguerre who, in 1824, improved the heliotype process, by the application of iodine to plates of silver coated on copper, the iodine being decomposed by the influence of light.[2] He may have been led to these researches either through memory of what he

[1] Mayer MSS.

[2] Hunt, *Researches on Light*, p. 33.

had seen or heard of Thomas Wedgwood's experiments. The chain of evidence is slight, but it at least makes clear, that Thomas Wedgwood the younger, of Etruria, was the discoverer of modern photography; and that Wedgwood-type is a term which ought in justice to be added to its scientific nomenclature.

Flaxman's slow labours in connection with the tablet to be placed in the parish church of Stoke-upon-Trent, to the memory of the elder Wedgwood, were now nearly at an end; but the inscription, which Mackintosh had been asked to write, was still waited for. Procrastination was as much a failing with him as it was with Coleridge, and he seems repeatedly to have deferred this promised task. On September 23, 1802, he wrote thus from Guildford Street to Josiah Wedgwood: 'My conscience will not let me set off for Paris without writing you, though I have only five hurried minutes to do it. I have tried five or six times to do the Epitaph, but I have been so hurried and interrupted, and above all *so agog*, that I could not do it tolerably. I thought you would much prefer my delaying till my return to doing it in a hurried miserable manner. I, therefore, take it upon myself to presume that if you knew the circumstances you would dispense with the performance of my promise and grant me an indulgence till November, when I shall neither expect nor deserve further indulgence. We go at six to-morrow morning, and it is now near eleven. Therefore, I can only add that I am affectionately yours, J. Mackintosh.'[1] The Epitaph was eventually written, though whether at the date here promised is unknown.[2] Even when effected

[1] Mayer MSS.

[2] Flaxman was paid Sept. 3, 1803, 93*l.* 19*s.* for Wedgwood's monument. Mayer MSS.

it was not a success. It is too long, and too much after a Latinised type. A shorter and simpler record would have been more in keeping with the character of the man; for the services he had rendered to the arts and manufactures of his country were too important not to become a part of its social history.

Thomas Wedgwood and his friend Poole had returned to this country by September, for, on the 20th of the month, the former signed an agreement as to the lease of some farms at Gunville. In October he was again under Beddoes's direction, drugging himself with one of that class of medicines which is now well known to increase rather than give relief in cases of stomach disease. 'I should think,' wrote the Clifton doctor to Josiah Wedgwood, 'that the fear of thirst need be no objection to Tom's taking the Epsom salt with the sulphate of iron, because thirst, depending upon a bad state of the stomach and bowels, is always removed by any medicine that brings them to a healthy state.'[1] Valerian, strychnine, and chloroform would now be administered with a view to give power to the digestive organs and tone to the nerves, instead of drastics, which could only lower the general system and increase hypochondriacism.

Early in November he was again on the move, this time towards Bristol, with a view to settling some further scheme of travel, and Coleridge, who was then residing at Keswick with his wife and children, was enlisted as his companion. The summons was brief and readily responded to. Dating his letter from Keswick, Nov. 3, 1802, Coleridge wrote, 'Dear Wedgwood. It is now two hours since I received your letter; and

[1] Dr. Beddoes to Josiah Wedgwood, Gunville, Oct. 4, 1802. Mayer MSS.

after the necessary consultation, Mrs. Coleridge herself is fully of opinion that to lose time is merely to lose spirits. Accordingly I have resolved not to look the children in the face (the parting from whom is the downright bitter in the thing), but to go to London by to-morrow's mail. Of course I shall be in London, God permitting, on Saturday morning; I shall rest that day and the next, and proceed to Bristol by Monday night's mail. At Bristol I will go to Cote House.[1] At all events, barring serious illness, serious fractures, and the et cetera of serious unforeseens, I shall be at Bristol, Tuesday noon, November 9' . . .[2]

But on Sunday, November 7, Thomas Wedgwood wrote to one of the head clerks in York Street to this effect, the purpose being evidently to intercept Coleridge and prevent his journey to Bristol: 'To Mr. Howship or Mr. Howarth. Dear Sir, I shall be much obliged to you to take this letter to Mr. Stuart, Editor of the Morning Post, and try to find out where Mr. Coleridge is; if not there leave a line for him, saying you have a letter for him at York Street, and be so good as to go with the letter to the Royal Institution in Albermarle Street, and, inquiring for Mr. Davy, leave a similar notice there, and also at Mr. Tobin's, No. 6, Bernard's Inn, who will probably not be at home, but you can drop the notice through his door. It is necessary this should be taken immediately, to prevent Mr. Coleridge taking a place to leave town on Monday. Your obt. ser^{t}. Thos. Wedgwood.'[3]

Mr. Wedgwood seems to have set off from Eastbury on the following Thursday with his sister Sarah, and arrived at the end of one of the stages, Salisbury or

[1] The residence of Mr. John Wedgwood.
[2] Cottle's *Reminiscences*, p. 448.
[3] Mayer MSS.

Bath, wrote thus to his mother: 'Dear Mother, I have just a moment to say we got here to our time, and I wish we may do the same the next stage; but Sally is only just returned after a shopping of near two hours. As soon as her hair is cut, we embark in John's chaise for Cote.' At the end of this letter he addresses his brother thus: 'To Jos. You must allow ample width in your approaches through the plantation in South Mead, otherwise the trees 40 years hence will overshadow the road, and you will be obliged to trim them and spoil their beauty. I should think there should be at least 5 yards of turf on each side of the road. I am sure you will never repent a little nobleness of plan. I hate anything that seems strangled and *skrimped*.' After referring to a Mr. and Mrs. Nares, he adds: 'Farewell both houses.[1] I must talk to my neighbour, and I don't find my pen and tongue go two ways at once quite so easily as the knox does. Ever yours truly, T. W. . . Mother, try my short hooked walking stick. . . Eastbury clock is near ¼ slower than the Cathedral here.' This letter is addressed 'Mrs. Wedgwood, Eastbury,' and is enclosed in a parcel of stockings 'for Mrs. Moore's rheumatic legs.'

When Mr. Wedgwood writes again he is somewhere in South Wales, though no place is named; his sister Sarah and Coleridge are his companions. 'Sally and we arrived here on Monday evening,' he tells his brother John at Cote; 'execrable horses all, but the last stage, and we are determined to try the lower road on our return. But for perpetual flogging my journey would have been very pleasant; but I am much disappointed in Carmarthen Vale. Coleridge and I are very comfort-

[1] Gunville and Eastbury.

ably settled here. My dogs did not arrive till the day after; but I could not wait, so I hired a man and dogs, and killed a couple of cocks on Tuesday. To day I have been out 7 hours and only killed one. I have seen 8 or 10 each time; they are not very plentiful here, though the woods are abundant. I ride about 2 or 3 miles to cover, wrapped up like a gouty old gentleman, cast off my wrappers, shoot, and return again in full cloathing. I am as fond of shooting as I almost ever was, if it will but last. There is very capital snipe shooting here, as I am told. I shall probably stay here 10 days, and then try some other place. Mr. Bagstock has invited me to Bleupant, but gives me no information. I will not go there. I have had the kindest calls possible to Cresselly, but I am so knocked up when I come home from shooting, that I could not bear not to be at that perfect ease, which is not to be had out of one's own house or an inn. My spaniels have worked vastly well to-day, and I am sure will prove as good as any dogs. Sally went on Tuesday morning in a chaise and pair from this place, and was 4½ hours on the road. I have just heard from her. She seems very happy, and says T. Bagstock will not be there till after Xmas. I am going to look at a house standing near a famous *Sewin* fishery and excellent covers. If the rent is not great, I shall be very apt to take it, provided I continue to relish shooting a month longer. Enquire at Sheppens for game. I intend sending you some on Friday, perhaps Thursday; but my Keeper seems a very bad shot. Forward this to Gunville. Best love to all at the three houses. T. W.—Coll[1] and I harmonise amaz-

[1] Mr. Wedgwood styled him 'Coll' at Coleridge's own desire. 'I am anxious,' the latter wrote, in the letter part of which has been already

ingly well. He likes the scheme, takes very long rambles, and writes a great deal. He proposes my going to Ireland. Perhaps I may; in short, I will do anything rather than be confined by the cold as I have heretofore been.'

The next letter is from St. Clears, Carmarthenshire, and is dated Nov. 15. It relates principally to clothing and success in sporting: 'When I have a little burst of good sport, how much I long to have you with me; but there is nothing worth travelling half so far for. Let me hear often. . . Coll desires to be very kindly remembered. We do vastly well together.'[1] A fortnight later, and the old life weariness has returned. 'I was, indeed,' he tells his brother, 'glad of sight of the old scribble last night. I have been here (Cresselly) since Tuesday. . . The two first days I enjoyed myself very much, but since Thursday my spirits and strength, without any assignable cause, have entirely failed me. Shooting is become an intolerable bore and fatigue, and, cocks being scarce, I don't think I can continue above two or three days longer in the country. If Sally could foresee any convoy, she would remain here some weeks longer, and I much wish her to do it, as she is very happy and much enlivened! As to myself, God knows what I can do. I am going with Tom Allen to have a day to-morrow, and I shall be rejoiced beyond measure if I can shake off the slough of despondency which now hangs about me. Coleridge is all kindness to me, and in prodigious favour here. He is quite easy, cheerful, and

quoted, 'in the event of our travelling together, that you should yourself be at ease with me, even as you would with a younger brother, to whom, from his childhood, you had been in the habit of saying, "Do this, Col, or don't do that." All good be with you.'— Cottle's *Reminiscences*, p. 450.

[1] Thos. W. to J. W., Nov. 15, 1802. Mayer MSS.

takes great pains to make himself pleasant. He is willing, indeed desirous, to accompany me to any part of the Globe; and I dont know what else I can do to mitigate the weariness of life but travel. I adhere to my regimen strictly, but have left off Sulphat, as I took a little too much and suffered for it. Coleridge is astonished at my pertinacious regularity and abstemiousness; says if Wordsworth had a quarter as much control over himself he would be in perfect health instead of great hypochondriacism. But my constitution is incorrigible, and I am weary to death of my unavailing efforts. . . Coleridge has expressed a strong desire to spend a fortnight at Gunville. You are certainly a great favourite of his; he always desires to be most kindly mentioned to you. I have assured him of a hearty welcome.'[1]

Strange to say, whenever this *tædium vitæ* was at its worst, the mania—for such it really was—of acquiring more and more landed property returned. Two days after this last letter he sees an advertisement in the 'Morning Post' relative to the speedy sale of Manors and Farms in Dorsetshire, and forthwith he employs Miss Frances Allen, his brothers' wives' sister, to copy it out in the letter he sends: 'I have got Fanny to copy an advertisement out of the "Morning Post" of a late date. Samways[2] knows the place, and says there is abundance of game there: Pheasants, Ducks, and Snipes all the year round, Cocks plenty, and stay late. Fine bottom of alders and springs; most excellent fishing. I am very eager about it, as its proximity to Gunville is inestimable. If it prove at all desirable in the above points, I am determined to give a good price. My

[1] Thos. Wedgwood to Josiah Wedgwood, Gunville, Nov. 28, 1802.
[2] His servant.

dear fellow, I am in a temper of mind to risk all on a single throw. I am trying to rent something in this county, to come to when the winter is at the hardest. I am just returned from a 3 hours beat, and have seen but 1 cock. Yet I am better than when I wrote my last jeremiad. I shall stay here about a week longer, and you may direct your next here. What I request of you is to take a ride to the spot, and get what information you can, without your name appearing, and give me as particular account as you can, particularly as to sporting advantages, for I care not how ugly the country be. I shall be glad to hear that the house is tolerable, and the country warmer than Gunville, and that the trees are not bent over and shorn by the S.-west. . . . I need not say that time presses, as I expect many competitors. . . . . Unless your account be very discouraging, I shall immediately come over to Gunville with Coll. . . . I am applying here about Temple David, which is to let, perhaps sold; and about Trewerne, which has the Tave washing the garden, and was some time ago to be let. I shall go to Keswick to see Mr. and Mrs. Luff, if my spirits keep up at all. . . . Forgive my last, and believe me ever and ever yours, T. W.' Miss Allen's portion of the letter draws a pleasant picture of Miss Sarah Wedgwood,[1] as also of Coleridge: 'We are in hopes that Sally[2] may be induced to remain with us after the departure of her brother and Mr. Coleridge. She is at present wavering, and a favourable letter from Kitty[3] will turn the balance in our favour. . . . My father is wonderfully pleased with her, and is nearly,

[1] and [2] The youngest surviving daughter of Josiah Wedgwood the elder.

[3] Miss Catherine Wedgwood, second daughter of Josiah Wedgwood the elder.

if not quite, as great a favourite as Mrs. Darwin with him. I cannot tell you what pleasure her company has given us all, and more so as I am nearly certain she likes her stay here. . . . Yesterday all the party except Tom walked to North Down to stay till to-morrow. I walked part of the way with them, and will engage they feel no fatigue, as Mr. Coleridge was in one of his pleasantest moods. . . . To day they mean to show Mr. Coleridge the rocks below Pembroke and dine with E. Leach.'[1]

[1] November 30, 1802. Mayer MSS.

CHAPTER VI.

Variety and Perfection of the elder Wedgwood's Works—The later Modellers—Theed, Westmacott, and Wyatt—Porcelain made at Etruria—Beauty of its Painting—Difficulties and Hindrances of Foreign Commerce—Imports into Italy prohibited—French Prohibition—Frankfort Fair—The Barberini Vase again lent by the Duke of Portland—A Copy sent to the Republic of France—Acknowledgment of its Receipt by the Minister of the Interior—Mr. Byerley's two eldest Sons educated in Germany—Mr. Josiah Wedgwood's Removal from Stoke House, Cobham, into Somersetshire and Dorsetshire—Non-resident in Staffordshire twenty Years—Need of the Master's Eye—Mr. Byerley not a trained Artist or Potter—Deficiency in Taste of new ornamental Goods—Mr. Wedgwood's Life at Gunville—Field Sports, Planting, Farming—Turnip Husbandry and Improvement in Breed of Sheep—Agricultural Associations—Sir Joseph Banks—Cranbourn Chace—Its Disfranchisement proposed—Evils generated by Waste and Forest Rights—Eastbury—Josiah Wedgwood Sheriff of Dorsetshire—Prejudices of County Nabobs—Illustrious Visitors to Gunville—Simplicity and Retiredness of Life—Letter to a Governess—Difficulties with Workmen at Etruria—Contest about a Book of Mixtures—The Greatbaches and Hackwoods—The young Byerleys at Etruria—Wild proceeding of the second Son—A Cadetship procured for him through the Interest of Lord Auckland—Mr. Byerley's Honesty of Purpose—Afflicting Sentiments—The Hollands—Childhood of Sir Henry Holland—Related to the Wedgwoods and the Darwins—A few Facts worth preserving—Foreign Apprentices and Commissions.

AT the date of the elder Wedgwood's death the works at Etruria were in their highest state of efficiency. Except experimentally on a few occasions, the manufacture of porcelain, distinctly as such, had not been introduced, although many of the new bodies invented and brought to perfection by the great potter, as those of jasper and

variegated crystalline, were porcellaneous in character. The range and variety of Wedgwood's productions at this ultimate period exceed belief; no shape or utility in table and culinary ware had been forgotten. Children were delighted by toy services and little ornaments of every kind and degree of beauty. For their infancy were feeding boats and lamps, and artificial breasts, known as 'bubbies.' The sanitary reformer had closet pans and pipes, the gardener glazed tiles for speeding the ripening of his fruit, the farmer the finest pans, tiles, and cisterns for his dairy; and even draining tiles were prepared for experimentalists like Arthur Young. The architects could have been supplied with every ornamental internal and external requisite, had they encouraged their manufacture; but, wedded to the shams of ornamental stucco, all but a few ignored the simplest as the finest works in terra-cotta. Here and there an architect endowed with foresight and taste, or a connoisseur with feeling and higher cultivation, patronised jasper friezes and chimney-pieces: but, generally speaking, this class of greatly possible and exquisite art was utterly ignored. Not a single architect of that day knew what the Saracenic artists had effected in tile-work, the Lombardian potters in ornamental terra-cotta, or the capacity of fine clay for limitless and durable effects. Thus unpatronised, Wedgwood's architectural ornaments were rather experiments than successes. The culture of the period, the heavy taxation, the chaotic state of public affairs, afforded neither taste, time, nor money for the cultivation of true art. Even now, after long peace and a degree of national cultivation in the arts, we scarcely realise the conception that the potter is the true ally of, and sculptor for, the architect. In most other classes of ornament the public

patronised Wedgwood to the full extent of his ceaseless invention. Scarcely an article worn upon the person but what was decorated with his cameos. Those were times of war, and even art was subservient to its needs; and the hilts of swords, hangers, and daggers were beautified with cameos, dark blue in ground, and with appropriate devices. Every kind of ladies' trinkets, snuff-boxes, opera-glasses, work and jewel boxes, harpsichords, were more or less decorated in this manner; door handles and bell pulls were often pretty works in clay; and from about 1782[1] the East India nabob and the Turkish pasha received the ornaments of their chibouques and hookahs[2] from Etruria. From 1791 to 1810 pipe ornaments were exported in considerable numbers, chiefly by the Levant merchants.

Henry Webber's long and successful labours as chief modeller at Etruria were continued till the close of 1794. He was succeeded by Flaxman's friend, John Daveare, or, as he was generally called, De Vere. In 1798 he modelled the bust of Lord Nelson; and, in December of the same year, those of Lords Howe, St. Vincent, and Duncan.[3] Theed modelled the capital for a column in March 1801, and two months later he was working at Etruria, as he sends thence a request to York Street that thirty pounds may be paid to his brother, Mr. Joseph Theed. The names of Westmacott, probably the father of the eminent sculptor, and Wyatt the builder appear in the subjoined account and letter; but what was the nature of the work referred to as a

[1] They are mentioned in an account of returned ware, in 1785. Gilt hookahs were 7*s.* each, black 5*s.*, red and black 5*s.* Pipe heads of silvered ware are mentioned in the invoices of 1790.

[2] Hookahs for Turkey were made for Rundell and Bridge, the well-known goldsmiths, in Oct. 1800.

[3] Receipts and accounts of modellers. Mayer MSS.

set-off against the claim made by Mr. Wedgwood's executors is not evident.[1] Benjamin Papera, a modeller

[1] James Wyatt, Esq.

To the Executors of the late Josiah Wedgwood, Dr.

		£	s.	d.
18th July, 1793,	1 Medallion Apuleuis	0	1	6
	Delivered Queen Anne Street.			
2nd June, 1784,	2 Square Bas-reliefs	2	2	0
	3 Smaller oval, Do. (Seasons) . . .	1	16	0
	Deliv^{d} to Mr. Male, Portland Road.			
12th June,	2 Bas-reliefs. Slate ground . . .	2	2	0
	3 Oval ditto	2	14	0
	Delivered in Queen Anne Street.			
14th March, 1786,	Light blue Jasper with white bas-reliefs			
	2 Oblong Tablets, Vitruvian Scroll, to pattern	10	10	0
	2 Oblong Tablets (Boys)	2	2	0
	3 Small round ditto	1	11	6
	Delivered in Queen Anne Street.			
27th Oct., 1787	1 Portrait Shakespeare	0	5	0
	2 Cameos	0	7	0
	3 Portraits (imperfect)	0	7	6
	Delivered in Queen Anne Street.			
15th Nov.	1 Oval Tablet, blue ground . . .	2	2	0
	2 ditto, 18*s.*	1	16	0
	3 round ditto, 31*s.* 6*d.*	4	14	6
	Delivered in Queen Anne Street.			
24th Nov^{br}.	1 Etruscan painted vase	4	4	0
	Delivered in Queen Anne Street.			
3rd Jan^{y}., 1788.	2 Friezes of the Vitruvian Scroll . .	10	10	0
	2 Top parts of the pilaster of the same .	10	10	0
	3 Bottom parts of the pilaster . . .	10	10	0
	Delivered to Mr. Westmacott, Upper Mount Street.			
	Discount, 6*s.* 6*d.*			
		£61	19	0

Mr. Byerley's note respecting the same:

James Wyatt, Esq., Queen Anne Street, East.

Sir,— Jany. 5, 1797.

The executors of the late Mr. Wedgwood, understanding you have declared you have a claim upon them as a set-off to the bill against you, desire me to request the favour of you to state what it is, as neither they nor I know or have before heard of any.

I am, very respectfully,
Sir, Your's most obediently,
T. Byerley.

(Copy.)

living in Marylebone Street, Golden Square, modelled, in June 1802, the busts of Mrs. Siddons, the Honble. Mrs. Damer, and Lord Nelson, as also 'one vase with lamp.'[1]

Of Hackwood, so long the elder Wedgwood's able servant at Etruria, some interesting notices appear. 'We have got our Temple put together, and the effect answers my expectations,' wrote Mr. Byerley from Etruria to Cobham, January 5, 1798. 'The dome, the entablature, the columns, and the base are all to be thrown and turned. The figures Hackwood has to alter, and a good deal of modelling, but all the above parts we fire separately, and we shall begin to make directly we get to work again. I think to make the base or ground of the Temple black; it will fire better, and we can rub it smooth, if not polish it. The columns, I can assure you, are *secundem artem* in proportion and decoration. We intend to fire in cases lying horizontally—a stick running through them and uniting them to top and bottom.'[2] It does not appear exactly what this Temple was—whether a design from some of the great ruined temples of antiquity, as those of Pæstum, Corinth, or Athens, or a composition merely. We owe to these days of comparative degeneracy—degenerate rather from the circum-

This business appears to have been settled in November 1797. The sum paid by Wyatt was 47*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.*, whilst there was a set-off by casts of 10*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.* Mayer MSS.

[1] He received 16*s.* for the bust of Mrs. Siddons, 12*s.* for that of Mrs. Damer, and 10*s.* 6*d.* for that of Nelson. The vase was charged 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Mayer MSS.

[2] Theed had something to do with this Temple, as in some memorandums sent from Etruria, in February 1800, it is thus mentioned:—'Mr. Theed has taken the dimensions of the Temple in order to make a sketch reduced to the proper size for a pateau (*sic*, probably patera meant), as suggested by Mr. Fitzwater, who has taken some of the cards, and will endeavour to get them into the King's hands, and at the same time explain for what use the ornament is intended. Mayer MSS.

stances of the time, and the terrible need of cultivated presiding rule, than from the lack of well-qualified modellers—the ruins of a Temple so bad, in an artistic point of view, in composition and manufacture, as to be scarcely credible when compared with the works of a few years earlier. This Temple was made in several sizes, of which a small one is to be seen in the Kensington Museum, where it is questionable taste to permit it to remain. An artist can be alone judged by his best works; and Wedgwood suffers, as any of his compeers might suffer, by assigning to him and his great day, works of doubtful taste and bad manufacture, simply because they are impressed with his name. Moreover, regarding the matter from an æsthetic point of view, it is questionable if to copy imperfect works—as ruins must necessarily be—be art at all. Art, if it be the expression of truth under its ideal form—which it is—can alone be represented by truth, or, in other words, by the perfect; and ruins, as the mutilation of what was once perfect, can but be the negative expression of the artistically perfect. The only pity is, that Wedgwood did not, like some of the great painters, brand all his works with the year of their production, as well as with his name. Had this been done, we feel sure the number of his extant works would have been enormously pared down, and a mass of artistic excrescences, now assigned to his era, seen to be the creation of later and inferior days.

Hackwood was at this time advancing in years. John Hackwood, his son or brother, held the post of fireman, and later of turner. Another relation, Lewis Hackwood, had been taught copperplate engraving, and did much work of this character for his father's employers.

Printed ware had, in a great measure, superseded enamelled or painted ware in the general market; and in both directions the patterns of this period, 1795-1815, were flowing, bold, and in many cases very admirable. Except occasionally, the elder Wedgwood's patterns, even when borrowed from the somewhat bald examples of antiquity, were a little finikin; but the engravers and painters employed after his death took a bolder and wider sweep, both in treatment and subject, and this with excellent results.

De Vere, in addition to his ability as a modeller, was an exquisite figure and landscape painter, and so highly was his work considered, that, during the time he remained at Etruria, a studio was assigned to him at the hall. Aaron Steel painted the red and black outlines on Etruscan vases, and his work, for export to Russia and Germany, was always in request. Some few of the enamellers who had worked so choicely and deftly twenty years before, at Chelsea, were on the workmen's roll of names long after the elder Wedgwood's death, and as late as November 1800 Ralph Unwin received 5*l.* 5*s.* for painting a tea service. Indeed, during the period porcelain (soft paste) was made at Etruria some very fine enamel painting was effected. A coffee-can and saucer, in the possession of Sir D. C. Marjoribanks, Bart., and on which birds are painted, rival, both in design and colouring, the best productions of Chelsea and Sèvres.[1] The chief engravers of this

[1] This class of painting was chiefly on tea and dessert sets. Among the orders of May 3, 1815, is the following:—

W. Egerton, Esq., China, No. 723; birds and feathers, gold dentil edge, 48 plates, 9 inches, to pattern, Gondola Compotiers. The birds to be large and bold, same as pattern; to be all different, and principally 'Game,' the feathers to correspond with bird in centre. The price of

later period were: at Etruria, Jesse Bourne and Lewis Hackwood; and in London William Sharpe, of St. Benet's Hill, Doctors' Commons; John Robinson, of Great Newport Street; T. Gangain, Samuel Vernon, and G. Martin. Robinson and Vernon were chiefly employed upon initials and crests; and Hackwood and Bourne upon borders and ornaments for useful ware.

Commerce, throughout the long period from the declaration of war with France in 1793 till the peace of 1815, was carried on under the greatest disadvantages. At times rigid exclusion from the most valuable ports was the rule; at others tariffs were so raised as to amount to prohibition, or so fluctuated as to be ruinous to the speculative merchant. There were dangers by land, and greater dangers by sea. After a journey of hundreds of miles goods might be seized as contraband, or be pillaged by hostile soldiery or peasantry; and on the ocean, unless merchant ships went under convoy, there was no chance of safety. Those were sad days, as all days in which war is the humour of mankind must necessarily be. Hundreds of letters, in German, French, Italian, and Dutch; are big with laments of this nature. In July 1796 an embargo was laid, by Order in Council, upon all ships and vessels bound to any of the ports in the territories of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Of this embargo, its relation to commerce, and Nelson's brilliant achievement in the Mediterranean, some Liverpool merchants thus wrote, two years later, to Messrs. Wedgwood and Byerley: 'As soon as we received the account of Admiral Nelson's glorious

the plate now sent is 10*s.* 6*d.*, but will have no objection to give 1*s.* each more, to have them well and carefully done. Return the pattern, as it belongs to a tea set.' Mems. from London to Etruria. Mayer MSS.

victory we wrote to Mr. Turnbull,[1] desiring him to give us some information as to its effects upon the Commerce of Italy. . . . Our own Ideas are, that if War is to be renewed upon the Continent it will require a more hearty Co-operation of the Allied Powers than can reasonably be expected from them, to prevent the French from becoming masters of all Italy, which would give the Death-blow to all British Commerce in those parts, however triumphant our Navy might be. But if Peace shall be the result of the Negotiations at Rastadt, we look forward to some stipulations being required by the Emperor from the French favourable to the independence both of Tuscany and of Naples. A short time must now determine either for Peace or War, and we think the prudent part to take is to await the event of the negotiations upon the Continent.' To this Mr. Turnbull, the London correspondent of these merchants, adds, in two letters: 'I have received ample and satisfactory assurances from His Majesty's Ministers that the ascendancy of our naval force will be maintained in the Mediterranean during the continuance of the present War; and there is likewise reason to hope that the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the King of Naples, by the assistance or mediation of the Emperor, will be able to preserve their dominions. At the same time I would beg leave to suggest that the political affairs of Italy are at present in a very critical situation; and as the fate of the two before-mentioned States must be very soon in some way or other decided, it may be better to defer any expeditions to Italy by the first Convoy. Another will be readily granted so soon as there are sufficient ships to go with it; and, indeed, untill the embargo is taken off, which I have applied to have

[1] Their London agent.

done, no merchants' vessels can be cleared out to Leghorn. . . . With regard to the expediency of shipments for the ports of Italy and Levant, I have only to add that before the departure of the subsequent convoy to the present one, I trust that the security of the Kingdom of Naples will be so far ascertained that commercial speculations may be made to the Ports thereof without any great degree of apprehension.'[1]

Two years later, we have an example of the results of French prohibition. The letter was written by Basil Paul Schilling, of Bayreuth, in Franconia, one of Messrs. Wedgwood and Byerley's most valued correspondents. Schilling was a gentleman of great taste and enterprise, having shops in Frankfort and other places.[2] 'I am glad that the orders given in January were not executed for last Frankfort Fair, for the repeated prohibition of the French Government not to let any English goods come on the left bank of the Rhine, nor in any country under the French control, has rendered this Fair, contrary to all expectations, as bad as any during the war, so that I, who used to sell at this Fair from 150*l.* to 200*l.* worth of goods, have not been able to sell 5*l.* worth; on the contrary, have had to expend 20*l.* in warehouseroom and travelling. I look forward with impatience when I can sell more and pay my debts to you. But this unfortunate war has impoverished alike the middling as the higher classes, and it will be some time before they can buy articles of luxury. 'It will be therefore better for me to return, and you will oblige me infinitely by so allowing me, to any place you

[1] Thos. and William Earle, of Liverpool, and John Turnbull, London, Oct. 25, 1798. Mayer MSS.

[2] He had dealt with the firm at Etruria from 1788, and appears to have been introduced by Boulton.

please, the articles enamelled in blue and green jasper, as also those in black basalt. Concerning the common earthenware, it will find a greater sale than ever, on account of the cheapness of it, as soon as the trade between France and England is regulated and free, which is soon expected to be the case.'

This improved state of things was probably brought about; and three months later Schilling repeated his magnificent order for ornamental ware, for the replenishment of his shop at Frankfort; and it included vases, figures, tritons, cameos, and every kind of ornament; but these difficulties of transit were ever recurring, and so continued till the Peace of 1815.

Yet, in spite of this abnormal state of things, Wedgwood and Byerley's finest goods found their way into Russia, Germany, and Italy, and had large sales. The two former countries were the best customers; the Germans in useful ware, favouring the antique patterns, as the red and black Egyptian, and the Russians a greater variety. In an order that went to Riga in 1798 were 400 dozen plates, and other articles proportionate; the patterns being green and purple drop husk, brown green line, and brown barley on yellow ground. In May 1802 a large number of old cameos and medallions in the hands of Sykes and Liguniroux were sold in Paris, and in 1805 there was a general revival of trade.

In October 1800 the Duke of Portland lent again the Barberini vase,[1] and it was for some time in the hands of Messrs. Wedgwood and Byerley. Fresh copies were made, and of these or earlier copies one was despatched to the Republic of France. Its

[1] Note from Bulstrode, steward of Duke of Portland, Oct. 7, 1800. Mayer MSS.

receipt was thus acknowledged by M. Chaptal, the Minister of the Interior, to the Minister of External Relations :—

'J'ai examiné avec beaucoup d'intérêt, mon cher Collègue, la Copie du Vase de Barberini, exécutée par M. Wedgwood. Il n'est point de Collection où il ne méritât de trouver une place distinguée. J'ai admiré la précision du travail et la beauté de l'exécution. Il est honorable pour M. Wedgwood, et les amateurs des Beaux-Arts lui Sauvont gré, d'avoir perpétué d'une manière si parfaite un des principaux monuments de l'antiquité. Je vous Salue avec cordialité. CHAPTAL.'

This paper, which is partly printed, is surmounted by a rudely engraved female figure. She is seated and draped. One hand upholds the axe and fasces, the other a scroll. At her feet is a cock. Above her head is engraved 'République Française,' and on either side Liberté—Egalité;' and beneath the printed registration are endorsed the words :—'Le Vase envoyé par Monsr. Wedgwood, Sera placé au Museum.'[1]

Mr. Byerley, who had married in 1781, had by the close of the century a numerous family rising round him; for in 1801 his wife gave birth to her fourteenth child, thirteen of whom were living. During his early married life he seems to have lived at Etruria; but in the autumn of 1795 we find him making a garden to the front of his house in Camden Town. In 1803 he was again living at Etruria; and finally in 1807 we shall see him contemplating a removal from his house in Sloane Street, Chelsea, to the upper part of the house

[1] Chaptal, 1802, Barberini vase. Mayer MSS. In 1798, R. L. Edgworth wrote to St. James's Square, as to the price of the copy of the Barberini Vase sent to Dr. Beddoes. Mr. Byerley replied, that copies without blemish sold at thirty guineas; those with a few flaws, at twenty-five guineas each. Mayer MSS.

in York Street, St. James's Square. Evidently with a view to their becoming potters, his two eldest sons, Josiah and Thomas, were instructed in the elements of mineralogy and chemistry; and for this purpose, as also that of acquiring the French and German languages, they resided some time in Germany. They were there in the year 1798, their tutor being a mineralogist of the name of Wiedeman, residing in Brunswick.[1] In a letter to Mr. Byerley, referring to a mineral collection which the latter declined to purchase, Wiedeman wrote:—'Your sons go on very well; especially the eldest, who no doubt will by further application be a very good chemist. I hope you will approve of a plan of making a little journey on foot next summer to the Harz, where I wish to shew and explain to them especially the metallic processes and operations on a large scale, which together with other objects will be of very great use to them. . . . If I can be of any service to you, Sir, in procuring specimens of minerals as well from the Harz as from Tyrol, Hungary, Saxony, where I have correspondents, I shall be very happy. You are no doubt acquainted with the many new discoveries lately made in Mineralogy, there are hardly any specimens wanting in my collection, and many of them I could most probably get sent to me by some friend or other. Mr. Klaproth has of late discovered a new metal in the Magyag gold ores which he called Tellurium I am glad to find, that one of your own countrymen has likewise found the non-existence of a new metal in the *Terra australis*, which Klaproth has shewn some years ago; I saw this in the last volume of the "Philosoph. Transactions." Klaproth has analyzed a

[1] C. W. Krause and Son were the agents in Brunswick of Messrs. Wedgwood and Byerley.

great many precious stones, and found their constituent parts very different from what Bergman, Achard, and others have asserted. He chiefly uses caustic alcali in his decompositions.'[1]

From the date of his marriage in 1793, or soon after, till the autumn of 1799, Mr. Josiah Wedgwood resided, as we have seen, at Stoke House, Cobham, in Surrey.[2] From thence he removed to Upcott House near Taunton, where he resided till 1800, and then removed to Gunville Hall, by Blandford, Dorsetshire. He finally left the latter county in October 1807, having in November 1802 bought the estate of Maer in Staffordshire, where he settled for the rest of his life. He was thus non-resident in Staffordshire for more than twenty years. He visited Etruria two or three times each year, often staying long and devoting his time to work; but this, as might have been foreseen, and as events proved, was insufficient for the proper guidance of a great body of workmen and the multitudinous details of a manufactory. Mr. Byerley was constantly passing to and fro between London and Etruria, yet nevertheless the master's eye and hand were missing everywhere. Amongst the greatest proofs of genius are range and rapidity of mental perception, as well as power in the mastery of detail; or as it has been well said, genius is only a transcendent capacity for taking trouble; and with these characteristics the elder Wedgwood had been richly endowed. He forgot nothing, he overlooked nothing. His desire for thoroughness in every detail resulted in the perfection of his manufactured goods. None of his

[1] Wiedeman to T. Byerley, Brunswick, Dec. 7, 1798. Mayer MSS.

[2] The Cobham bills give curious particulars. Thus, in Oct. 1798, we find the funeral items of Mary Ann Wedgwood, a child, about two or three years old. She was the second daughter of Josiah Wedgwood the younger.

workmen could neglect their duty. The slip-makers, the mixers, the flint-grinders, were just as certain of his oversight as the modellers and polishers; and hence his work is, in so many instances, absolutely perfect. You may turn it over and under, inside and out, and yet you find no flaw. But when he was gone, there was no one to take delight in the work, for the work's sake. If a modeller like old Hackwood, or a figure-painter like Aaron Steel, did their work in the old manner, it was not certain—as it had been absolutely in former days—that others prior or after would attend to theirs. The clay might be badly tempered, the firing imperfect, and the result obvious; simply for want of the old controlling power that had grasped and gathered details into unity. And blame unfortunately could be apportioned nowhere, except in the lack of judgment in not giving up potmaking if it was distasteful, or if it was to come simply to the mere ignoble manufacture of plates and dishes. The true remedy would have been in securing an active working partner like Spode, Turner, or Adams, who loved the work for something higher than profit alone, and who in the vigour of life would have made Etruria his home. As it was, Mr. Byerley was declining in health and years, his wife was sickly, his family numerous and a source of much anxiety, and he had to take part in duties not relevantly his. He had not been brought up as a potter, had no training as an artist, seen nothing in his early days but the rude provincial life of a little country town. He had gone to America, had been a school-master, a book-keeper, a commercial traveller, and at last, by force of mere circumstances alone, a partner in a great manufacturing firm, the fame of which was chiefly due to ornamental art. Of this he was in a

degree aware, for he frequently incited his partners[1] to take more interest in this portion of their trade; and he laboured hard in this department himself, though with a sad falling off from the high aims and results of a former day. 'You have never said,' he wrote from Etruria, 'how you and the Public like the new brown and green Cottages?—You will receive this week four new ornaments in form of Viol del Gamba or Violoncello for Musical Amateurs—to be used either as flowerpot, bulbous-root, or candlestick. They belong to a set intended to captivate musical people. The centre is a chest form ornament with the Muses, and to hold three bulbs. The two sides are in hand still, the whole bearing relation to Music and joyous Subjects celebrated by Music. The other parts will come, I expect, this week's end.'[2] Yet, whilst thus meeting, rather than elevating, the low popular taste of the period, he was desirous of being kept *au courant* with the wants and wishes of customers. 'We cannot,' he wrote to Mr. Mowbray, the presiding clerk in York Street, 'make the yellow and brown Beehives otherwise than by enamelling—if that way—we will try. You will oblige me infinitely by a frequency of these sorts of suggestions, whether practicable or not. I have such constant employment for my thoughts and hands in the detail of business that invention of this kind is too much neglected. But these things must be perpetually occurring to you

[1] Mr. John Wedgwood again joined the firm. 'May 20, 1800. Attending Mr. Jos. Wedgwood this day, taking his instructions for altering the draft of the articles by introducing the name of Mr. John Wedgwood.' Feb. 14, 1801, as to signing the 'articles and copy.' Attorney's accounts, Messrs. Ward, Dennetts, and Greaves. Mayer MSS.

[2] Mems. Etruria to London. Mayer MSS. Byerley to Mowbray, Feb. 21, 1801. Mayer MSS.

in your daily business, and arise from the observations of your customers. I do not mean to blame you for a paucity this way, because I am certain it is not so; but I want to urge you to a full and constant practice of picking up and furnishing me suggestions.'

Mr. Wedgwood's employments as a country gentleman were enough in themselves, without the anxieties and mischances attending a great manufacturing business in a place then so remote as Staffordshire from Dorsetshire. Although, when he travelled from one county to the other, it was, as Poole remarked in one of his letters, 'en prince,' carriages and four with postillions in scarlet liveries could in no way lessen the great distance implied in two, if not three, days' journey across England.[1] The estates of Gunville and Eastbury comprised a great extent of woodland, and still more of pasture and arable. Greatly attached to a country life, both Mr. Wedgwood and his eldest brother, John, took delight in field-sports. They hunted and shot; and the former entered with spirit into the business of farming. He planted extensively, and, from bills yet preserved, frequently trees of new and rare kinds.[2] He

[1] The route generally taken from Etruria to Gunville was as follows: — Newcastle, Stafford, Wolverhampton, Stourbridge, Broomsgrove, Gloucester, Bath, Warminster, Shaftesbury, Gunville. A journey partly by coach and partly by posting, of a nursemaid and children, cost in 1802 10*l.* 3*s.* 0*d.* Bills. Mayer MSS.

[2] Thus, in November 1802, the planting consisted of 10,000 Scotch firs one year transplanted, 3,000 transplanted beech, 2,000 birch, 3,000 ash, 1,000 pine aster, 1,000 larch, 1,000 Scotch elm, 1,000 spruce, 1,000 Spanish chestnuts, 500 seedling ash. These trees were supplied by the celebrated Veitch of Chelsea, at a cost including packages, and his own expenses into Dorsetshire, of 79*l.* 5*s.* 0*d.* Mayer MSS.

Earlier in the same year, March 1802, the following number of young trees were sent from Gateshead, in Durham, by way of sea, to London: 4,000 larch, 3,000 beech, 2,000 ash, 1,000 ditto transplanted one and a

patronised the hoe husbandry then so much in vogue, the cultivation of the Swedish turnip, and wheat drilling. More important still, he purchased sheep largely, and improved their breed by the importation of Merino rams at a considerable cost. In those days a great change was coming over the whole spirit of British agriculture. Farmers were beginning to understand that if war taxes were to be paid, and high prices continued, production and quality must be increased by more skilful husbandry. The woollen manufacturers also demanded better and finer descriptions of wool; and thus, alike for food and raiment, sheep grew in importance as stock. Here and there over the breadth of England, Agricultural Associations were formed, and one of their specialities was for improvement in the breed of sheep. The Society of Arts offered prizes for the weightiest fleeces and the finest wool; and country gentlemen, even more than farmers, were stimulated to competition. This question of wool was at that date one of supreme importance in the clothier counties of Wilts and Somerset; and Sir Joseph Banks, with his accustomed zeal, bestirred himself in the formation and encouragement of societies in which turnip husbandry and the breeding and management of sheep were essential features. He and the elder Wedgwood had been old friends; and now he and the second son met and corresponded on the question of Merino sheep. One of these societies held periodical meetings in Blandford and the adjacent towns, and this Sir Joseph attended, to award prizes and deliver addresses, making

half years, 2,000 sycamores, 1,000 ditto transplanted one and a half years, 20,000 firs, two years old seedlings, '5000 ditto one and a half years transplanted, 2,000 silver firs, 3,000 spruce, 500 white American spruce, 200 ditto transplanted.' Bills. Mayer MSS.

his home, when there, at Gunville with the Wedgwoods.

The estates of Gunville and Eastbury lay adjacent to Cranbourn Chace; a vast unenclosed tract, thronged with deer. It was one of those legacies from the bad old days of feudal power, which then, more than now, were scattered over England, and which for centuries had been a prolific source of strife between the proprietors who owned it, and the copyholders. It was considered that these Chace-rights tended to discourage industry, promote idleness and immorality, and were injurious to the community,[1] and in 1787 a meeting had been held for the purpose of procuring disfranchisement. Another took place in 1790, but no agreement was come to; and thus the matter stood over till Mr. Wedgwood purchased Gunville, and seemed a man likely to favour disfranchisement. Hereupon the subject was again broached, and a vast correspondence ensued. Writing to Mr. Wedgwood on the question of compensation to Lord Rivers, a Mr. Davis, who had been long active in the matter, said :—'It strikes me that 1,000*l.* per ann. and 300*l.* in land, (it can't be more) in all 1,300*l.* cannot be above half the damage which all the deer do to the woods in that immense tract of country—putting

[1] 'I was yesterday honoured with your letter of the 5th, signifying a proposal had been made to Mr. Salisbury for the Disfranchisement of Cranbourne Chace, which had been consented to by Lord Rivers under certain conditions. My property within the Chace being very small, not exceeding thirty acres, and my enclosed lands well fenced, and with a watchful eye upon them, I receive no annoyance from the deer; but the temptations and opportunities of committing depredations have so corrupted the morals of the Common People in Handley, that it requires no small degree of patience to reside among them. I have therefore great pleasure in hearing that the business has been taken up by the gentlemen mentioned, and I hope it will be brought to a successful issue.' —E. B. Batson, Esq., to Josiah Wedgwood, Gunville, April 8, 1803. Mayer MSS.

the corn out of the question.[1]—If I can at any time render you any service in this business I shall be happy to do it, upon this condition, that you keep the management of it in your own hands—for I am certain, without flattery—there is no one else in the county so capable of it. I fear you will not be able to do the business without going to Parliament. I think it impossible to guarantee the rent charges to Lord Rivers without it. Many persons (such as Lord Bath) having woods alone, and no open land—and perhaps an Act of Parliament is at all times the safe way in these cases.'[2] Much active business followed on letters such as this, and subscriptions were raised in order to procure an Act of Parliament; but it is not evident if the disfranchisement took place before Mr. Wedgwood had disposed of Gunville and left Dorsetshire.

Eastbury was only divided from Gunville by a short walk across the park;[3] and here, in a small plain country house or cottage, Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, when home from his incessant wanderings, resided with his mother and two unmarried sisters, Catherine and Sarah,

[1] Yet, in spite of the number of deer, venison does not seem to have been particularly cheap. The following is a Chace-keeper's bill:

Josiah Wedgwood, Esq., to Elias Bailey.

1802		£	s.	d.
July 26.	To a Shoulder and Fry	0	9	6
Aug. 27.	To a Shoulder and Chine	0	9	6
Sept. 2.	To Half a Buck	0	2	6
Sept. 15.	To the fee for half a Buck	0	13	0
„	To a Shoulder and Chine	0	9	6
		£2	4	0

Mayer MSS.

[2] Thomas Davis, Esq., Horningsham, Wilts, Feb. 27, 1803. Mayer MSS.

[3] 'We are now planting the large larch from Eastbury to Gunville.' Steward's letter, April 19, 1802.

then (in 1802) young women of the respective ages of twenty-eight and twenty-six. These latter were often away on visits, the younger especially; but their mother lived thus near enough her second son and his family to partake of their attentions and society.

Mr. Josiah Wedgwood was pricked as sheriff for Dorsetshire in 1803, and his year of office was a comparatively brilliant one in county annals. But, generally speaking, the family led a quiet and retired life. Indeed, on the evidence of those still living, it was never very cordially accepted by the proud old local gentry, full of obsolete notions concerning birth and pedigree. Nature's noble rank, the only rank; the possession of a name which needed only time and knowledge to become historic; the possession of great wealth, and its intelligent and charitable use—were nothing with a generation whose notions of pedigree began with the Conquest, and thence must have due record in parchment rolls and title-deeds. To be in trade, or to possess wealth derived from trade, was then a sufficient blot on any man's escutcheon to weigh heavily against the worthiest qualities; particularly in counties so far removed from metropolitan influence as those of southern England. It was enough that Mr. Wedgwood was a Staffordshire potter to insure the cold reception of a narrow-minded squirearchy, who, from prejudice and ignorance, were unable to receive, much less generate, the idea, that the great progressive middle class of England—till its lower are educated and civilised—are the life-blood of the nation, the payers of its taxes, the creators of its wealth, the recipients and handers-down of that intelligence which is vital and thus progressive. But for her Staffordshire potters, her Manchester manufacturers, her mechanists, her scientific and literary men, the country

would have never tided over that long and weary span of misgovernment, war, and war-taxation. We know this well enough now, and are only too apt to fall into the other extreme—of an excessive covetousness and idolatry of material well-being. What we need is a more equable dispersion, not the concentration, of wealth; and this, by natural, irreversible law, will surely, if slowly, follow the spread of true enlightenment. For selfishness, whether national or individual, is only an expression of mental and organic forces of low quality and condition.

But Gunville, if it lacked as guests some few of the nabobs and squirearchy of southern England, welcomed a class of men who were moulding English thought and speech into a higher and newer expression of freedom and intelligence. Coleridge was frequently a guest, as also his brother George, the schoolmaster of Ottery; and Wordsworth, Sydney Smith, Sir Joseph Banks, Davy, Poole, Horner, Montague, Wrangham and others partook at times of its hospitality. Some of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's finest letters were addressed to Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood whilst residing at Gunville and Eastbury. Both brothers seem to have been singularly attractive to him; Josiah even more so than Thomas. And yet by all accounts the former was a silent, reserved man, with ever a disinclination to recur to the past; and hence so much was lost relating to his father which our generation would have prized. Tenderly attached to his family; morbidly alive to the health and well-being of his children; generous and friendly to the few with whose tastes and intelligence he had sympathy—Josiah Wedgwood the younger had never the popularity of his father. Perhaps it is that exhausted fires burn low, and that, psychologically and

physically speaking, the sons of energetic men can in many cases be no other than taciturn. Of the domestic life at Gunville we have this delineation in a sketch of a letter addressed by Mr. Wedgwood to a governess in 1803 :—'I returned home yesterday, and I am happy to find that Mrs. Wedgwood had not entered into any engagement in my absence. We shall therefore be happy if you accept our situation after I have given you a fuller account of it, than I could do, when I had the pleasure of seeing you.—Our family consists of five children, of whom the eldest is not quite nine years old. We have wished for a governess, not so much for the sake of the accomplishments that are often a principal object in education, as to secure the constant superintendance of a respectable person on whom we may rely for a steady attention to the health, disposition, and manners of our children, and to prevent the necessity of their being much with servants. We have consequently made it a point that the children should live as much as possible with the governess, when not with ourselves, and she has breakfasted and drunk tea with the children. She has taken her dinner with us, except when we have had parties; and we have always been desirous that she should join our family party whenever it was agreeable to herself. Our situation is very retired, and I am afraid the very little society it might afford you would not prevent your being very sensible of the difference between it and a lively town.—Some of the disagreeable feelings which will, in almost all cases, attend the undertaking such a situation, especially for the first time, might perhaps be prevented, if mutual confidence could be at once established, and the parties rely on the candour and liberal disposition of each other. Allow me then to assure you that you

would on every occasion be treated with respect and consideration; and that if anything should at any time wear a contrary appearance it would be the effect of misapprehension on your part, or inadvertence on ours. I believe I may refer you with confidence to the lady who is leaving us, as to this point and another connected with it, and equally desirable for you to be assured of: I mean our habit of expressing our wishes without reserve on every subject relative to the children, being convinced that a good understanding cannot be preserved without openness, and a freedom of communication.'[1] Mr. Wedgwood then proceeds to offer an extremely liberal salary for days when educational services were not remunerated as in our own, and concludes by requesting the lady, should she accept the situation, to repair to Gunville with as little delay as would be compatible with her convenience. The whole letter leaves the impression of a grave, punctilious, anxious gentleman; liberal in feeling but cold in expression.

Whilst Mr. Wedgwood was thus occupied in Dorsetshire with the duties and pleasures incident to the life of a wealthy country proprietor, there were hitches and difficulties at Etruria, that had to be referred to his judgment, and often needed his presence. In January 1802, whilst Mr. Wedgwood was with his brother John at Cote House, Bristol, Mr. Byerley speaks of a curious difficulty in connection with the son of one of the old workmen. After stating some private business having relation to his share in the York Street property, he continues:—'Poor Daniel Greatbach died this morning,[2]

[1] Josiah Wedgwood, Esq., to Miss Webster; Gunville, Sept. 20, 1803. Mayer MSS.

[2] Jan. 7, 1802.

after a service of more than forty years. He caught cold about six weeks ago, and has not been well since, though not confined till within a week. He has left one only son, with whom he lived, and whose wife being tidy, he has wanted no help, and I fancy he has left a little money behind him to reward their care. To-day his son wrote to me to acquaint me with this event, and said he had his key and books in his possession. I asked him to come to me and bring them with him. I missed the little book in which he entered the mixtures. That the son said the father had given him by telling him it would be a friend to him when he might want one. I told him, it was no more his than the other books, being like them merely a book of business, wherein he was to enter mixtures, which were either dictated to him, or given to him in writing. He said his father in so many years' experience had improved and invented many things, and would not have given him this book if he had conceived he had not a right so to do—but that he would be very happy to be of what use he could to the concern in the same way as his father had been—by which I understood that it was his father's intention, and the young man's wish, that he should take his place. I just told him this was an improper way of proceeding—that it was an attempt to force things upon us whether we would or not—that he must in the first place be just, and give up what belongs to us, and he needed not fear every disposition in us to serve him for the sake of his father—but we must not be prevented from making use of this event to improve the situation of affairs, if found necessary, and which had been probably deferred during his father's life, through a disinclination to disturb him after so long a service. As he appeared to be much

affected with the loss of a good parent, I urged it no further, but told him, I would defer it, till I had made you acquainted with the affair and knew your sentiments. He seems a very decent young man—but too young I think for such a place. He can have no judgment in the value of work—and knowing but little how to battle about prices with the ornamental old stagers. His father, though perfectly honest and anxious for the interest of his employers, was not always able to do it. I think too, that the whole business of superintending so small a work may be done by one man—that is that Daniel's and Beardmore's business may be united. I should propose indeed that some part of it should be taken into our own hands. That we should have a mixing room on the spot, and make all our own mixtures and give them out to the slip-makers. To-morrow I shall take my place in Daniel's office, and make up this week's account myself, and by thus getting intimately acquainted with the affairs, shall better see the best way of proceeding. . . .'[1]

Ten days later, we hear further of this valuable book. 'I have read,' wrote Mr. Byerley to Mr. Wedgwood, 'your letter to Daniel Greatbach, who warmly and promptly declared, he would not part with the book to any man living—that his father had given it to him with a request and he believed it his duty to obey. He over and over again said "Let the consequence be what it will, I never will part with it." I asked him, if he had any objection to my looking at it—he said he would not let it go out of his hands to any one. He confessed he thought himself too young and inexperienced to take the place of his father, and that in point

[1] Mems. from Etruria. Byerley to J. W., Cote House, Bristol, Jan. 7, 1802. Mayer MSS.

of emolument, he should gain nothing by it, for that he gets as much now as his father did. I have no doubt W. G.[1] is his adviser in this business, and it is very probable the same thing will be attempted by his sons. I think it will be quite right when our steam-engine is up to prepare a quantity of all these glazes ready for such an event; and perhaps, when you come over, you may see it right to require of him an account of the processes used, that they may be entered into our books. However, we have here at once made so much progress in glaze as to be able to prevent any greater inconveniency than we shall suffer from withholding D. G.'s book, of which I have a copy, taken in December 1800; since which I know of nothing of importance that has been entered into it.' . . . At the close of the same letter Mr. Byerley adds, Mr. Wedgwood having, as it appears, meanwhile consulted counsel: 'Mr. Martin says, "As the receipts seem to have been copied into a book by his foreman, not in his individual capacity or for his own experiment, but merely as a servant to the manufactory, and perhaps with a view to save a repetition of instruction, I think he had no right to bequeath such a book to his son, *more especially if it were paid for by the Company.*" It will be proper to send some person to inform the son that you have spoken to a professional man, and to make *a personal demand of the book.* Should he then refuse, I think no time should be lost in sending for a writ against him, as he may copy the instructions which the book contains, unless the service of the writ induces him to relinquish such intention."'[2] These instructions remained probably in abeyance, for a few months later

[1] William Greatbach, a relation, and foreman in another department.
[2] Byerley to J. W., Jan. 17, 1802. Mayer MSS.

we hear further of the matter. 'I forgot to ask you,' wrote Byerley in July to Mr. Wedgwood, 'if you had any conversation with Daniel Greatbach, when you were here, about his father's book. I am told he intends to leave at Martinmas, and, if he can, to take some one away with him who can assist in a plan to make Porphyry-spotted ware; and some other things which he purposes to make, get fired where he can, and sell to the trade; or, if this will not do, to engage himself to Wilson, who is said to be very anxious to make Porphyry ware, and does not at present know anything about it. I believe John Hackwood[1] is the person leagued with him in this plan, and who has of late, more than once, on occasion of ware not being quite ready for him, or such as he wished, threatened to demand his discharge, and I had made up my mind, next time he did so, to give him his discharge. The objects at which these people aim are of no great consequence to us; but it is unpleasant to have things peculiar to this manufactory thus circulated through the country. We shall not, however, be able to prevent it perhaps, unless by some sacrifice or concession to persons that, it is evident, care very little about us. I shall be very glad to hear what you think of the business.[2] The book was probably given up to the rightful owners; but these contentions with the workmen continued, and were complicated and increased by the temptations offered by rival masters. 'Dan Greatbach,' wrote Mr. Byerley in the following month, 'has declared to J. Beardmore that he does not mean to be hired at present. John Hackwood has told him that he means to leave at Martinmas. I have said nothing to either, nor should

[1] He seems to have been both fireman and turner.
[2] Byerley to J. W., July 24, 1802. Mayer MSS.

not for my own part; but if you think it necessary I will do it. Parting with a Turner and Handler together naturally contracts the work, and our sales in this branch seem to require it. Our foreign orders are inconsiderable for black ware and ornaments, and our sale at home too small for the quantity, especially of black ware, of which our stock is accumulating very fast. Jarvis the mould maker, in a drinking bout, told Will Moreton that he knew old Hackwood meant to leave at Martinmas next, and Will M. told Beardmore. I have no reason to suppose it from any part of Hackwood's behaviour, but there seems a close connexion between Daniel G. and the Hackwoods. I think it not improbable that something is brewing, to use John Beardmore's expression. I know that Spode has endeavoured to get some of our men, and he may think such a party as this may be of considerable importance to him. He is very anxiously endeavouring, I believe, to get into the same tracks that we are in, and to improve his articles by our models, and I do not think he will be very scrupulous in the means. Do you think I should ask Hackwood about this?'[1] Spode, the second of his name, the Turners, and Adams of Tunstall, were at this day formidable rivals. Spode had commenced porcelain making in 1800, and by the judicious use of calcined bones and feldspar had brought it to a high degree of transparency and perfection. The Turners, who had recently taken out a patent for an improvement in the composition of ware, were manufacturing ornamental jasper of a high degree of beauty, both as to form and originality of decoration; and Adams of Tunstall almost equalled them in this department. It was natural, therefore, that

[1] Byerley, Etruria, to J. W., Etruria, Aug. 20, 1802.

this rivalry of competition engendered plots and counterplots amongst masters and workmen that were far from defensible or just.

Whilst these were among the manufacturing difficulties which Mr. Byerley had to report to his partner in Dorsetshire, heavier griefs oppressed him nearer home. His wife was ill, his eldest son dull and slow, his second more than insubordinate. As early as 1800 the eldest was engaged in the correspondence at Etruria, and in February 1802 the second son was employed there in another department. 'When you mentioned a second time,' wrote Mr. Byerley to his chief, 'the necessity of somebody to speak French, and coupled German with it, I thought you might perhaps be of opinion that one of my sons ought to be placed there.[1] If it is so, I shall be very glad to know your mind more fully about it. I must confess a feeling how much I myself have suffered, *at every period of my life*, through the too early loss of a parent. I have always been inclined, when it should be in any ways practicable, to keep my children around me, and, at any rate, out of situations of high temptation, until the season of danger should be a little past. The plan they are on here will be, I persuade myself, of use to the manufactory by introducing a more active system of superintendence than can be done by me, or any one person, as they become capable, together with the translating. Jos. is just now pretty fully employed in the counting house, and Tom I have set to make the mixtures at O,[2] to keep the work books there, and make up the accounts of the workmen, in conjunction with J. Beardmore, and under my inspection. He has also made some progress in enamel

[1] York Street. [2] The ornamental works.

painting, as I wished him to acquire a taste for that, and a knowledge of its management, that when Belfield is out of the way, as he is now very often ill, he might take his place and keep things a little in order. These sort of arrangements, by bringing them acquainted with the manual operation of the manufactory, will be of no little service, even if they are transplanted to London—where, in truth, a knowledge of these things is also essential. I need not tell you that I have constantly many anxious hours about these boys, who are, however, truly good; but the variety of my avocations and cares has not left me the power to lead them on as I ought to have done, and something has perhaps been defective in my plans. But I will not trouble you about these affairs. If you had thought of one of them taking a station in town, and if my wife, whom I will consult as soon as I can, has no objection, I think it may be managed. . . . Poor Chisholm has been in a good deal of pain lately. . . . He went out without his hat in the severe weather, caught cold, and his mouth has been in a very bad way, the skin off. He is, however, now getting better of this complaint, and is tolerably well in other respects. I hear my wife is so much better that I mean to fetch her home this week's end, and once more unite my family in peace and harmony. The last few months of our lives have been tainted with unhappiness, never known to us before; but I sometimes suspect I think too deeply on these subjects, and see things in a light others do not. Since my poor wife has been so ill I have been forced to think almost *alone*. I am vexed that I have said so much, but I pray think nothing of it. I am, on the whole, tolerably well; and when I can go about again, as I shall in a day or two, shall be as cheerful as ever. I think to stay in Derbyshire

2 or 3 days per remaining as I am; the constant influx of affairs very much retards the complete establishment of my health.'[1]

Upon re-entering as partner at Etruria, Mr. John Wedgwood took an active interest in the works; often staying there, and, when away, being consulted on most points. At this date, that portion of the manufactory devoted to the production of the old cream-colour ware was about to be enlarged; and Boulton and Watt were erecting a powerful steam-engine. Writing to Gunville on these and other topics, Mr. Byerley thus refers to his eldest son: 'A part of the business (posting) being taken by Hamlet Wood, he would be at liberty to be employed in the business of the counting-house, which is likely enough to increase with the extension of the works. As to the foreign business, I have a proposal on the part of Josiah. I find, with respect to his talents, your brother agrees with you. I think, if he should be ever taken into a situation that will call forth his exertions, it will be seen that nature is not in fault there, any more than in forming his disposition. Something of this may have been defaced in his military career. Every consideration induces me to wish ardently that he may begin to do something for himself. I have no desire that he should be a potter. It is one reason, but I will not say the only one, that I never wish to see any of us in a situation that shall tempt us to make any feeble efforts to injure the establishment that has reared us, or shall cause us to be suspected of a wish to do so. If I could set him up in some business of making articles of consumption for the neighbourhood, he might be kept amongst us, and

[1] Byerley to J. W., Feb. 1802. Mayer MSS.

attend on the foreign post days to translate. He is fond of Chemistry. There are many things might be made in this neighbourhood to advantage, and in time grow into a considerable manufactory. Such as White Lead, Turpentine, Reductions of Zaffra, Enamel Colours, Aerated Waters, and various other articles. A small capital would suffice at first for all these, except lead, which might be deferred awhile. Mr. W. Henry, of Manchester, has very different acquirements, certainly, than Josiah; but they were not all necessary in establishing his manufactory of fictitious waters, by which, it appears, he is gaining money. I have taken no step at present, nor do I think it necessary to be in great haste.'[1] Whilst these were Mr. Byerley's anxious thoughts about the well-being of one son, who already, in some form or another, appears to have sown his wild oats in a military escapade, the second, who was supposed to be making chemical mixtures and learning the art of enamel painting, had committed a great indiscretion which promptly led to a cadetship in India, procured through the interest of Lord Auckland. The error rested with the father, in setting these raw untractable boys in a business for which they had not a particle of taste; for a man to be a potter must be born to it, as a man is born to be a painter, an architect, or a poet. Mr. John Wedgwood, who was in London with Mr. Byerley, thus announces the matter to his brother, who, with his family, were at Etruria: 'I did not receive your letter till late this evening, owing to Mr. Byerley being so unwell that he had not opened the papers which came by the box. He received no letter from his wife, so that we have no information respecting the

[1] Byerley to J. W., Gunville, April 25, 1802. Mayer MSS.

elopement, except what your letter conveyed, and you will allow that was not very satisfactory. Poor Mr. Byerley was little able to stand the shock, having been ill of a bad cold. He is very much affected by the news and appears very miserable, but very much aware of the bad disposition of the boy. I hope he will to-morrow receive some more certain intelligence. If he does not hear anything favourable, he talks of returning to Etruria without delay. I approve of your plan of enlarging the works. So long as there are orders it is a great pity not to be able to execute them. I agree fully with you that it would be highly improper to put the throwers to piece-work. If you can get Breeze[1] again it will be a piece of great service to the manufacture. He is certainly a much superior thrower to his successor, and you will have full work for all your throwers and Breeze added to them. . . . Mr. Johnson[2] promises to look out for a situation for Tom Byerley in the East; but I don't yet know what particular one he can find for him. . . . My coming to Etruria will be determined by my being wanted there, as I look upon myself as engaged to go as soon as called.'[3] A day or two later Mr. Byerley writes thus feelingly to his chief: 'I have the unhappiness to hear, by Dr. Robinson, that the agitation of spirits has been too much for my poor wife, but he leaves me room to hope she will be better. If he should not tell me the truth, I hope some good friend will do it for me. He assures me that my unhappy boy is very penitent, that he is sensible of the enormity of his conduct, and

[1] He was an exquisite workman, and as much a notability at Etruria as Hackwood or Aaron Steel. Note by Mr. Mayer.

[2] A partner in the banking firm of Temple, Davidson and Co., London.

[3] John W. to J. W., Gunville, April 1802. Mayer MSS.

anxious to be allowed to go on with the business allotted to him till the return of his brother. He is but 18, unhappily of a disposition easily led astray by bad examples; but he has some good qualities to counterbalance his faults, and I must not yet despair of my child, and abandon him to his fate. He will be best under my own roof at present. I ask it of your friendship for myself to forgive my poor boy the want of respect he has shown to yourself. I beg you will allow him to resume his translating, and to do what he can to be useful till I return home. I entreat you also not to listen to every idle tale you hear about him. His manners, I have to lament, have never been very conciliatory. If he has not *enemies*, there are many who would take a pleasure in speaking ill of him; and, when a narrator has that disposition, fair representation stands but little chance. I cannot desert him. If all others should rise against him, I must and will be still his father and his friend, and shelter him in my bosom, even under ignominy, whilst there is a chance of saving him.'[1] And this affecting appeal was, without doubt, listened to by the feeling, generous man to whom it was addressed. But the East Indian cadetship was not so easily obtained, and then only through the agency of Lord Auckland. 'I have done for my son Thomas,' again wrote Mr. Byerley, 'what is rather unpleasant to my feelings on several accounts, but not till I was thoroughly satisfied there was no other way of obtaining the object wished for, the Cadetry. I have ventured to ask the interference of Lord Auckland. I have explained to his Lordship my situation, as the best excuse I could offer for so much freedom. He said it was a new thing to

[1] Byerley, London, to J. W., Etruria, April 28, 1802. Mayer MSS.

him. He knew nothing of it, but would speak to Lord Dartmouth, who is President of the Board of Control, and let me know in 4 or 5 days. I have been well assured that the appointment can only take place by the consent of that Board. Last year 300 were sent out. Every Director had a number of appointments allotted him, and he was happy to get rid of them as soon as possible. No ships are likely to sail before October.'

It will be recollected that Katherine, the youngest sister of Josiah Wedgwood the elder, married the Rev. William Willet, the Unitarian minister of Newcastle-under-Lyme, who died in the spring of 1778. Of this marriage were several children, one of whom, Mary Willet, married, about 1786, Peter Holland, a surgeon, of Knutsford, in Cheshire. She died in early life, leaving four children, a son and three daughters, the former of whom is the eminent physician Sir Henry Holland. Of his infancy we have this interesting notice, in a letter written, about 1789, by Miss Byerley of Newcastle-under-Lyme, to her brother Thomas Byerley, then residing with his family in London: 'We have just received the beads, and are much obliged to you. It was very good of you to write us a few lines, and we heartily wish such oppertunities occurred oftiner, as the pleasure would be very great on our side. We are in the very midst of business and bustle. Our Theatre opens next week for a fortnight, and the races and balls put every one in motion. Our cousin Mary Holland is here with her sweet little boy. You say nothing of poor Sally. I hope she continues mending, and that the rest are all well. My mother

[1] Byerley to J. W., May 15, 1802.

will be obliged to you to order a newspaper instead of that we have, as she would rather have one that is published twice a week, and leaves the choice to you."[1] The Hollands, as we have seen, had been brought, long before, into contact with the Wedgwoods. The Rev. Philip Holland of Bolton, in Lancashire, had been schoolmaster to the sons of the elder Wedgwood from 1774 to 1779; and now, in 1802, another of the family, Samuel Holland, of Sandle Bridge, Knutsford, who was a land-agent and father of Peter Holland, comes prominently upon the scene, in the negotiations for the purchase of Maer, from a Mr. James Bent of Basford, in Staffordshire.[2] Sir Henry Holland, whose second wife, Saba, was the favourite daughter of Sydney Smith, is therefore great nephew of the elder Wedgwood; and in the same way connected by a common ancestor[3] with the eminent naturalist Charles Darwin, whose mother was the eldest daughter of Josiah Wedgwood, senior. As we proceed we shall find many brief, but interesting, notices of Sir Henry Holland's studious and painstaking youth, and the judicious interest his father, Peter Holland, took in his education—an interest supplemented by the legacy which accrued in 1805 to Peter Holland's children under Thomas Wedgwood's will.[4]

Some few of the many facts appertaining to the

[1] Mayer MSS.

[2] The elder Wedgwood's surgeon.

[3] Thomas Wedgwood of the Churchyard Works, Burslem, father of Josiah Wedgwood, born 1687, died 1739.

[4] They were also benefited by the death of their grandmother, Katherine Willet, in the previous year, 1804. She was the elder Wedgwood's favourite sister, and was handsomely remembered in his will. The interest on the money thus left amounted to 95*l.* yearly. It was paid to her in half-yearly sums by Mr. Byerley. She died at the age of 78.

period between 1795-1802 are worthy a passing notice. One refers to a curious description of pottery, brought greatly into use by the scarcity and high price of food. It consisted of artificial pies and puddings, formed of clay. Some were merely dummies,· but the larger number—as those representative of game, pork, and other standing pies—were hollow receptacles for less savoury and dainty viands than what they outwardly betokened. Thus, what might wear the semblance of a partridge or chicken pie would contain some such simple mess as furmety or rice; and a delicate tartlet, with a lattice work of crust over, might show beneath it nothing more expensive than stewed fruit. Many of these curiosities of a famine-period are still extant in collections of Wedgwood-ware. The mere dummies have a very artificial look, but the raised pies might pass for what they seem with those whose eyes were not critical, or but indifferent. It would be curious if the idea of these articles first arose from Richard Lovell Edgeworth, for in a letter of his to the elder Wedgwood, written in 1786, he says: 'I think oval baking dishes for meat pies, in the shape of raised paste pies, with bunches of grapes, &c. &c., on their outsides, made of cane-coloured ware, not glazed, but nearly as possible the colour of baked paste, would be saleable articles. If any should be made, be so good as to send me half-a-dozen. They should have covers.'[1] Whether this induced the elder Wedgwood to make articles of this appearance is not certain. They are not to be observed in any bills till 1795, but after that date frequently. Thus in an account of J. H. Astley, Esq.,[2] June 29, 1801, 'A Raised Pie' is charged 12*s.* 6*d.*

[1] Edgworth MSS. A drawing is attached to this description.
[2] Probably one of the Astleys of Norfolk. Mayer MSS.

They continued in favour for a considerable period. Lord Cockburn, in 'Memorials of his Time,' has an interesting notice of this manufacture: 'In the years 1795 and 1796 there was a greater dearth than has ever since visited the British Islands. . . . Then was the triumph and the first introduction of public kitchens, Count Rumfords, and cooking committees. Chemistry strained itself. One ingenious sacrifice in wealthy houses was to produce an appearance of wheat at table without the reality. So dishes were invented which in shape and colour resembled the forbidden articles, and the knife often struck on what seemed good pie-crust, but was only clay.'[1]

Another fictile manufacture, then of recent date, was greatly improved and its sale extended—it was that of bottles, of great variety of forms, for aerated and other artificial waters. These compounds were chiefly used for medicinal purposes, and were principally manufactured by William Henry of Manchester, a chemist of great inventive and practical ability. In lieu of repairing to foreign or English places famous for mineral waters, Henry's inventions enabled patients to drink their exact substitutes at home, thus avoiding long and expensive journeys and residence. The sale of pyrometrical beads, evaporating dishes,[2] and crucibles to bear intense degrees of heat, was also extended.

Though often mentally incapacitated and lost to public view, the old King still patronised the famous wares of Wedgwood. His residence at Weymouth was generally notified by a royal order, and the dukes and princesses of his family often purchased vases, cande-

[1] Pp. 72-73.

[2] These were chiefly used in the Ketley iron-works, in a laboratory carried on there by the Reynoldses.

labra, and other fine ornamental objects. As the fashion increased of enamelling services of table-ware with purchasers' crests, the name of almost every notable[1] and aristocratic person in the kingdom appears. Sir William Hamilton, still interested in English imitations of Greek fictilia, called occasionally in York Street. 'If Sir William Hamilton should call again,' wrote Mr. Byerley from Etruria, March 28, 1801, 'be so good as to make an acknowledgement for his attentions.'

On more than one occasion, young foreigners, generally the sons of well-known and well-to-do correspondents, had been taken as apprentices, or to otherwise learn methods of business. A youth named Balsan Boehler, a native of Darmstadt, was at Etruria some portion of the time from June 1794 to 1797. After serving his apprenticeship, he made business journeys into the northern counties, and, returning to Germany in the latter year, joined his brother in business at Darmstadt. Later, in 1801, the residence of a young Dutchman at Etruria is thus reported to London: 'You will be visited soon,' wrote Mr. Byerley to Mowbray, 'by a young Dutchman, on his return home, after living with us three years to learn the language. He is accompanied by a Mr. Shorthose and Mr. Mare, both our friends and neighbours; but, being manufacturers, we don't wish them to see the warehouse. The father of this youth, who keeps a warehouse of our goods in Amsterdam, is very desirous he should spend what time he can, during the fortnight he stays in town, to see the nature of business there, and we shall be much obliged to you to give him a little

[1] Those of Mrs. Jordan, Lord Clive, Alderman Beckford, Warren Hastings, Mrs. Montague, Walter Ruding, who wrote on coins, Sir Joseph Banks, and Wilberforce, are a few amidst many.

attention. If he should wish to be altogether there for 2 or 3 days, whilst his travelling friends are otherwise engaged, I shall be much obliged to Mr. Howship if he can contrive to give him a breakfast and supper; and with anybody that will go with him, and get a dinner at the Queen's Larder or elsewhere, he may lie in my debt. He is to have a few clothes whilst in London, and I have told Mr. Shorthose the bill will be paid by Mr. Howship, if signed by Mr. Shorthose. If he should also want a little more money—that is, if Mr. Shorthose should want it for him—say 10 or 20 guineas, let him have it.'[1] This courtesy to foreigners was frequently extended in many curious ways, as it was also by Boulton and Watt, and others of the large export firms. They undertook commissions for such goods as thread, beer, cheese cloth, glass, and an endless variety of articles, from trifles of a shilling value to those of many hundred pounds.

[1] March 10, 1801. Mayer MSS.

CHAPTER VII.

Coleridge—Opium-taking—Receives large Sums from the Wedgwoods—Professes a Desire, which has no Reality, to go abroad with Thomas Wedgwood—His childish complaining—His Opinion on Life—A Supply of Indian Hemp or Bang—Mr. Thomas Wedgwood goes abroad—Soon returns—His great Liking for Thomas Campbell—Despondency—His Letters mere Fragments—Hazlitt—Coleridge renews his Offer of Companionship—Goes to Malta—Poole and Rickman—Francis Horner—Volunteering—Chapel in York Street—Manufacturing Reforms needed at Etruria—Elegant Articles at this Period—A curious Suggestion of Bramah, the Mechanist—Poole—Improvements in the Breed of Sheep—Female Friendly Societies—Poole's Book-Room at Stowey—Thrashing Machines—Poole's Ideas on Education—Willmott at Etruria—Chisholm still delights in Science—Improvements in the Pyrometer—Mackintosh's Letter from Bombay—Young Byerley—Law Reforms—Invites Thomas Wedgwood to India.

DURING their brief stay in Pembrokeshire, in the early winter of 1802–1803, Thomas Wedgwood and Coleridge appear to have varied their metaphysical discussions in planning schemes of foreign travel, either in companionship or separately. They parted without fixing upon any; Mr. Wedgwood returned to Cote, and Coleridge to his family at Keswick. At this time both were in wretched health: one breaking up under the incurable brain and stomach disease from which he had so long suffered; the other a prey to oft-recurring mental and physical misery, from indulgence in opium. Cottle says distinctly that Coleridge, in January 1800, was no stranger to this fatal lethe; and the habit probably dates back to some years earlier. It is unknown how he acquired this habit. He may have taken it at first for assuagement of pain, and, delighting in the soothing

elation it produced, repeated the dose again and again till the habit became confirmed. If he acquired it from others, it could not be from Thomas Wedgwood. The latter seems to have tried the nepenthe of every nostrum and drug which might relieve, even temporarily, his fits of hypochondriacism; but then the cure of his disease lay on the track of stimulation. But he possessed a strong will and the highest moral nature; and when he tried opium it was as a medicine, which lasted its day of favour, and no longer. On the other hand, Coleridge rapidly became its slave. Won by its temporary effects on body and mind, and regarding not the ever recurring Nemesis of the morrow, he succumbed more and more to terrible excess, and, living for years in an alternate state of diseased exaltation and suicidal depression, wrecked on it the hopes of his life. Under the influence of watchful care, his doses of the pernicious drug were abridged in later years; but, furtively or openly, he was an opium-taker to the end.

Much has to be said in palliation, for no man causes his own physical organisation and inheritances. Coleridge derived from a gouty and eccentric father peculiarities and infirmities of constitution which needed throughout life judicious government. In childhood and boyhood he was neglected and unhappy; in manhood still more unfortunate, for that steady industry which would have insured self-respect and cheerfulness, and relieved him from the continuous anxieties of poverty and dependence, was rendered impossible by this fatal habit. It is not probable, constituted as he was, that Coleridge, even under a system of friendly control, would have ever been a man capable of achieving those long and laborious mental tasks which require, for accomplishment, immense patience and

unceasing force of will; yet undoubtedly, but for this nepenthe, he would have left the world larger possessions in his transcendent verse; his speculations, other than the product of self-imposed excitement and hallucination, would have rested on a sounder basis, and his political and religious views been worthier of a cultivated mind than what they were.

De Quincey, Southey, Cottle, and others, have speculated as to the sources whence Coleridge derived much of the money spent in opium. The Mayer MSS. clear up the mystery in part. Beyond the annuity of 150*l.* per annum, secured to him by the bounty of Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, there was a large margin of gifts and borrowings. Nor was he the only recipient of what the generous brothers would give or lend. We have already seen[1] that Wordsworth and Coleridge received between them, from the month of September 1798 to July 1799, 263*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*, of which the larger portion went to Coleridge. In another account of 1799, 226*l.* 10*s.* is set against the name of Coleridge. In 1800 the annuity alone appears; in 1801 the aggregate received is 188*l.* 10*s.* The accounts for 1802 are imperfect, but 25*l.* was paid on March 27, and in September 50*l.* In a balance sheet of 1803, Coleridge's name stands opposite the large sum of 505*l.*, whilst Wordsworth receives 73*l.* 7*s.*, the Rev. Francis Wrangham 50*l.*, and James Mackintosh 150*l.* Coleridge was also helped by Poole, Cottle, Southey, De Quincey, and others.

His hypochondriacism and wretched health at this period must have rendered him singularly unfitted to fill the office of companion; and, moreover, though utterly without means except such as he could borrow,

[1] Ante, p. 90.

he was, early in January 1803, planning a Quixotic voyage to the Canary Islands, or otherwise a journey to Italy; and Mr. Wedgwood, restless and ill, was again bent on leaving England. His sister and his friend Richard Sharp both wrote to Coleridge, proposing that he and Mr. Wedgwood should travel together; but Coleridge, though professing the utmost readiness, evidently did not wish to go thus accompanied. He wrote long and childish histories of his wretched health, and hinted that he might not always be up to the necessary high mark of cheerfulness. The true reason was undoubtedly the dread that his supplies of opium might fail him. Writing from Keswick, January 9, 1803, he says to Mr. Wedgwood: 'If your last plan continue in full force, I have not even the phantom of a wish thitherward struggling;[1] but if aught have happened to you, in the things without or in the world within, to induce you to change the place or the plan, relatively to me, I think I could raise the money. But I would a thousandfold rather go with you, whithersoever you go. I shall be anxious to hear how you have gone on since I left you. You should decide in favour of a better climate somewhere or other. The best scheme I can think of is to go to some part of Italy or Sicily, which we both liked. I would look out for two houses. Wordsworth and his family could take the one and I the other, and then you might have a home either with me, or, if you thought of Mr.[2] and Mrs. Luff under this

[1] To the Canaries.

[2] In a subsequent year, this friend and neighbour of the Wordsworths wrote thus to the firm at Etruria:—

Patterdale, July 9th, 1808.

Gentm.

You will oblidge me in sending a Crate of your White Ware to Wm. Wordsworth, Esq., Grasmere, near Kendal, Westmoreland, and

modification, one of your own; and in either case you would have neighbours, and so return to England when the home sickness pressed heavy upon you, and back to Italy when it was abated, and the climate of England begun to poison your comforts. So you would have abroad, in a genial climate, certain comforts of society among simple and enlightened men and women; and I should be an alleviation of the pang which you will necessarily feel as often as you quit your own family. I know no better plan; for travelling in search of objects is at best a dreary business, and, whatever excitement it might have had, you must have exhausted it. God bless you, my dear friend. I write with dim eyes, for indeed, indeed, my heart is very full of affectionate, sorrowful thoughts towards you.'[1] In a subsequent letter, written from Stowey, he adds: 'With regard to myself and my accompanying you, let me say thus much. My health is not worse than it was in the North; indeed, it is much better. I have no fears. But if you fear that, my health being what you know it to be, the inconveniences of my being with you will be greater than the advantages (I feel no reluctance in telling you so), it is so entirely an affair of spirits and feeling that the conclusion must be made by you, not in your reason, but purely in your spirit and

another to John Mounsey, Esq., Patterdale Hall, near Penrith; both the Crates to contain the same Articles as sent to us.

I will take an early opportunity of remitting you the money for my Crate, and also for Mr. John Landerland's.

I am, gents,
Yr. very obdt. hbl. servt.,
C. Luff.

Messrs. Wedgwood and Co.
Etruria,
near Newcastle under Line,
Staffordshire.

[1] Cottle's *Reminiscences*, pp. 450–451.

feeling. Sorry indeed should I be to know that you had gone abroad with one to whom you were comparatively indifferent; sorry if there should be no one with you who could, with fellow-feeling and general like-mindedness, yield you sympathy in your sunshiny moments. Dear Wedgwood, my heart swells within me, as it were. I have no other wish to accompany you than what arises immediately from my personal attachment, and a deep sense in my own heart that, let us be as dejected as we will, a week together cannot pass in which a mind like yours would not feel the want of affection, or be wholly torpid to its pleasurable influences. I cannot bear to think of your going abroad with a mere travelling companion; with one at all influenced by salary or personal conveniences. You will not suspect me of flattering you; but indeed, dear Wedgwood, you are too good and too valuable a man to deserve to receive attendance from a hireling, even for a month together, in your present state. If I do not go with you, I shall stay in England only such time as may be necessary for me to raise the travelling money, and go immediately to the south of France. I shall probably cross the Pyrenees to Bilboa, see the country of Biscay, and cross the north of Spain to Perpignan, and so on to the north of Italy, and pass my next winter at Nice. I have every reason to believe that I can live, even as a traveller, as cheap as I can in England. God bless you. I will repeat no professions, even in the superscription of a letter. You know me, and that it is my serious, simple wish that in everything respecting me you would think altogether of yourself and nothing of me, and be assured that no resolve of yours, however suddenly adopted, or however nakedly communicated, will give me any pain—any at least arising

from my own bearing.' In a postscript he adds: 'Perhaps Leslie will go with you.'[1]

It is in one of these two letters, amidst weak complainings of self-caused bodily indisposition and a vivid description of a foolish ascent of Kirkstone mountain during a storm, that we come upon one of the finest passages of philosophic thought Coleridge ever penned, and one which shows, had he based his idealism upon a scientific foundation, how much more it would have done, than it has, towards shaping efficiently modern ideas. Speaking of his exhilaration of spirit when climbing mountain heights he says: 'The further I ascend from animated nature, from men and cattle, and the common birds of the woods and fields, the greater becomes in me the intensity of the feeling of life. Life seems to me then an universal spirit, that neither has nor can have an opposite. "God is everywhere," I have exclaimed, "and works everywhere, and where is there room for death?" In these moments it has been my creed that death exists only because ideas exist; that life is limitless sensation; that death is the child of the organic senses, chiefly of the sight; that feelings die by flowing into the mould of the intellect becoming ideas, and that ideas, passing forth into action, reinstate themselves again in the world of life. And I do believe that truth lies in these loose generalisations. I do not think it possible that any bodily pains could eat out the love of joy, that is so substantially part of me, towards hills, and rocks, and steep waters; and I have had some trial.'[2]

In order probably to settle some one of the various schemes of travel afloat, Coleridge repaired to Bristol,

[1] Cottle's *Reminiscences*. pp. 459–461. [2] *Ibid.* pp. 454–456.

where Southey, then residing, thus refers to him in a letter of January 30, to his friend Rickman: 'Coleridge is with me at present; he talks of going abroad, for, poor fellow, he suffers terribly with the climate.'[1] Ten days later Coleridge was at Nether Stowey, from whence he wrote to his friend Thomas Wedgwood, at Cote, those doubts just quoted as to the eligibility of their travelling together.

In the hope of finding in its use some alleviation to his sufferings, which were more mental than bodily, Thomas Wedgwood had been advised to try bang, or Indian hemp, a narcotic used in the East. Thinking that Humphry Davy might be able to procure some, he wrote to him at the Royal Institution. Davy's answer is interesting: 'My dear Sir, I have endeavoured, but without success, to procure for you some of the intoxicating Indian hemp. The only chance that there is of your procuring it in a short time is by means of Dr. Beddoes. Mr. Fitzpatrick, a gentleman from the East Indies, has collected with much difficulty a small quantity of it, which he intends to present to the Doctor. Mr. Fitzpatrick is just gone to Bath: and Dr. Beddoes, if he have not yet received the Hemp, may easily procure it by writing. He knows Mr. Fitzpatrick's address. I am truly sorry that you continue ill. I have always looked forward with hope towards a time when your health would permit you to act upon the public by truths which cannot fail to enlighten, and to be useful to all classes of men. I trust that time will yet arrive. Believe me, I always look back to the few hours that I have spent with you with feelings of pleasure, of gratitude, and of regret. Your opinions

[1] *Life and Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 201.

have been to me as a secret treasure, and they have often enabled me to think rightly when perhaps, otherwise, I should have thought wrongly. I am, my dear Sir, with unfeigned respect and affection, very truly yours, H. Davy, Royal Institution, Feb. 12, 1803. For Thomas Wedgwood, Esq., Cote House, near Bristol.'[1]

Coleridge also made enquiry after a supply of bang. He wrote to Captain Wordsworth[2] without result, though promised some, if any ship from Barbary arrived; for nothing of the kind was brought in China ships. He next, at Poole's suggestion, addressed Mr. Purkis at Brentford, who, through his numerous scientific experiments and improvements in tanning, had acquired the friendship of Sir Joseph Banks. Sir Joseph was a likely man to know all about bang and its whereabouts, and this proved correct, for he replied at once to Purkis's letter, enclosing with it a small portion of the drug. His comments thereon are worth quoting: 'The Bang you ask for is the powder of the leaves of a kind of hemp that grows in the hot climates. It is prepared, and I believe used, in all parts of the East, from Morocco to China. In Europe it is found to act very differently on different constitutions. Some it elevates in the extreme; others it renders torpid, and scarcely observant of any evil that may befal them. In Barbary it is always taken, if it can be procured, by criminals condemned to suffer amputation; and it is said to enable those miserables to bear the rough operations of an unfeeling executioner more than we Europeans can the keen knife of our most skilful chirurgeons. This

[1] Wedgwood MSS.

[2] This was the poet's brother. He was lost with his ship, the 'Abergavenny,' in the spring of 1805. Several interesting bills of ware supplied to him are extant.

it may be necessary to have said to my friend Mr. T. Wedgwood, whom I respect much, as his virtues deserve; and I know them well. I send a small quantity only, as I possess but little. If, however, it is found to agree, I will instantly forward the whole of my stock, and write without delay to Barbary, from whence it came, for more.' To this Sir Joseph adds, in a postscript: 'It seems almost beyond a doubt that the Nepenthe was a preparation of the Bang known to the Ancients.'

This parcel had been forwarded by Mr. Purkis to Gunville, and from thence was sent on by post, instead of by carrier, to Stowey. As Poole and Coleridge were about to pay a visit to Gunville, where Mr. Thomas Wedgwood intended to go in ten days, they were to take it with them, and, informing Mr. Wedgwood of this in his letter, Coleridge adds: 'We will have a fair trial of Bang. Do bring down some of the Hyoscyamine pills, and I will give a fair trial of opium, Henbane, and Nepenthe. By-the-by, I always considered Homer's account of the Nepenthe as a *Banging* lie.' Coleridge was not likely to commit excess when with a friend who, as he himself wrote, urged him for the sake of health to abstain 'from vegetables, wine, spirits, and beer.'

The result of this meeting at Gunville was a decision that, as Coleridge's health was then so indifferent, and might at any moment incapacitate him, his place should be supplied by Mr. Underwood, a friend of Davy's, with whom some sort of arrangement seems to have been already made. He was a man of scientific tastes and some standing, but Coleridge had but a poor opinion of him, and did not hide it. 'He is one of those weak moralled men,' he wrote to Thomas Wedgwood, 'with whom the meaning to do a thing means nothing. He

promises with ninety parts out of a hundred of his whole heart, but there is always a stock of cold at the core, that transubstantiates the whole resolve into a lie.'[1]

Mr. Wedgwood and his companion left London at the close of March, and a business letter, which immediately followed him to Dover, gives affecting evidence that he was very ill. He had arranged to convey to his brother some recently purchased estate; but scarcely had they parted than the acting solicitor found it necessary that the conveyance should be in writing. 'But,' added Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, 'instead of writing any answer, it will be enough if you return me this letter, with your signature approving of it;' whereupon Thomas Wedgwood makes the endorsement: 'I perfectly approve of and consent to the above arrangement;' and after a memorandum of conveyance, which is signed by himself, T. R. Underwood, and M. Wallace, he adds: 'My dear Jos., Thirteen hours' posting brought us safe to this place. The wind is pretty fair, and I shall probably be at Calais before night. You may, at all events, write a line to me at Chiliaes, if you have anything to say before you have my address. I have nothing more to add, unless I say a great deal, but that I am, if possible, more than ever yours gratefully and affectionately, T. W., Dover, March 25, 1803.'[2]

If even Italy was reached, the residence there could have had no duration.[3] In August, Mr. Wedgwood

[1] Cottle, p. 462. [2] Mayer MSS.

[3] By June he had returned, and was staying at Maer, from whence he wrote to Poole, declining an invitation to Stowey. 'I am at present much too unwell in body and too depressed in mind to quit my own fireside, or I don't know any I should sooner fly to than yours. It is with real pain that I write a word; so excuse me, and believe me your much attached T. W.'—T. Wedgwood to T. Poole, June 19, 1803, Archdeacon Sandford's MSS.

was again in London; and he appears, from what he says, writing to his brother, to have been there some little time. Dating from his friend Tobin's residence in Bernard's Inn, he writes: 'Dear Jos., I went with Sharp into the country, but the spiteful weather changed, and I was a close prisoner, with a bowel complaint. We had, however, some animated conversations, and parted, I believe, with increased regard for each other. Nothing can exceed his attentions to me. I am mortified to find that the pleasure of these conversations bears no proportion to their apparent interest; I could at almost any moment quit it without a sense of privation. Commend me to family gossip. I have had 40 letters;[1] only one or two that can possibly lead to anything on further enquiry. Campbell spent 2 hours with me this morning; he is the most observant, speculative, and least sprosing young man I ever met with. There is a great sympathy between us in matters of feeling and general interest, and I still cherish a hope of making him my companion, though this is too strong an expression for the degree of confidence I feel in ever realising my present scheme. I have hardly 10 minutes in a day in which I dare fairly look upon my real situation. I find long conversations exhaust me almost to fainting, and yet I am obliged to be in company of some one or other unceasingly, as I am perfectly disheartened when alone. I almost live with Tobin. His brother is not in town, and I believe I am almost as useful to him as he is to me. I this morning went to see sugar baking, in hopes of being able to find an employment; but it is not better than pottery. Campbell drinks tea here to day, and as he

[1] In reply to an advertisement for a companion.

seems as much interested in me as I in him, I shall contrive to see him every day till I know him well. Carlisle dines here to-morrow. Campbell plays on the flute, and seems to have lively feelings about music. I hope for a letter to-morrow, to say that my mother and sisters are at least on their way. Unhappily, Campbell's domestic feelings are as strong as my own, and I am almost afraid he is determined on remaining in Scotland, and where he goes in a month. He will first spoil me, perhaps, for any other companion; common men will appear horribly dull and confined after him. Best love to Bess. If I don't get a little strength soon, I shall begin to think, and with rapture, that I am verging towards a close of a scene of intolerable tediousness and disgust. My body at present quite laughs at all my attempts in regimen, &c. &c. Yours ever, T. W.'[1]

And in this way, so typical of long suffering and its approaching close, these abrupt fragments, rather than letters, to his favourite brother end. They cannot, in the least, give us an idea of the man in health and the fulness of intellectual strength. They are merely the readiest found and commonest expressions relative to the necessities and feelings of the hour; and rarely, if ever, betray a cultivated mind, or indicate philosophic thought. They read as though the mere material mechanism of the body survived the spirit, and alone indicated existence; and this was the case. The body grew feebler and feebler, and the mind, as its expression, was nearly worn out. He had great gifts; and these poor egotistical fragments of a period of decay can in no way represent the man. The character of

[1] Thomas Wedgwood to Josiah Wedgwood, Gunville, Aug. 1803. Mayer MSS.

Thomas Wedgwood must be drawn rather from indications than results. His friends confessed to the noble influence of his character and opinions, and these friends were amongst the foremost men of their time.

A month later he seems to have thought of Hazlitt as a companion, but, referring to Coleridge, the latter dissuaded him. 'Hazlitt,' wrote Coleridge, 'is a thinking, observant, original man, of great power as a painter of character-portraits, and far more in the manner of the old painters than any living artist; but the objects must be before him. He has no imaginative memory; so much for his intellectuals. His manners are, to ninety-nine in one hundred, singularly repulsive; brow-hanging, shoe-contemplating, strange. Sharp seemed to like him; but Sharp saw him only for half an hour, and that walking. He is, I verily believe, kindly natured; is very fond of, attentive to, and patient with, children; but he is jealous, gloomy, and of an irritable pride. With all this, there is much good in him. He is disinterested; an enthusiastic lover of the great men who have been before us. He says things that are his own, in a way of his own; and though from habitual shyness, and the outside of bearskin, at least of misanthropy, he is strangely confused and dark in his conversation, and delivers himself of almost all his conceptions with a *Forceps*, yet he *says* more than any man I ever knew (you yourself only excepted) of that which is his own, and in a way of his own; and oftentimes, when he has wearied his mind, and the juice is come out and spread over his spirits, he will gallop for half an hour together with real eloquence. He sends well feathered thoughts straight forward to the mark with a twang of the bowstring. If you could recommend him as a portrait painter, I should be glad; to be your com-

panion he is, in my opinion, utterly unfit. His health is fitful. I have written, as I ought to do, to you most freely. You know me, both head and heart, and I will make what deductions your reasons may dictate to me. I can think of no other person (for your travelling companion). What wonder? For the last years I have been shy of all new acquaintance.'[1]

Coleridge wrote thus from Keswick, whither he had returned upon leaving Gunville in the early part of the year. But his health being very indifferent and his mind set upon a voyage to Madeira, he left home towards the end of December, travelling by Grasmere, to see the Wordsworths. Here he was detained for a month by a severe fit of illness, induced, if his description is to be relied on, by the use of narcotics. Unsuspicious of the cause, Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth nursed him with the tenderest affection, whilst the poet himself, usually a parsimonious man, 'forced upon him,' to use Coleridge's own words, a hundred pounds, in the event of his going to Madeira, and his friend Stewart offered to befriend him. From Grasmere he went to Liverpool, where he spent a pleasant week with his old Unitarian friend Dr. Crompton, and arrived in London at the close of January 1804.

At this date enquiries were being made into the actual state of the poor in England, and for the purpose an office had been established in London. Of this the superintendence had been assigned to Mr. Poole by Rickman, a clerk of the House of Commons,

[1] Coleridge to Thos. Wedgwood, Sept. 16, 1803. Cottle's *Reminiscences*, p. 465. As the letters thus used by Cottle are from the batch of MSS. marked 'Wedgwood,' they are used whenever necessary to make the narrative intelligible. Cottle commits several errors in the way of dates, by reason of trusting to indorsements instead of postmarks.

who had been introduced to Poole by Coleridge in January 1802. In the May and June of the succeeding summer, Poole was in London, and here he and Rickman meeting frequently, they discussed the question of the Poor Laws, their viciousness of principle, their contradictions and abuses, their encouragement to idleness, their immense burden on those who paid, and their degradation to those who received. Poole had conceived that the principles of Benefit Societies might be extended and modified so as to remedy the greater part of these evils. Thus, when Sir George Rose wished to bring a Bill into Parliament for obtaining information from the overseers of every parish concerning the poor, he applied to Rickman to assist him in framing it; and when the Bill was passed and the returns came in he again requested him to get some one to make an abstract; and Rickman, acquainted with Poole's great ability and interest in the question, proposed that he should undertake it, and that his expenses should be paid with a douceur of three or four hundred pounds. Poole accepted the offer, and saying the smaller amount of remuneration would be sufficient, nobly added, 'the douceur would be the pleasure of being useful to the poor.' Accordingly he came to London for some months; and here in Abingdon Street, 'looking worshipful among his clerks,' Coleridge found him.

Through December and January Thomas Wedgwood was at Cote very ill—one day meditating a fresh voyage to the West Indies, the next writing those letters of despair it was so great a pang to his friends to receive.[1] To one of these Coleridge replied thus, from Abingdon

[1] He was in treaty for another companion, of the name of Legant.

street: 'It is idle for me to say to you that my heart and very soul ache with the dull pain of one struck down and stunned. I write to you, for my letter cannot give you unmixed pain, and I would fain say a few words to dissuade you. What good can possibly come of your plan? Will not the very chairs and furniture of your room be shortly more, far more, intolerable to you than new and changing objects? more insufferable reflectors of pain and weariness of spirit? Oh, most certainly they will! You must hope, my dearest Wedgwood; you must act as if you hoped. Despair itself has but that advice to give you. . . . Worse than what you have decreed for yourself cannot well happen. Say but a word and I will come to you, will be with you, will go with you to Malta, to Madeira, to Jamaica, (or if the climate, of which, and its strange effects, I have heard wonders, true or not), to Egypt. At all events, and at the worst even, if you do attempt to realise the scheme of going to and remaining at Gunville, for God's sake, my dear, dear friend, do keep up a correspondence with one or more; or, if it were possible for you, with several. I know by a little what your sufferings are, and that to shut the eyes and stop up the ears is to give one's self up to storm and darkness, and the lurid forms and horrors of a dream. I scarce know why it is; a feeling I have, and which I can hardly understand. I could not endure to live if I had not a firm faith that the life within you will pass forth out of the furnace; for that you have borne what you have borne, and so acted beneath such pressure, constitutes you an awful moral being. I am not ashamed to pray aloud for you. Your most affectionate friend, S. T. Coleridge."[1]

[1] Cottle's *Reminiscences*, pp. 471–472.

Before leaving Cote Wedgwood wrote thus to Poole, at his official residence, 16 Abingdon Street: 'Have you ever seen Oxford? Davies Giddy is resident there for the winter; he formerly studied there. If on your return you should be inclined to see him and that place, it would give me great pleasure to bring you together, and you will see it to the best advantage. Would you like an introduction to poet Campbell? he is certainly a very clever fellow; or to Horner, the political economist of the Temple I mentioned to you?' A few days later he enclosed Poole a letter to Horner and added: 'You had better forward the enclosed a day or two before you call on Horner. You must get his address at Mackintosh's. I cannot write at present, being rather worse than usual. I have desired Horner to ask you something about your present mission to town. Campbell will perhaps entertain you; he has excellent parts, and has travelled. Try him. You will find his address at No. 8 Park Street, Westminster. I have said you will call in a day or two after sending the letter.'[1]

Using the letter of introduction he had received, Horner, when he had made the acquaintance of Poole, wrote thus to Wedgwood: 'I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter, and since that of seeing Mr. Poole. I cannot refrain from thanking you for having introduced me to his acquaintance. He appears to possess an intelligent, active, and ardent mind, and to feel a strong, manly interest upon many important subjects. The business in which he is at present engaged cannot fail to be productive of most valuable information, and that may in time, or rather *must*, lead

[1] Jan. 14, 1804.

to practical results. Mr. Poole has kindly offered to shew me the materials upon which he is at work; an opportunity of which I will certainly avail myself. I am much concerned to hear that your health is still so precarious. It has ever since occasioned me much regret that I had so few opportunities of seeing you when you were in London. I hope at your next visit we shall meet more frequently. I dined yesterday in Dover street, where I had the pleasure of meeting your brother and Mrs. Wedgwood. We are to lose Mackintosh very soon, this week I fear. It is a loss of entertainment and instruction to London Society which can never be repaired. Believe me yours, with great and sincere regard, Fra. Horner. Temple, 18 January 1804.'[1]

At that period, as in our own, volunteering was going on; and all over the kingdom the amateur drum and fife were to be heard, and musket and sword exercise to be seen. As early as 1798 troops of Volunteer Cavalry and Infantry were raised in the Potteries, and later, in 1803, this local force, including officers and subalterns, mustered more than 1,400 men. Of these was a corps of Infantry raised at Etruria. It consisted of two companies, commanded respectively by Captain John Wedgwood and Captain Josiah Wedgwood, and numbering about 110 men, chiefly workmen at the manufactory. Great were the complaints of the foremen of the time lost by these men in learning to drum and fife; and much money seems to have been spent in their array. Their Captains dressed handsomely in the uniform of light dragoons: and of this dress and more serious matters the elder Captain wrote thus from

[1] Wedgwood MSS.

London in February 1804: 'I do think, if Tom could bring himself to the determination to come up to Town, the change might be very beneficial to him. After he has rested himself from the fatigues of his journey to Gunville, I hope he will feel sufficient courage to undertake a further journey. . . . I am desired to ask you about the Chapel in York Street, whether it is let on a lease, or whether it is likely to be soon vacant. Sydney Smith is very anxious to get a chapel, and if the one in York Street was likely to be soon vacant he would be very glad to take it. I have written to Etruria for my uniform and the buttons for one for you, and have ordered your Sword, &c., at Prosser's. As soon as I get my jacket I will forward it to you, together with the materials for making up one for you, and I will also buy you a feather for your Cap. If you furnish Mr. Byerley with the circumference of the outside your hat, or the inside diameter, he could procure you a cap similar to ours at Newcastle. Before your family goes down to reside at Maer I think you would do well to go and spend some time there, to arrange matters, and I wish to propose that you be down for our next inspection, which will, I believe, take place the latter end of March. There are many things that may be done then and at Etruria, if we were to stay ten days or a fortnight together. The whole system of the slip kilns and clay beating is gone to ruin, and nothing will restore it but vigorous measures, and these cannot so well be taken as when we are all on the spot. Jos. Byerley might have been of use, but the absurd manner in which he has been brought up has rendered him totally inefficient, for he knows nothing of the manufacture, and sleeps his time over the correspondence solely. Whilst I was at Etruria I had begun to bring back the clay into good order; but

it is a work of such length that as soon as I had begun to see the good effects of my efforts I was called away; and Mr. B. not knowing anything at all of the manipulations, he is of no use but to fall into passions and get laughed at. When I was at the works this last week I found the clay was in miserable order. Now Wm. Hollinshead, the porter, who weighs the clay, is an excellent judge of the quality as well as quantity, and I should propose adding 5*s*. per. week to his wages to superintend the getting off the kilns, and to see that the men did not burn the clay and then wet again, which is no uncommon practice; but a very shocking one for us, as the clay is never good for anything in that state. We cannot also get a week's stock beforehand, so that occasionally the clay is used before it has had time to cool. This is a most expensive process to us, as it destroys a great deal of clay and causes an extraordinary quantity of shavings to be used, for the plate-makers are obliged to make their bats thicker. The whole system of the ovens also requires a fresh arrangement. . . . I am afraid I bore you with repeating these things to you; but they are so strongly impressed on my mind, and I am anxious to show that I am not quite a dead letter when I am in the country, that I do feel extremely desirous to spend some time with you at Etruria. I hope to be able to come and take a fortnight's hunting with you this spring at Gunville. Jane has gone to Hampton Court with the Philipp's. With best love to all your circle, Believe me yours affectionately, John Wedgwood.—Does Tom want a servant if he does not come up to town?'[1]

Thus through the absence of the master hands, of

[1] John W. to Josiah W., Feb. 17, 1804. Mayer MSS.

those most interested and best capable of overlooking the manufactory, matters were fast going to the bad at Etruria. Even the principals complained of the purple hue of the black ware, and the quality of the old cream ware caused great dissatisfaction amongst dealers; but improvement and renovation were at hand. Mr. Josiah Wedgwood had purchased Maer, a choice estate near Newcastle, and it was being prepared for residence; and Mr. John Wedgwood sold Cote in the autumn of this year, and after some sojourn in Bedfordshire settled at Seabridge, also near Newcastle-under-Lyme. Yet in spite of shortcomings many beautiful articles were produced.[1] This date saw the introduction of incense burners; and many of the old forms of tripods, vases, and Roman and Grecian lamps were elegantly adapted to their use. They seem first to have been suggested by a Mrs. Olier of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, who, having seen them used in Paris, sent a sketch. They were made in various bodies, but principally in black. A mixture of cascarilla and frankincense was burnt in them, and they became a fashion.

In spite of Coleridge's adjuration to the contrary, Thomas Wedgwood returned to Eastbury, and on April 2 the former sailed for Malta, 'in a miserable state of health,' as Poole reported. A few days afterwards Wedgwood wrote as follows to Stowey: 'I must still remain largely in your debt, for I cannot make a letter of this. . . . Opium has somewhat restored the tone of my spirits, but it has, if either,

[1] 'Your brother John arrived here this morning, having been invited by me to spend the remainder of the time I stay here with me. He has been up all night, and on going to look at the fine things in the rooms fell fast asleep there.' Byerley, York Strect, to Josiah Wedgwood, June 8, 1804. Mayer MSS.

added to the uneasiness of my body and destroyed my sleep, so that I cannot feel sanguine about any lasting good effects from its use. . . . I am now a miserably feeble creature, hardly able to partake of the society of those about me. . . I am afraid I cannot come to town; I should feel too dependent on my friends there, as I cannot endure to be a moment alone, and yet am unable to converse above two or three hours in a day, often the whole day. This temper limits my residence to that of my family, and I propose going with my mother and sisters to spend a fortnight at Cote in the beginning of May; thence to Maer for another fortnight, and then, if I have strength and courage, to Luff's on the banks of Ullswater for a month, and probably to Edinburgh. I hope to return home in three months from the time I leave it, and hope, too, that we shall then meet.'[1]

It is questionable if Thomas Wedgwood remained so long away from Eastbury as three months; but in September he was there, and in his correspondence with Poole speaks of a visit from Leslie, and, as ever, of his own melancholy state: 'I thank you most cordially for your affectionate letter. You must think me unworthy of it. I have been very unable to write at all. I have had a few hours' shooting, but it disagrees with me, and I am now much worse than when I began, being oppressed with continual fever. Leslie has left me, after confirming his discovery, made at Stowey, that water dissolved in air is propagated in direct rays through the air, which may be conveyed, like the rays of heated air, to a focus by his speculum. I expect Luff here on the 20th next. Jos. is here, and

[1] April 9, 1804.

he and I keep Eastbury; his children are at Gunville. . . . I saw the picture, and was not disappointed, but my head would not allow me to stay long before it. It is certainly a Leonardi, and I can hardly think it equal to Annibal Caracci. Perhaps it is a Guido. It is farcical for me to talk in this way, as I am miserably ignorant; but I know you wished to know what opinion I had thought most probable. . . . I have written all this, and have not yet thanked you for kindness such as I never experience from other hands than yours. My dear friend, I cannot express what I feel towards you.'[1]

For many years the celebrated mechanist Joseph Bramah had worked hand in hand with the Wedgwoods in the manufacture of sanitary pottery, he supplying drawings, and they adapting clay to the forms suggested. Of one peculiar form they allowed him the trade monopoly; and now writing in relation to a new kind of wash-hand basin he says: 'There is another Idea, which any Inginious person in your Line might make money by at a great rate, if conducted in a way I am able to discribe, and in which I should like to be a sleeping partner very well—I mean the making of artificial *Teeth* of such of your composition as is best suited for that purpose, and which would undoubtedly become an object of the very first Importance to human happiness if carried into effect on a judicious and proper scale. There is a *French-Man* in London who has a patent (nearly out) for this article; and altho managed in the most bulgling manner possible, and conducted with the greatest personal Impertinance, yet he can make more money *by his own Labour only*, in one Month, than all my Works clears me in a Year. This

[1] Sept. 1804. Archdeacon Sandford's MSS.

is so glaring a Matter that I think it a disgrace to English Ingenuity that some liberal opposition is not commenced for the accommodation of the public. And I am persuaded that was such a circumstance to be wisely and properly set about, with that kind of Management and Ingenuity which has ever distinguished Mr. Wedgwood's Works, even to possess the Mint itself would scarcely promise more pecuniary advantage; nay, if even the Metal to work upon was given gratis. The fact is, I speak feelingly, because from Sundry Accidents I have for some time lost all my *Teeth in the upper Jaw*, which circumstance, some years ago, drove me to the above person for the assistance Art would give, and I must say that although he charges 60, 70, and 80 guineas for what I am sure can be much better done for 60 pence, yet I would not be deprived of the comfort of them for 60*l.* per annum. How far you may like the principle of my having stolen this man's trade from my enjoying his production, I cannot say; but I assure you that I am persuaided that such a public comfort is derivable from the thing proposed, that some person or other must take it up. At any rate, I hope you will pardon this trespas on the Subject, and, if below your attention, I shall esteem it kind if you recommend me an Ingenious person in your Line who would be competent to execute.'[1]

The year 1805 opened with a pleasant letter from J. H. Allen of Cresselly in Pembrokeshire, the brother of Mrs. John and Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood, but referring

[1] J. Bramah to Wedgwood and Byerley, Dec. 26, 1804. Mayer MSS. Nothing seems to have come of this suggestion, but at a later day the idea was taken up by the Americans, by whom a vast and constantly growing trade is now carried on in artificial teeth. They are made of a fine porcellaneous body, in which bone and felspar play an important part.

to private affairs, hunting, woodcock shooting, game and social *on dits*, has no general interest; but before January had ended Poole comes before us again. Writing from Stowey to Gunville, on the 15th of that month, he says: 'I write to you so soon principally to ask after your Brother's health. Your account of it is so melancholy, that when I think of it it makes me so restless and excites such bitterness of heart that I could fain persuade myself you have something better to say. We should recollect that these winter months have been for years past his gloomy Season; and I really think, when he was with me, that he was as well as when I saw him at Taunton (for instance) before he went to the West Indies. Do let me hear the result of Mr. Dugard's Prescriptions. I have ever cherished the hope that he would *live out* his Complaints, and I am loath to abandon it. I regret that you were prevented being at the Bath Society, as I should, on every account, have been glad to have met you. We had much interesting matter brought forward concerning fine Wool. Doct. Parry gained great credit for his exertions in this way. The Wool of his 4th Cross on the Rylands was determined to be finer than the Fleece of a Spanish Ram given to the Society by the Marquis of Bath. I dined with Doct. Parry, saw his little Farm, and had a great deal of conversation with him on the subject of Wool and on the advantage of crossing with the Merinos. High as his Notion is of the advantage *on the whole* of this System, he could not help thinking but that the *Proof* of our highest *Proof Sheep* was *injured* by the mixture. This certainly agrees with my observation; as you have found it otherwise, I am in hopes that you have a higher proof Merino than any which I have yet seen. The Test seems to be, Do you now find your

Merino Rams in as good or better order than your South Down Rams *under the same circumstances*? If so, I have no doubt you are right, and that you will get rid of the only possible disadvantage which can at all counteract the many disadvantages of the Scheme. I need not say that I am anxious to see your Merinos. . . When I was at Bath I proposed, and after some discussion established, a Premium of 10*l.* 10*s.* to be paid to each *female* friendly Society in future established under certain Conditions in either of the Western Counties. For reasons which I have not room here to state, I think, of the two, female friendly Societies of more use than similar Societies among Men. A Premium to the same amount existed before for the encouragement of these latter. I also proposed Davy as a honorary Member of the Society, which was unanimously agreed to. It so happens that he fills the Vacancy made by the death of Dr. Priestley. It would have given me pleasure to have seen all at Gunville, and to have met Giddy; but as I must go the latter end of next Month to London I could not well afford an intervening absence from home. In my way to or from London, if it be then convenient to you, I will pass a few days at Gunville. With my kind remembrances to all, particularly to Mrs. Wedgwood, believe me, yours ever, Thos. Poole.'[1]

A few days later, Mr. Poole writes thus to Eastbury to Thomas Wedgwood: 'On telling *Betty* just now that I expected two or three to dinner with me to-day, she said, "Why, sir, it *is the* 30*th of Jany.*, and we used to fast to-day." Though this remark of Betty's did not alter my intention of making a good dinner, it put me in mind of your kind offer of a brace of Pheasants, and that I had probably lost them by neglecting to accept them.

1 Thos. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, Jan. 15, 1805. Mayer MSS.

If you have saved a brace for me, be so good as to send them, directed Samuel Purkis, Esq., Brentford, Middlesex; but if they are all gone, so much the better, as it will be a proper punishment for my inattention. I thank you in either case for your kindness. I shall go to Bridgwater in a few days, and will ascertain the truth of the Story of five Children. I can only say, if it be not true, I have been living under a delusion the best part of my Life. I have been grieved at hearing from time to time of the State of your Health. The Heart of the Winter, always your gloomy Season, is now past; and the Spring may, and I trust will, give you more Life and Pleasure than you expect. I know these are words which you cannot now endure; but we will cherish them for you, depend upon it. Though I trouble you with this letter, don't attempt answering it; it is a sufficient Tax on you to read it, and when I recollect your state, I am afraid I have written with more levity than will give you pleasure. On my Return from London I hope you will again think of Stowey. Our wooden Tunnel completely cured the Chimney of the *Book Room*, and I have contrived to lower the Fire, so that I think, on your next visit, you will find the Room much more comfortable than when you were with me. My Experiments with this and some other Chimnies in the House have given me some new Notions on the Subject, and I think many of the received Theories are yet contradicted by Facts. I have planted round under the *Book Room* Window, so as to conceal the most unpleasant part of the Stable, &c.; but I have not yet had courage to begin the great Improvement of pulling down the Garden Wall. My Neighbour the Vicar has put up a new constructed Turnabout on one of his Chimnies, with a very nice *Vane* on the top of it. I see by it which way the wind blows as I sit by the fire; and as it turns round,

often enveloped in smoke, it forms a very picturesque object. Remember me Kindly to Mr. Jos. Wedgwood. I thank him for his last letter. Tell him I will give him due notice of my coming to Gunville. The small Thrashing Machine here will not clean above 30 bushells of Wheat or Barley a day or 60 bushells of Oats. They require two Horses, either to work together or by turns, so that, *Valuing the labour of the Horses*, there is very little profit with them. A Machine costs 40*l*., independent of Timber. Where you have *Water*, they are very desirable, but without it (if you have Workmen and common Honesty) they are hardly worth thinking of. I, with Willmott, had at first a high notion of them. But lately, tell Willmott, Mr. Govett of Strengston and Mr. Cruickshank of Emroe had each put up one (which is allowed to be better than Woodhouses), and I have stated the Result of their Experience. I think, for a Grammar School,[1] Mr. Wedgwood has chosen an excellent one for Jos.; but I hope great attention is paid to writing and arithmetic. The first I have felt, to my cost, of more consequence than one can well imagine; the second, even in the higher Branches, I think Boys more capable of understanding, till they get 9 or 10 years old, than the abstract subject of Grammar. From 7 to 10 much valuable information may be acquired, which, if then neglected, is but too often neglected for ever. From 10 to 20, nay, we may say to the end of our Lives, as much of Languages as is consistent with more necessary avocations. Make my respects to all around you, and believe me, with sincere affection, Yours, Thos. Poole. I have not heard from Coll. our Virtues. . . be proud, &c. He would cer-

[1] That of Ottery St. Mary, of which S. T. Coleridge's brother George was then headmaster. Infra, p. 244.

tainly have written to you, if he had had anything important to say.'[1]

Mr. Willmott, who, as we have seen, had entered Mr. Josiah Wedgwood's service as bailiff and general manager of his affairs in 1802, occasionally visited Etruria to look after land and house property and the general statement of accounts connected with the manufactory. Whilst there in February 1805 his business letters contain some notices of Alexander Chisholm, which, though brief, are interesting. This worthy and most competent assistant of his eminent master, the elder Wedgwood, had retired, at the death of the latter, upon the annuity secured to him for life by his will. Having neither wife nor children, and probably few or no family ties elsewhere, he remained at Etruria, boarding and lodging with a Mr. Jones,[2] a bailiff or employé of some kind, and passing his time in reading and being read to on his favourite scientific subjects. Willmott possessing strong literary tastes, and lodging at the same house when at Etruria, fraternized with the old man, and thus refers to him in a letter filled otherwise with mere business details: 'I am at Mr. Jones's, where I have great pleasure in the conversation of the intelligent Mr. Chisholm. His faculties do not seem to be at all impaired, and he avers the same thing himself. Most of my leisure is filled up by reading to him Mr. Leslie's 'Inquiry into the Nature of Heat.'[3] Apart from these more intellectual

[1] T. Poole to T. Wedgwood, Stowey, Jan. 30, 1805. Mayer MSS.

[2] Probably at the little inn close to the entrance gates of the manufactory. Till quite recently this inn was kept by a very aged woman of the same name, probably a niece or daughter.

[3] Willmott to J. W., Feb. 7, 1805. Mayer MSS. A month later the venerable friend of the elder Wedgwood was very ill. Writing to his brother Josiah, March 28, 1805, John Wedgwood says: 'Mr. Chisholm has been very unwell, but is a little better: apparently of an inflammation of the stomach. He suffered great pain.' Mayer MSS.

pleasures, and his special business in connection with land, stock, and houses, the time spent by Willmott at Etruria must have been far from agreeable. Mr. Wedgwood wished him to assist in inspecting and organising the accounts of the manufactory. This Mr. Byerley wished to be done after his own method. Willmott considered he should lose much time; differences arose, and increased, and finally led the latter to give up his situation. After Mr. Byerley's death he returned, both, as it would seem, to his own satisfaction and that of his appreciating friend and master.

The Pyrometer, as an instrument for measuring degrees of heat, had remained for many years as the elder Wedgwood left it. So few were made, that when, in April 1800, one was wanted for exhibition at the Royal Institution, London was searched in vain. As an incitation, perhaps, to some efforts for its manufacture and improvement, Anthony Carlisle wrote a letter to Josiah Wedgwood, in which, with playful irony, he presumed that 'Philosophical ardour was asleep in the Wedgwood family.'[1] Whether prompted by this or not, or

[1] My dear Friend,—Overhearing (without being a Listener) some great folks mentioning your name, I beg you will excuse my turning Informer by telling you the following story:—Sir Joseph B., Count Rumford, Sir C. Blagden, and a magnificent &c. of greatness were discoursing about the Royal Institution, and your father's pyrometers came up, when a sort of compassionate regret diffused itself in consequence of the Philosophical ardour being asleep in your family. They all spoke of the inconveniences arising from a want of these pyrometers. The Town had been searched for one to be exhibited at the Royal Institution without success. And, if I understood them rightly, by a bequest of your father's the Royal Society were to possess an inexhaustible fund of pyrometical clay. I wish you would give this matter a thought, and anticipate any troublesome enquiries of these people, by letting one of your people do something to satisfy their desires. Perhaps you would do well to become a proprietor at the Institution, for, whether it turns out eventually useful or not, it tends to philosophize every species of Manufactory, and to build a bridge for pedestrian Communication between the Celestial

more likely by some scientific experiments of the time, Josiah Wedgwood, four or five years later, took up the pyrometical question, and writing to Chisholm, it would seem, on the use of platina in conjunction with clay, elicited this reply, and the scientific statement which is given in the Appendix: 'This morning our good friend Mr. Chisholm has dictated to me, agreeably to your request, the enclosed reply to your letter of the 2nd inst., which you have exactly in his own words. He could have added more upon the subject, but he desires me to say that he fears you will think him already too prolix. He says that the principle is quite new to him, and never occurred to your late father or to him in the course of their Experiments; that platina is the only substance that can be employed to make the bats of; and that perhaps the Mixtures had better be used in a dry state, and small cavities made in the platina bats to receive them, as it will be very inconvenient to keep the mixtures in a moist state, and they will be liable to settle unequally, owing to the difference of the specific gravities of their component parts. It appears to me, and Mr. Chisholm is of the same opinion, that it

Sciences and the meanest grovelling occupations. Add to all this the Rage, the Fashion, and the affectation of Wisdom, which has got into the heads of all these Improvers.'

I am, my dear friend,

Yours ever,

A. CARLISLE.

Monday,
20th April, 1800.

P.S. If you wish to bow at Sir Joseph's Sunday Lounge, I'll take you there with a certainty of being well received, provided you do not judge it better to be announced from a fuller mouth than mine.

Josh. Wedgwood, Esq.,
No. 39 Gloucester Place,
Portman Square.

—Wedgwood MSS.

may be possible to make mixtures that will do for all degrees of heat from 10° to 16°, merely of *Flint* and *Oxyde of Lead*, varying the proportion of the latter according to the degree of heat; if so, it will facilitate the adjustment exceedingly. In fine, Mr. C. seems of opinion that this new pyrometer is new and unexceptionable in its principle, and that the only difficulty will be in the adjustment of the scale. I hope, dear Sir, that you will be kind enough to employ me in making any experiments in this or anything else, and, if I fail, to ascribe it to a want of ability rather than a want of inclination.'[1]

Mackintosh, who had been knighted and made Recorder of Bombay, had departed thither early in the previous year, 1804. Writing to Josiah Wedgwood in the February of the following year, he thus refers to his brother and young Byerley, who, as seen, had gone out as a cadet in the East India Company's service: 'About three months ago young Byerley came here from the coast of Malabar, and within this fortnight he is gone on service into Gunurat. During his stay I paid him all the attention in my power—first, no doubt, for your sake, but afterwards, I must say, for his own. I saw him very often, and he made a very favourable impression on me. I have seen no young man in this country approaching him. I thought his capacity excellent, his dispositions of every kind good, his manners modest and gentlemanlike, and his ardour of curiosity on every important subject interested me very much. But I did not mean to make his panegyric. What I wished to tell you is, that I am convinced his passion for a military and adventurous life is altogether subsided. He has, I daresay, resolution enough to submit to his present

[1] Josiah Byerley to Josiah Wedgwood, Feb. 11, 1805. Mayer MSS.

course of life, if it be inevitable, and I am sure he will never himself complain of it. I can see that he dreads the blame of levity and inconsistency, and that he dreads still more the thoughts of returning to be a burden on his Father's family, who has perhaps settled his plans in such a way as to make his return inconvenient. These fears will keep him silent, and, if it be necessary, I think he will learn to acquiesce, and cheerfully, in his destiny. But I can discover enough of his feelings to induce me to say to you, that if Mr. Byerley has any room for him in Staffordshire he will very much relieve a deserving son, and that he will also rescue an ingenious and liberal-minded young man from a scene that is unworthy of him. I should myself rather chuse to have a small share in a manufacture in Staffordshire than to be Great Mogul, with the necessity of residing in my Empire. I believe B.'s sentiments to be the same. With these observations I leave him in your hands. You may communicate to his Father, as you think right, the whole, or any part, or no part, of what I have said.[1] You must have already heard so much from Kitty[2] of this place that I have nothing new to tell you about it. The dullness of the Society certainly grows more tolerable, probably in proportion as I grow more dull. If I had only one Metaphysician with me I could do, especially if he was very paradoxical and very disputatious. But my Scotch Philosopher is too *faint* an opponent, too mild and polite, to exercise the understanding. It is extremely difficult to keep out of the world of reality without a companion; but with

[1] As will be seen subsequently, Mr. Wedgwood very prudently did not communicate this to Mr. Byerley, with the exception of the few first lines, which are still within the brackets marked by his pen.

[2] Lady Mackintosh, who was sister to Mrs. John and Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood and Mrs. Drewe.

such a Companion I think the Climate very favourable to that sort of intellectual dreaming which is called Enquiry into First Principles, which has the advantage of being an absolutely inexhaustible amusement. I have been able to do some good judicially. The Law allows us here to fix the sum below which the Court may grant relief under the Lords' Act to Prisoners for Debt. I have raised it to 12,000 Rupees, which, on a review of 6 years, comprehends $\frac{49}{50}$ of the Debtors in Prison; so that the Cases will be very few indeed in which a Debtor is left to the mercy of his Creditor. The Law of Imprisonment for Debt will therefore be more mildly administered in this Island than it ever has been in any part of the British Dominions. And if I should discover any instances of oppression for large Debts, I have resolved to increase the Sum. It is an evil which I think I can cure, and which I therefore will cure. Some other things I have done, but they are more involved in judicial and legal detail.

'I wrote to Tom in Autumn about his health, his liver, mercury, this Climate, &c. Dr. Scott's opinion, which I sent to him—that his case is hepatic, and would probably be cured by a strong Mercurial course—I, of course, cannot pretend to vouch for. But, from what I have seen here, I must say that I am disposed at least to think it deserving a fair trial. Beddoes will tell you what Scott's character and talents are. I can only add that if Tom has courage to venture a voyage to Bombay he will be lodged in a noble house, and with a host and hostess who know how to value him. His metaphysics he shall have by the Devaynes, which will leave this in April or May. I wish I could look to a shorter termination of my exile; but as my Savings will not *begin* to

accumulate *for me* till the end of this year, I fear I must lay my account with seven years from that period. Several persons here find means to shorten their exile by borrowing money from their monied friends at home at English interest, and lending it here at Indian interest, and deriving from it Indian profit. A subscription of 10,000*l.* raised for a man in England soon begets a fortune here with little or no risk to the subscribers. I know you do not write unnecessary letters, but I shall be very glad to hear from you about Byerley, in whom I take a very warm interest. Kitty will herself send all sorts of affections, loves, &c. I shall therefore conclude with very honestly assuring you that I ever am, D^r^ Wedgwood, with the greatest esteem and affection, Yours most truly, James Mackintosh.'[1]

[1] Parell, Bombay, Feb. 25, 1805. Mayer MSS.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Grammar School at Ottery—George Coleridge—Poole's high Opinion of him—Printed Ware first made at Etruria—Interesting Particulars of William Wood the Modeller—Manufacturing Reforms—Robert Waring Darwin—Settles as a Physician at Shrewsbury—An admirable Centre for Medical Practice—The mediæval Aspect of the Town—Dr. Withering—Dr. Darwin's House—Beauty of Situation—He marries Miss Wedgwood—His Taste for Botany—Kindness to Animals—The 'Mount' Pigeons—Dr. Darwin's medical Fame—His great Practice—Always in his Chaise—His Appearance—His Unostentation and Benevolence—His Love of Children—Dr. Dugard of the Salop Infirmary visits Thomas Wedgwood in Dorsetshire—Mrs. Darwin's Letters—Letter of James Watt, junior—Pressgangs—A Steward's Letter—Mrs. Drewe—George Coleridge's Pedagogueship—Thomas Campbell—His high Opinion of Thomas Wedgwood—Seeks a Companion for him—Applies to Benjamin Thorpe, who declines—A Mr. Standert selected—Preparations for a Voyage to the West Indies closed by the sudden Death of Thomas Wedgwood.

THE interest taken by the Wedgwood family in the fortunes of S. T. Coleridge extended to his brother George Coleridge, who, like his father before him, was in orders, and head-master of the Grammar School of Ottery St. Mary. Early in 1805, Josiah Wedgwood consigned his eldest son, then a boy of about nine years old, to his care, and with him he remained, with the exception of a long period of illness, till the close of 1807. He and another brother were then sent to Dr. Valpy's at Reading; but for some reason or another they were removed at the end of six months, and went for a brief period to Mr. Coleridge. The latter was a voluminous letter-writer, and, true to that peculiar physical idiosyncrasy which runs in families, his handwriting is strangely

like that of his brother, though with more verve and distinctness. He is a little pedantic, a little more subservient than befits our modern ideas, and he has a somewhat high notion of scholastic discipline and classical learning; nevertheless, his letters are those of a well-bred, educated gentleman, with a peculiar manner of redundant expression of thankfulness which brings to mind his brother the poet. It is pleasant to read that the schoolmaster, a brother, and a nephew conjointly, travel to Gunville to fetch the boy, and there are won by generous hospitality. Of him and some other points, Poole thus writes to Josiah Wedgwood in March 1805: 'I ventured to write a Letter to Mr. T. Wedgwood some time ago, in which I said something in answer to your last letter, and intimated that I may probably see you the latter end of last or the beginning of this month. The delays which have taken place in printing the abstract of the Poor Returns have delayed my journey to Town, and consequently the pleasure of meeting you at the time I proposed. When this long Job will be completed I don't exactly know, but you shall hear from me as soon as I do know—I should hope in a month. I hope Mr. T. Wedgwood is better than when you last wrote to me. Remember me most kindly to him, and thank him for the fine brace of Pheasants which my Friend Purkis duly received, and for which he has thanked me. Your son Jos, I suppose, is by this time with Mr. Coleridge. Since I wrote to your Brother, I met him by accident with Mr. Coleridge's unassuming and sensible address to the Public on Education, published in 1795. I was much pleased to see that he lays due stress on every branch of Education, without confining himself (as is commonly the case with the Masters of Grammar Schools) to the Classics. If he practises what he pro-

fesses (and from everything which I have heard of Mr. Coleridge there can be no reason to doubt it) I cannot conceive a better School for Jos than that which you have chosen. He is too young for a public School; and I think I have heard you express an aversion to public Schools. The propriety of a public School depends altogether, in my mind, on the dispositions of a Lad, and on the line of Life for which he is intended. But this subject would lead to too long a discussion for a letter.' After further matter relative to a new threshing machine, the production of an able agriculturist, the Rev. H. J. Close, of Trimley, Suffolk, and later of Hordle, Lymington, Hants, Mr. Poole concludes thus: 'You know that the popular new Comedy, the Honey-Moon, is a production of Tobin's Brother. He will get 700*l.* by it. Davy supplied the Prologue, with a few hints from Sotheby.'[1]

Printed ware was first made at Etruria in 1805. Liverpool monopolised this branch of the trade till near the close of the preceding century, and till thus taken up at Etruria it was effected in the neighbourhood, by special hands. Of this printing and other business, Mr. Byerley thus writes at the end of March in this year, and relates some particulars relative to one of the famous modellers of the old days which are worth preserving: 'We get all our business done with as much economy as is consistent with having it well done. The increased price of every article of consumption, as well as of labour and the property tax, have made a great impression on the profits of the trade; and I think, too, our stock here increases in many articles, particularly pressed-ware, prodigiously. If we begin to make printed ware, we

[1] T. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, March 6, 1805. Mayer MSS.

can remedy that by applying a part of the hands to that business. We could do more business if we had more thrown ware, and yet we have throwers enough. It will be absolutely necessary, I believe, to put a part of them, at least, to piece-work. Our Ornamental work is absolutely a losing concern, and must be renovated. We pay for *making* black ware almost as much as others sell it for. We could sell a great deal of black ware on the Continent, if we could get it made somewhat cheaper, and sell it at a price a little more proportioned to that of the country. Your brother is extremely active and intelligent, and is fast paving the way for a radical reform, and will greatly benefit the concern.' . . After relating the particulars of a trial at the Stafford assizes, in connection with an apprentice who had enlisted, and which ended by the boy being given up to the authorities of the Crown, Mr. Byerley continues: 'I am not sure that your brother has named to you the affair of William Wood, and as it may save him something I will now do it. W. W. applied to your brother soon after he came here for an increase of salary (he has now 70*l.*), on the ground that the necessaries of life are so enhanced in value, and the wages of other branches, less important, advanced so greatly. A few days ago he spoke to me, saying he was in debt about 30*l.*, part to his brother and Mr. Caldwell, and about 10*l.* or 12*l.* for malt; that he could not do without malt liquor in the house; that he had none, and was ashamed to go for more till he had paid off the old score. He would not, however, ask for money, but would prefer waiting till some decision was had on the subject he had mentioned to your brother. That he had long been very unhappy, finding

[1] Mr. John Wedgwood, then temporarily residing at Maer.

that he was making no provision for such contingencies as old age or an inability to work, or a change in the manufactory; for, if you should abandon it, those who succeeded you either might not continue him, or he would find it painful to serve another master; that he, besides, had a helpless child, unable to get her living, and it was his duty to make use of his talents to gain a provision for her in case of his death; that at his present salary that was impossible; that, however, the advance of salary should be considered together with that of its permanence, if he should receive an assurance of the continuance of his salary through life; at all events, he should be content with less than he might think at present he ought to have. He wished for a speedy answer. He remembers that modellers were formerly thought of some importance, and an arrangement of this nature was not delayed. A short time before his Apprenticeship expired, he put your father in mind of it, and in a few days he and Thomas Wedgwood[1] came to him, as if they were afraid of delaying it, and made a bargain with him. I told him at that time[2] there were only 3 modellers in all the country.—W. G.,[3] Bullock, and W. W.'s father;[4] that the trust in him as to the management of that part of the business and the care of the moulds, in addition to the use of his talents, had greatly increased his usefulness to the concern. We might and would believe, he hoped, that it would be very painful for him to look out for another place, but that the imperious motives he had named seemed to require it, if we were not disposed to do something more for him. I asked him to say what he expected.

[1] The partner and cousin of Josiah Wedgwood the elder. He died in 1786.

[2] 1766 or 1767. [3] William Greatbach. [4] Aaron Wood.

106*l.* per annum. Why that odd sum? When I was first engaged my salary was 53*l.*; everything is doubled since, and so should my salary. When you were raised from 60*l.* to 70*l.* and a house, was it not understood that was to be the last time? Yes, he could not deny it; but he now found it would not do. He spoke of his imprudence in having delayed this subject so long, and how much his family had suffered by it; perhaps he conceived that ought to bear upon about 40*l.* which he borrowed some time ago. I have endeavoured to name to you all that passed, as I have no doubt you will feel interested in doing something to make this old servant comfortable and easy. In some parts of the conversation he was a good deal affected, and seemed to apprehend that he might be reduced to spend the latter end of his days in a workhouse; but I tried to inspire him with more confidence in his employers than to entertain such gloomy thoughts. Your brother feels for him, and is desirous that something should be done, and will be glad to hear from you soon.'[1]

[1] Byerley to J. W., Gunville, March 31, 1805. Mayer MSS. This prayer of William Wood appears to have been generously and readily acceded to, and he closed his life in the service of his masters. He was chief modeller in the useful department of the works, just as Hackwood, considered apart from high artists like Webber, De Vere, Theed, and others, was in the ornamental; and many of those fine forms of the best period, such as fruit-baskets, centre-pieces, salt-cellars, bowls, jugs, trays, and a long etcetera, were from his moulds and models. William Wood was the son of Aaron Wood, the celebrated modeller who worked for Wheildon when in partnership with Josiah Wedgwood. Shaw, in his interesting *History of the Staffordshire Potteries*, says: 'Mr. W. Wood, son of Aaron Wood the modeller, was for some years general modeller to Mr. Wedgwood. He appears to have been in high favour with his master for ability and integrity, and most of the useful articles manufactured at Etruria are from models and moulds of his production. He worked only for Mr. W., and died in the service of the present worthy descendant of the founder.' Shaw adds an extract from a letter written by William Wood, some time prior to his death, to his son Hamlet Wood.

Mr. John Wedgwood was at this time residing temporarily at Maer Hall with his wife. He overlooked improvements and alterations in the house and grounds, visited old friends amongst the neighbouring gentry, and spent much time at the works. Of these things and his brother's sad state, he says, in a letter of April 2: 'Mr. Willmott left this place this morning on his way to Dorsetshire, and means to take Sherborn on his road, so that he will be some time before he reaches you. I did not therefore write to you by him. Jane wrote both to Bessy and Kitty, so that they will have the news of Maer up to the date of her letter. Yesterday I called at Darlaston in my way to Maer. I saw Mr. Sneyd and his wife, and we are to dine there on Easter-Monday; and Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell dine with us on Thursday, when I will give your message to him. I have received the Violin, and, I hope, safe; but it is here at present unpacked. . . After referring to house-improvements, which have no interest, he continues: 'We are going on here at the Works certainly better than what we were, but not so as I could wish to see the work done; but, having let the matter get a-head of us so much, it is necessary to go on quietly. I go every

William Wood was born about 1746, and died prior to 1829. 'Having served two years in part of an apprenticeship to Mr. John Mitchell, to learn the art of a flowerer and handler, my father (Aaron W.) and my master agreed to make void the indentures, and at Martinmas 1762, at the age of about sixteen years, my father bound me apprentice for five years more to Josiah Wedgwood to learn "handling and pressing" at the weekly wages of 2*s.* 3*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, and 3*s.* 6*d.* each year; however, at the end of my four years apprenticeship, my father, and Mr. Wedgwood, and myself agreed that I should serve four years longer as a Modeller, at the weekly wages of 4*s.*, 5*s.*, 6*s.*, and 6*s.* 6*d.* each year, receiving 10*s.* 6*d.* each year earnest; but the two last years and a half my master's bountiful hand gave me 8*s.* per week, and now and then half a guinea as a present.' Shaw, pp. 189–190. The wages of modellers are now much higher, and young men of ability earn from 30*s.* to 40*s.* per week.

day into different quarters, such as the biscuit house, handling room, plate houses, and make my remarks on what I see. I endeavour to whip up Richard Rhead to see that the men do their duty; but he has permitted them to do their work in a slovenly manner for some time past, so that it is no easy matter to catch again his old regular strictness. But I must keep teazing him on untill he feels that it will be more comfortable for him to watch the men than to have me watching both him and the men. We have a great many very young workmen, which is very inconvenient; but the soldiers are ridding us of that plague very fast 5 men have enlisted within the week, besides Levi Rhead; three of them from the other works.[1] All 3 return to us. Alcock the packer gone, and three hollow ware pressers from this, so that now we are reduced a little in number of pressers, of whom we were too full. We are short of a Turner, and cannot meet with one in any part of the country. Our ware comes out of the Biscuit Oven much better than what it did; the plates more sortable, and the ware in general not scorched as it was before. The Glos men now do their duty, and send the ware in very good order, and the firemen are become much more regular and steady.[2] Upon the whole, I have the

[1] The Ornamental.

[2] In a previous letter of March 25, Mr. Wedgwood wrote in respect to his valuable labours: 'The ware now comes very good indeed out of the Gloss Oven. About a fortnight ago we had upwards of 60 doz. of plates out of one oven spoiled by the fires, the next oven had forty doz., and the men seemed inclined to consider that as a very fair sample of firing; but I declared at once I would no longer submit to such work, but would discharge them at once. This has had its proper effect. I am now trying much the same plan with the biscuit men with regard to their scorching the ware, and we have of late had much less complaints of that sort, and I am in hopes to do away almost entirely with the necessity of keeping of rubbers of ware. The new white ware is found not entirely free from the old failing of crackling or crazing. We have had complaints

satisfaction of thinking that my residence here has not been without benefit to the concern.' After speaking of the steam-engine[1] and its working, Mr. Wedgwood continues to his brother: 'I yesterday received your letter. . . I was very sorry to read your account of poor Tom; indeed his is a most lamentable case. We learn by other Channels that Sally[2] is gone to Clifton to see Mrs. Beddoes,[3] and I hope she will be better for her trip. We should be very glad if some good-natured lady would come and enliven our solitude at Maer, for Jane spends many hours of the day quite alone, as

from Litchfield, and have found that some ware has gone at home. We shall always be liable to this inconvenience so long as we fire that and the cream colour together; and indeed that is not the greatest inconvenience we sustain, for our cream-colour body is much more highly flinted than it ought to be, and the glaze made much harder, so that we fire much harder both biscuit and gloss than necessary for cream colour, in order to bring up the fire hard enough for the white ware. This is an unnecessary expenditure of coals, and the cream colour has lost its softness and evenness of surface, which constitutes its great beauty. The only way to obviate this would be to make and to fire the white ware by itself.' Mayer MSS.

[1] This engine was erected in 1801, by Boulton and Watt, at a cost of 1095*l*. It was improved in 1808.

[2] Miss Sarah Wedgwood.

[3] The following letter must belong to this period. The only indorsement it bears is, 'Mrs. Beddoes, 1805.' It invites Thomas Wedgwood to Clifton. 'I know you are so ill that the trouble of reading a letter is painful to you, therefore I will say as little as possible. All I want from you is a line written by one of your Sisters, to tell me that now, or some future period, you will be able to put my plan into execution. I wish exceedingly that you would once more come and stay with us, as you accidentally did some years since, when your brother was not in the neighbourhood. We live so quietly (as your poor sister knows) that you would not be incommoded by visitors; we have so much room that you might be entirely alone whenever you liked it. The Dr., you know, is a most peaceable being, and could not disturb you. I would not; and I know nothing that would gratify me more than to nurse you whenever you would suffer me to do anything for you; indeed, in this respect, you should find me another Sister, though I am aware of my vanity in saying so. I will not fatigue you by adding anything more than my name, A. M. Beddoes.' Mayer MSS.

I am so much here. Yesterday I was very unwell, and did not come over. The fatigue I had undergone last week brought on a degree of fever which rendered all exertion very irksome to me, and rendered my mind so very active I could not dismiss the works in my sleep. I am to-day partly well again, but take my work quietly. Phillimore comes to us this dreadful day of snow, sleet, and rain. To-morrow and Saturday we are to be inspected at Newcastle.'[1]

From the date of 1780, when early in that year he was studying French and Chemistry with the young Wedgwoods at Etruria, we have heard nothing of Robert Waring Darwin, the youngest son, by his first wife, of Erasmus Darwin of Lichfield. But during the long interval he had studied in Edinburgh, taken with great honours his several degrees in that University, written with marked ability the necessary Latin thesis, associated with its most eminent men; and, after residing for some time at Leyden and visiting Germany, he settled down in 1786 to a life-long practice in the ancient and picturesque town of Shrewsbury. Almost as soon as he had settled there, we hear of him by the pen of his father, who, wishing his son to be an F.R.S., applied for aid to the elder Josiah Wedgwood, the friend by whom he knew what he asked for would be granted. 'When I want anything to be done (sais[2] an old tutor of mine),' wrote the poet Darwin, 'I look out for a man who has the most business of his own; for if I can prevail on him to undertake it, it is sure to be done soon and well! Hence I apply to you, who

[1] John Wedgwood, Etruria, to Josiah Wedgwood, Gunville, April 2, 1805. Mayer MSS.

[2] Much of Erasmus Darwin's uncouth spelling was undoubtedly the result of vagary. We have an analogous case in Walter Savage Landor.

have more to do of your own than any other man I have the pleasure to be acquainted with. My son, Dr. Robert Waring Darwin, of Shrewsbury, I wish to be a member of the Royal Society, as it would be a feather in his cap, and might encourage him in philosophical pursuits; and I flatter myself He will make an useful member of that ingenious society. Now, I am unacquainted with the necessary form, and *if it be not either too troublesome or Disagreeable to you*, I should be much obliged to you to hang up his name, and take what steps are necessary. I have written to Mr. Charles Greville, who has spoken to Sir J. Banks on the subject. Mr. Greville desires me to write to my friends, and sais *He will receive their certificates.* I don't well know what this means; he writes in a great hurry, and sais I may expect success. I intend to write to a few acquaintance I have in town, as Sir G. Baker, Rev. Dr. Kaye, Mr. Whitehurst—Professor Martyn, I fear, is not a member; Dr. Blagden I am not personally acquainted with—Sir Richard Jeb.'[1]

In the year following, January 1788, we learn, in relation to some disorder which had attacked the elder Wedgwood's eyes, that Dr. Robert Darwin had written on 'Ocular Spectra,'[2] and in April of the same year Wedgwood had the pleasure of effecting what the elder Darwin desired. The former was at that time in indifferent health. 'Dr. Darwin of Shrewsbury,' he wrote from London to Erasmus Darwin at Lichfield, 'came to the Archdeacon's on Wednesday to dinner, where I was to have met him, but my spiteful pain

[1] Darwin to Wedgwood, May 8, 1787. Darwin MSS.

[2] New experiments on the Ocular Spectra of Light and Colours. *Phil. Trans.* Abr. xvi. 121. 1786. Dr. R. W. Darwin also wrote *Principia Botannica*, of which a 3rd edition appeared in 1810.

would not suffer it; however, I had the pleasure of meeting him at the R. S. on thursday, and seeing him presented by Dr. Hoar, and accompanying him to the president's next morning. In the afternoon he returned for Shrewsbury.'[1]

Thus accredited, and bearing an already popular name, Robert Darwin could have chosen no more fitting centre for his life-long labours than the ancient border town of Shrewsbury. It was still in a great measure what it had long been, the metropolis of the adjacent country; for here, in place of taking a tedious journey to London, by what Arthur Young aptly called 'infernal roads,' many of the aristocracy of a wide surrounding country settled during the winter months; and balls, suppers, oyster-feasts, meets of hounds, and an occasional visit from a party of strolling players, afforded variety and amusement. It was the centre of a great district in which provincial cities lay far away. Worcester and Hereford were remote to the south; Birmingham, Coventry, and Warwick were sufficiently removed; while to the west lay the wide sweep of Brecknockshire, Radnorshire, Montgomeryshire, and Denbighshire, in which there were no cities, and of which the chief towns were little more than large villages. In all this land and border were a rich and powerful titled aristocracy and an equally wealthy and proud squirearchy, who, though untitled, derived their lands and names from a period long anterior to the Norman William. If this wide area was beautifully picturesque, varied, verdant, and fruitful, full of rich corn land, pasture, orchards, and fair streams, the old halls and country granges were, for the larger part,

[1] Wedgwood to Darwin, April 5, 1788. Darwin MSS.

worthy of the landscapes amidst which they were set, and embraced every variety of domestic architecture, from the earliest Tudor to the bald, ill-adapted classicism of the Georgian era. Nowhere else in rural England was a more exuberant half-feudal hospitality than in these homes of the Powyses, the Myttons, the Minors, the Owens, the Sandfords, the Corbets, the Kynastons, the Lloyds, the Bettons, the Beddoes, and many others. Mighty ale and an imposing array of rural dainties appeared at most meals in the great wainscoted feudal chambers ; and staircases of ancient oak, wide enough for the passage of a railway train, led to vast rooms where for generations human life had made its entrances and its exits. The rural population were for the major part notably well off, and, in most points, no spot in England was better fitted for a physician who had great skill, vast physical strength, and indomitable industry.

When Dr. Darwin settled in Shrewsbury, 1786, the old town still wore much of its Middle-Age aspect. Almost all the better-class dwellings were in the style which preceded and lasted through the period of the Reformation. Constructed with vast beams of oak filled up with plaster, adorned with carving, and much other variety of ornamental wood-work, lighted by vast diamond-paned casements, which made more show than they gave light, and interiorly divided into great chambers which afforded space, but probably little warmth or comfort, these dwellings not only marked the main streets, but were to be found in remote court-ways and hilly winding lanes. Interspersed with these were a meaner class of thatched and plaster houses ; so that if variation be a necessary law of the picturesque in this old town it was prominent. The streets were

narrow, ill-paved, and worse lighted, and many of the chief shops remained much as they were in the reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII., for they still displayed their wares upon baulks and hanging shutters. One of its two bridges over the deep and swift Severn had been recently rebuilt; but the other still remained facing the Marches of Wales with its gateway and tower, but rebuilt in 1795. The grand old crenellated wall of red sandstone still, in part, surrounded the Abbey; so that, wherever a stranger might tread, there were helps for him to draw a pretty accurate mental picture of the town and town life of mediæval England.

The middle classes of Shrewsbury were, for the main part, wealthy and intelligent; so far as intelligence went where religious creeds and political opinions were alike narrow and bigoted to excess. They highly prized their great foundation School, though till the advent of its illustrious master Dr. Butler, in 1798, it rather slept over its work than produced scholars.[1] But under all conditions the Schools had been a great boon to the town, in attracting strangers to make residence, and in conferring education on those sons of its burgesses who otherwise might have had little or none. If much that was taught was useless, or forgotten in after days, classical learning had not been without results if it only led to an appreciation of learning in others. But it often did much more; and fathers who themselves had stopped short at the Latin Accidence lived to see their sons men of culture and members of learned professions.

Born in 1766, Robert Waring Darwin was but twenty-one years old when he settled in Shrewsbury. His professional rivals were numerous. According to

[1] Dr. Butler held his post from Midsummer 1798 till 1836, a period of thirty-eight years.

a subscription list appended to Phillips's 'History of Shrewsbury,' there were, in 1779, three physicians, six surgeons, and divers apothecaries practising in the town. Dr. Cheney Hart headed the physicians, and a handsome marble tomb with an elaborate Latin inscription in St. Giles's churchyard hands down his name and honours to posterity. But in cases more important than usual, Dr. Withering, the eminent physician and botanist, was summoned from Birmingham. Soon after Dr. Darwin had settled in Shrewsbury, he and Dr. Withering met in consultation at Wellington, in respect to a complicated case, and differed in opinion, as doctors are apt to do. Darwin's opinion and treatment proved correct. He wrote a pamphlet on the subject, it had a wide circulation, and from this date he soon took the lead in his profession; and physicians from remote distances ceased to be called in to cases within the wide range of his practice. Towards the close of the century, Dr. Cartwright, brother of the famed inventor of the power-loom, was practising in Shrewsbury; a little later a Dr. Evans; and as surgeons were two young men destined to become as eminent in their way as Dr. Darwin—William Clement[1] and Thomas Sutton. Mr. Dugard, afterwards Dr. Dugard, was surgeon at the Infirmary.

His practice thus increasing, Dr. Darwin, at no remote date after his settlement in Shrewsbury, bought some fields or otherwise waste land on the Welsh side of the town, and built a plain, substantial family house, which, from its elevation on a bank a hundred feet above the Severn, he named 'The Mount.' Its situation, apart from the wretched suburb of Frankwell which

[1] Father of the still more eminent surgeon, recently deceased, William Clement, late M.P. for the borough of Shrewsbury.

led to it, was exquisite in the extreme. To the rear lay the town, of which, when the extensive shrubberies and gardens of the new house came into prime, all sights and sounds were closed. In front rolled the Severn in swift, pellucid, and magnificent volume, its near shore formed by pastures which sloped gently upwards to the wide lawn. To the side, rearward, on the opposite bank, lay a beautiful ensemblage of clustered castle, bridge, free schools, and church-spires; and nearer to the front of the house, still on this opposite shore, hung—but divided from the Severn by a wide towing-path—the sloping gardens of outlying villas, and a mansion called 'The Flash.' In the distance the Severn rolled down from its far-off Plinlimmon, amidst a pomp of woods, undulating shores, and islands; the isle nearest to the town having been in residential occupation, it is said, by one family from times anterior to the Conquest.

Till our modern age of change, it might be noticed that the suburbs of ancient fortified towns, like this of Shrewsbury, particularly in the direction of those thoroughfares which led to the more important points of attack and defence, as bridge, castle, and outer ballium, had always a mean, irregular, and scattered appearance, as though built under the pressure of circumstances, and with no view to permanence—mere places of shelter, ever open to destruction by fire, sword, and battering ram. Frankwell, or the town of the Franks, wore all this appearance. It had been frequently burnt down by the Welsh, in their forays across the Marches, and in the reign of Henry III. lay in ashes from this cause for some time. It was a mere narrow, ill-paved defile of mean and tottering tenements, interspersed here and there with an old timbered house

of more pretensions; and where some newer hand had tried his skill in building, the result was so utterly mean, wretched, and unworthy, as to add to the general air of squalor and indigence. Although Frankwell was on the greatest highway, south of Chester, into North Wales, and along it nightly dashed the pictureque Holyhead mail, with two-thirds of the correspondence of Ireland sealed up in its great leathern sacks, such was its condition for many years. Considering the distance, and what beautiful old garden houses with stately courtways and precincts were in the town and on its other side, it evinced no ordinary courage to choose this site for his house; but Dr. Darwin prized the beautiful foreground, and knew full well that civilisation would do its work with this suburb—as with most other things.

His house thus prepared, and his practice large and profitable, Dr. Darwin married in April, 1796, Susan, the eldest daughter of the great English potter, the late Josiah Wedgwood of Etruria.[1] They had been acquainted from childhood; their fathers had been as brothers; and their union had been probably looked forward to by both families long before it took place. Miss Wedgwood brought Dr. Darwin a fortune of 25,000*l.*, in addition to what accrued to them both on the death of her brother Thomas Wedgwood. But her higher fortune was a gentle, sympathising nature. She entered zealously into all her husband's pursuits; and as he took almost as much interest in botany and zoology as his father, Erasmus Darwin, their gardens and grounds became noted for the choicest shrubs and flowers. They petted

[1] April 18, 1796, married at St. Marylebone Church, Dr. Darwin of Shrewsbury, to Miss Wedgwood, eldest daughter of the late Josiah Wedgwood of Etruria, Staffordshire.—*Gent. Mag.* vol. 66, p. 351.

and reared birds and animals;[1] and the beauty, variety, and tameness of 'The Mount pigeons' were well known in the town and far beyond. But the wife of the leading physician of an important provincial city like Shrewsbury had, in those days more especially, a multitude of other duties, that only a woman of education and tact could effect. There was often to receive, sometimes entertain, high-class patients in her husband's absence; to give dinner and supper parties; to be on visiting terms with the gentry of a wide neighbourhood; to take an interest in the town and town-folks; and not omit what was one of the established customs of the place, two great yearly feasts to the chief medical practitioners of town and country. To this Mrs. Darwin added much assistance to her husband in his large correspondence.

There can be little doubt that when Dr. Robert Darwin first settled in this stronghold of the orthodoxies—political, social, and religious—he had much to encounter from the prejudices of those who, from education and interest, often both combined, held the

[1] The physicians of that day did much to inaugurate the better treatment of dumb animals. Dr. Withering, of Birmingham, the eminent botanist and physician, equalled the Darwins in his kindness to and interest in animals. His love for his dogs was proverbial; his observations on hydrophobia acute in the extreme. He held the opinion that monkeys possess more intelligence than any animal except man; that a mischievous disposition does not exist in them naturally, but is the effect of fear in most cases, and of bad education in others. They much resemble man in a state of childhood, both as to his improvidence and his tyrannical disposition, but are without the means of further improvement, and are totally destitute of gratitude and good manners; so that, superior to the dog in intellect, they are not as good companions for man. Dr. Withering's scientific observations confirmed the opinion arrived at by Camper through his dissection of monkeys, particularly the orang-outang, that they are prevented speaking by certain *aerial follicles*, which are general in that race of beings—a singular and little-known fact.

narrowest opinions on every point. For he was known to be the son of the famous author; and the views promulgated in the 'Botanic Garden,' 'Zoomania,' and other works, were as obnoxious to that generation as those of Natural Selection to our own—indeed, more so, and to a greater number, for public enlightenment was far less general. But Robert Darwin inherited with his father's great talents the same bravery of truth, and whilst he seems never to have obtruded his opinions on anyone, he never concealed them when asked for. Largely liberal in every opinion and view, no wonder, even at this day, with the generation fast dying out, the doctor is regarded as a man clever but heretical. But men's bodies needed healing, and, becoming famous as a great healer, bigotry did not injure him, as it surely would have done smaller men. For full fifty years his practice was wonderful. Like his father, he was always on the road. He was literally ubiquitous. His small yellow chaise, within which, so exactly did it fit him, there was not an inch to spare; its two sleek horses, for he rarely used post-horses, and his steady coachman, were to be seen everywhere. Dr. Darwin and his well-known chaise were just as likely to turn up in the wild solitudes of Offa's Dyke and Clun Forest, on the steeps of the Stretton hills, or in the narrow valleys of the Longmynd, as on the highways of Welchpool, Hereford, Birmingham, or in the streets of Shrewsbury. Weather was no hindrance to him. Floods might be out, deep snow cover the country, a fierce meridian sun beat down, yet Dr. Darwin still went forth. Often at night, when the Holyhead mail had swept through the town with the speed of the winds, and nothing would be heard in the still streets but the cry of the old-fashioned watchman

or the roll of the Severn across its fords, if an approaching noise induced any watcher to look from his casement, it was almost certain to be Dr. Darwin's chaise, and the doctor obeying some sudden professional call. At any time, when the doctor thus sped on, was seen the same powerful, unimpassioned, mild, and thoughtful face. Unlike his father and Dr. Withering, who used their chaises as a study, Dr. Robert Darwin always sat as though carved in stone; as though books were unnecessary to one whose treasury of knowledge and thought was alike inexhaustible. Dr. Erasmus Darwin, of Lichfield and Derby, was cast in a gigantic mould; his son in a still greater.[1] Dr. Robert Darwin stood considerably more than six feet in height; his bulk was proportionate, and became enormous as age increased. Like his father, he was a great feeder, eating a goose for his dinner as easily as other men do a partridge. In his latter days it was impossible for him to ascend or risk narrow staircases and rotten floors; and as both were common in the more ancient parts of the town, a confidential servant was sent to make survey beforehand. When at home, and not engaged with patients, his gardens, greenhouses, and books afforded him infinite pleasure and occupation; for all which was new and progressive in literary thought found its way to 'The Mount.' His mornings were given to patients—of whom a large number, rich and poor alike, sought his

[1] It is a curious physical fact, and one worth recording, that the men of Newark and its neighbourhood, from whence the Darwins originally came, were renowned from the earliest times for great stature and prowess. For this reason they were selected to march in the van to battle, just as the free-miners of the Forest of Dean were chosen to form part of besieging trains on account of their skill in mining. The stature and prowess of the Newark men are spoken of in more than one of the early ballads.

advice. Some were awed by his peremptory commands, others amused by his comic sayings; and all were won by his kindness. His house, so far as it was seen by patients, was a marvel to many; for the general knowledge relative to fine works in pottery was in that day but small; and the doctor's house was, as was natural, a shrine of Wedgwood's art, in vases, plaques, figures, and other lovely ornaments. The doctor was always buying, the Wedgwoods often gave, and thus the number of beautiful objects, both in useful and ornamental ware, went on increasing through many years.[1] An opinion prevailed that the doctor was avaricious of fees; but, if true, he was in many respects a man of untiring and unostentatious benevolence.[2] He

[1] As early as October 1793, Dr. Robert Darwin wrote thus from Salop to his future brother-in-law, the younger Josiah Wedgwood. After referring to an account relative to a tea-pot and some jasper flower-pots, he continues, 'I will thank you to open my new account with a head of Franklin and Washington and two of the Botany Bay medallions. I am infinitely obliged by your father's kind intention respecting the Portland Vase, but should think myself sufficiently gratified in being allowed to have one on the terms I mentioned in my last.' Mayer MSS.

[2] Dr. Robert Darwin had a taste for mechanical invention, like his father, Erasmus Darwin. He made a design for a nursery lamp, for use in feeding children. It was in part manufactured at Etruria, and had a large sale. He confined the sale of this in Shrewsbury to some dealers in earthenware, of the name of Cook, who were poor and needed assistance. Of his kindness Mrs. Cook thus wrote to Mr. Byerley at Etruria, in January 1804: 'The recent experience I have had, not only of your generous and benevolent disposition, but for your sympathetic feelings for the distress'd, encourages me to hope you will not be offended that I take the liberty to request you to send me a few Tea-pots (as on the other side). Many trials I have been called to pass through, but none so severe as the loss of my truly valuable and beloved husband, Thomas Cook. This painful event took place on September 4, after an illness of five months, all which time Dr. Darwin attended him with a tender solicitude peculiar to himself, and which I hope will ever be remembered by me with the utmost gratitude. Not only was this attendance gratis, but wine, fruit, peas, artichokes, &c., sent frequently from his house. By means of the Subscription, in which you, Sir, have so liberal a part,

visited the poor without reward, and assisted them in other ways. He occasionally made small loans to struggling tradesmen, and assisted them by giving work, and by recommending them to others. Towards the close of his life, he was called 'the Father of Frankwell.' In about 1823 or 1824 he and his daughters established the first infant school in Shrewsbury at a considerable cost—for it included a specially erected schoolhouse in a squalid district by the Welsh Bridge—and this was supplied with the then novel appliances of black boards, arithmetical beads and frames, and the other educational devices of Pestalozzi, Wilderspin, and others. Dr. Darwin's dress at that period was invariably a snuff-coloured cloth suit—coat, waistcoat, and breeches alike. Gaiters of the same buttoned above the knees; his waistcoat had the old-fashioned lappet above the pockets, and the cuffs of his coat were wide. His shirt-frill and many-folded necktie of soft lawn were alike ample, and his ponderous watch-chain was conspicuous; but otherwise no ornaments were worn by the plain, unostentatious gentleman. His love of children was marked. He would address them in his small, high-pitched, falsetto voice, and if their answers pleased him he would reply; and occasionally, lifting them on to a chair or table, he would measure their heads with his broad hand, as though reading character, and mentally prognosticating their future fate.

Twenty years earlier than this, Dr. Darwin was in the prime of life, and being visiting physician to the Shrewsbury Infirmary, he appears to have mentioned

my dear Mr. Cook's affairs were settled before his death. I am advised by some friends to continue the business. I have a prospect, through the blessing of God, of providing necessaries for my family. If you are so good as to send me the few things, I hope to pay for them in due time.' Mayer MSS.

the case of his brother-in-law, Thomas Wedgwood, to the resident surgeon, Mr. Dugard. The latter prescribed, and the invalid, by the testimony of Thomas Poole's letter, appears to have tried the prescriptions; possibly with some small temporary effect, for now, early in April, 1805, an effort was made to obtain leave of absence for Mr. Dugard, it being probably thought that, were he to visit Dorsetshire and reside with Mr. Wedgwood for a short time, his advice might be still more salutary. For some reason or another this proposed leave of absence seems to have caused a stir in certain circles of the town, for Mrs. Darwin, writing to her brother Josiah, adds: 'The medical commotion here is not yet subsided. The ladies are now taking up the cudgels. Dr. Dugard has had a thundering letter from Mrs. Evans, and to-day Mrs. Sutton has favoured my husband with an epistle. I have not *yet* any thoughts of taking up my pen.'[1] After some little trouble leave of absence was obtained—a fact which Mrs. Darwin thus announced to her brother: 'The Dr. has lost no time in soliciting the consent of all the Faculty, Directors, &c., and has this morning been to the Board at the Infirmary, and I am happy to add he has been successful in obtaining leave of absence for Mr. Dugard. Mr. D. has also got a person to supply his place at the Infirmary, whom he is to pay, which is pleasanter than laying himself under any great obligation. Mr. D. will leave here on Monday morning, and hopes to be with you on Wednesday night; you will best judge whether to send to meet him at Shaftesbury or not, as we know nothing of the time of the Coaches leaving Bath. I need not

[1] Mrs. Darwin to Josiah Wedgwood, Esq., Gunville, Blandford, Dorset. April 4, 1805. Mayer MSS.

add how earnestly I wish poor Tom may find comfort and relief from this scheme.'[1] This fervently expressed wish was made in vain. In a letter written by Mrs. Clive, wife of the member for Shropshire, to Josiah Wedgwood, Gunville, she says: 'I am much concerned to hear so indifferent an account of Mr. T. Wedgwood's health. I fear he has derived no benefit from the medical skill of Mr., I should say Doctor, Dugard, whose residence under the same roof would, I had hoped, have enabled him to form a more accurate judgment of his complaint than anyone else has hitherto done.'[2]

Yet whilst so ill Thomas Wedgwood was still thinking of his friends, and a present, probably of venison, sent to Soho at this date, was acknowledged by James Watt, junior, in a letter to Josiah Wedgwood. It furnishes some interesting particulars. 'Dear Wedgwood. Give my kindest thanks to your brother for his present, which is arrived in excellent condition. Any token of his recollection would at all times have been agreeable; but I particularly feel the value of this at a time when his attention must be so much directed to his own harassing complaint. How lamentable that such fine talents should be exposed to so large a share of the evils of human life. It seems almost as if nature meant to equalize her gifts by too frequently combining splendid abilities with infirmity of constitution. Poor Gregory! I have more than once thought of writing to you upon this subject, but I feared it would be harassing your feelings. His loss will ever be to me irreparable; it has caused a total change in every feeling and prospect in life. He possessed my full affection and esteem, and now has my unbounded regret. But

[1] *Ibid.* date torn off. Mayer MSS.
[2] Styche, Salop, April 9, 1805. Mayer MSS.

it answers no purpose to go on, and I drop the subject. I have much gratification from your remembrance of the hours we have formerly passed together; it has been more my misfortune than my fault that we have seen so little of one another of late years. It is right you should know that last summer, or rather autumn, I made an attempt to visit you, and actually had got the length of Blandford, when I met your servant accidentally, and learnt from him that you were absent, and your brother preparing to leave Gunville the next day. I thought that under such circumstances a visit might be hurrying to him, and therefore pursued my journey into Devonshire. As you are now likely to become an occasional resident in this or the neighbouring county, the distance will not preclude an occasional visit, if I know where to find you. Please offer my best respects to Mrs. Wedgwood, your mother, and sisters. We have been under great alarm for our old friend, Mr. Boulton, this winter. He had a severe attack of fever, produced, we suppose, by his too great anxiety and attention to his new Coinage, which has left him in a very debilitated state, and he does not yet see even his most intimate friends; but we expect the fine weather will recruit him. My father and Mrs. Watt are now tolerably well, and beg to be kindly remembered to yourself and brother . . . I am, with much regard, dear Wedgwood, Yours truly, J. Watt, Jun.'[1]

Early in May, Mr. Josiah Wedgwood travelled, by way of Bristol, to Etruria, and from one of some interesting letters written to him from Gunville, by his wife, we can vividly realise the working of the press-gang system of that and an earlier period. The evil was rife

[1] To Josiah Wedgwood, Esq., Gunville, Dorset, April 7, 1805. Mayer MSS.

in these southern sea-board counties, and was as much an infringement of the rights of individuals as opposed to sound political morality. 'The only thing that has occurred since I wrote last has been the taking of poor Job Harding by the Press-gang, which has excited a great sensation in the Village, and for which I am very truly concerned. The night before last they knocked at the door and told the Hardings to get up, as the Press-gang were at Hinton, and were coming to take them. Job got up and went down stairs; but they had broke open the door, and seized him and carried him off without giving him time to tie his garters or to put on his coat. The other brother, Jem, was very ill from a chill, but the Lieut. went up and satisfied himself as to the truth of it; and he had humanity enough to leave him behind, though they said they should come for him very soon. They then went to George Collins's, but he would not open the door or answer when they called, but prepared to stand on the defensive; for which purpose he broke the child's crib to have the stick as a weapon of defence. The crew, hearing the crash, thought he had broke through to the next house and made his escape, and so they went off, and he escaped this time; but I am afraid they will get him and Jem Harding. The poor wife of Job (unlike her namesake in the Bible) is gone off this morning to comfort her husband, and to carry him some necessaries, and I suppose the pay she received last night, which amounted to 16*s*., to which Tom added some articles from his wardrobe, and I a guinea; and A. Harding's wife went with her out of friendship—a walk of forty miles to and from Poole. A good many of the women went to *send* her. I saw a letter to-day from him to his wife, written in such a simple, honest style, that it interested me very

much in his favour. The other two men are frightened to death at the thought of their turn coming next, and they don't lie at home; but what a sad life it is to be feeling the torments of fear and skulking like a felon, and that for such a length of time as they probably will. I shall conclude this long story by heartily wishing that all those of our wise legislators who are so fond of voting for war were themselves pressed and sent on board a tender.[1] Our waggoner, coming from Poole yesterday, met poor Harding escorted by three men, and himself pinioned. I declare this circumstance almost made a Bethlem Gaber of me.' After referring to Mr. George Coleridge and her boy's midsummer holidays, Mrs. Wedgwood thus speaks of an early visit to London: 'I have written to J. A.[2] to get us apartments at one of the hotels, and also to bespeak a job, and we mean to set out on Thursday and get to Town on Friday. Tom is better, but Kitty has caught a vile cold, which indisposed her much yesterday. Tom has had an answer from Mr. Poole to say that he should be glad to see him at Stowey and would return with him, but he has written to Mr. Poole to put him off from

[1] There had been many worse cases of impressment than this, so graphically recorded by Mrs. Wedgwood. In 1773, a farmer who resided near Shaftesbury had a family of thirteen sons. He rented a very large farm of the squire of the district, and was a well-to-do man, some of his sons assisting him in tilling his land. Early on a Wednesday morning, in the autumn of this year, four of the sons and two waggoners set out with a great store of corn for sale, at Poole, on the following, which was market day. The parents watched their sons from the door, and never beheld them again. They were impressed at Poole, shipped to America, fashioned into soldiers; three of them perishing, in June 1774, at the battle of Bunker's Hill. The fourth son, Christopher, either escaped, or, discharged on the removal of the British troops from North America, went to the East Indies, where he settled as a ship-chandler. He amassed considerable wealth, but, dying intestate, the money still remains unclaimed. This is a veritable history.

[2] Her brother, Mr. Allen.

both, as he says matters are changed now. Eastbury will not be deserted so soon, and I don't think he chooses to have Tom Poole to himself. I hope I shall hear in your first letter that John has sold Cote advantageously, and that you found all there quite well.'[1]

It is not often that we find stewards writing to their employers other than of details relative to their stewardship, but John Willmott—Poole's friend—had been cast in a higher mould. After an illness of some days, and before entering upon details relative to stock and farming operations, he thus writes of his recovery to Mr. Wedgwood: 'I thank God, on the Sunday morning following I felt much refreshed by a sleep of 2 hours, and awoke just as the sun had opened the most splendid dawn I ever beheld, and of which from my bed I had a cheering prospect. It would be most ungrateful not to confess the sublime impression stamped in that moment on my feelings. Returning Health then leapt of Joy. A superstitious mind would have found a wide field for indulgence, and the antient mythologist would have seen Aurora leading the goddess Hygæia, dispensing all around Health and delight to the Heart of man; I thought of the Persian worshiping the rising sun, and for once admired the segacity of an Idolater in confining his adoration to Nature's sublimest object.'[2]

Another pleasant correspondent of this period was Caroline Drewe, sister of Mrs. Jos. Wedgwood, but more memorable as the tender lady who in a foreign land followed Francis Horner to his solitary grave. She and her husband resided at Broadhembury, near Honiton, in Devonshire. She receives kindnesses from Josiah Wedgwood, and writing to him in grateful terms

[1] Mrs. Wedgwood to J. W., May 8, 1805. Mayer MSS.
[2] Willmott to J. W., May, 16, 1805.

of friendship, refers to having ridden pillion-wise to Ottery to see his son, although at this time she was suffering from a disorder in her eyes: 'Jos. did not write to me on Sunday, as he promised, so, as I was a little anxious to know how his cold went on, I mounted double yesterday to pay him a visit. On my way to Ottery I met Captain Becon, who gave me a note from him, containing a very good account of himself, which I found confirmed by his appearance and Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge's account of him. His cold was nearly gone. He was playing in the Churchyard when I came, so I only detained him a few minutes to make my observations on him, thinking his play-time was precious, whilst I sat half an hour with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Coleridge, whose appearance I liked very much. The account they gave me of your boy was such that I would gladly live, even blind, to hear the like of mine.'[1] A month later Mr. George Coleridge gives the same flattering account to the father, though he writes terribly like a pedagogue of the old school. Even the holidays must not be without a little Latin, and if not Latin—French. Referring to his pupil's diligence, docility, and obedience, he adds: 'Of these I can give no stronger proof than by referring you to his accuracy in analyzing the Latin language. To accomplish this he dedicated full two months to get a *regular* knowledge of inflection, gender, formation of verbs," and particularly a true notion of Syntax and Government. The previous information which he acquired with you has much conduced to facilitate the passage through this dreary region, and he is in consequence nearly two years on his journey in my School. He will take home with

[1] Catherine Drewe to J. W., Fenton's Hotel, London, May 18, 1805. Mayer MSS.

him the Ovid, a part of which he has been lately construing. If you employ him in French, he will not be expected to get a task—otherwise he will commit to memory a great part of the Epist. of Dido to Æneas.'[1] No wonder that the boy's health soon gave way under scholastic regimen such as this.

In the letter written by Thomas Wedgwood in August, 1803, reference is made to Campbell the poet, but by whom an introduction was effected is uncertain. It may have taken place either through Gregory Watt or Sir James Mackintosh, as young Watt and Campbell had been fellow-students and inseparable companions in Glasgow. But more likely Wedgwood and Campbell first met at the Club—known as 'The King of Clubs,' upon the second visit of the latter to London, in the summer of 1802.[2] In the

[1] George Coleridge to J. W., June 18, 1805. He adds in another letter, 'During the holidays I would advise him to retrace the ground which he has gone over in Euclid by himself, and to commit to memory that part *only* of the "Ars Poetica" of Horace which he had construed to me previous to removal.' G. C. to J. W., Dec. 10, 1807. Mayer MSS.

[2] The Club is thus referred to in 'Mackintosh's Life': 'As an agreeable rallying point, in addition to the ordinary meetings of this social circle, a dinner (christened "The King of Clubs" by Mr. Robert Smith) was founded at a party at his house, consisting of himself and the following five gentlemen, all of whom have since been in Parliament, and all of whom still survive:—Mr. Rogers, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Robert Smith, and Mr. John Allen. To these original members were afterwards added the names of many of the most distinguished men of the time, and it was with parental pride and satisfaction that he received intelligence, some time after, of their "being compelled to exclude strangers, and to limit their numbers;" so that in what way "The King of Clubs" eats, by what sacred rites and institutions it is conducted, must be matter of conjecture to the ingenious antiquary, but can never be regularly transmitted to posterity by the faithful historian.' *Life of Sir J. Mackintosh*, vol. i. pp. 137–8. It lasted twenty-four years, being founded in 1800 and dissolved in 1824.

Campbell sketches this literary club in one of his letters: 'Mackintosh, the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," was particularly attentive to me, and took me

spring of 1803, Campbell, on his way from Liverpool, visited the Potteries, and was 'fêted' at Etruria, as elsewhere, by some of the Wedgwoods then in residence. And a little later, July 17, 1803, he thus refers to Thomas Wedgwood, in a letter to Dr. Currie, of Liverpool. Speaking of his own liability to depression of spirits, and loss of confidence in himself and the world, he continues: 'I thought this malady of Metempsychosis peculiar to one unhappy being. I believe I did not mention it to any one, for if I had observed any symptom of it in others, it was in some bad characters, whom I did not like myself for resembling. But I found it lately, by the confession of a candid and worthy man, in one who is more than my fellow-creature in this failing, as he has it even worse than myself. I have even been reconciled to it from seeing it the concomitant of a mind perhaps the finest I ever met with. The person I speak of is Thom.

with him to his convivial parties at the King of Clubs, a place dictated to the meetings of the reigning wits of London, and, in fact, a lineal descendant of the Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith Society. It is constituted for literary conversational rivalship, maintained, to be sure, with perfect good nature, but in which the gladiators contended as hardly as ever the French and Austrians did in the scenes which I had just witnessed. Much, however, as the wit and erudition of these men please an auditor at the first or second visit, the trial of minds becomes at last fatiguing, because it is unnatural and unsatisfactory. Every one of these brilliants goes there to shine; for conversational powers are so much the rage in London, that no reputation is higher than his who exhibits them to advantage. Where everyone tries to instruct there is, in fact, but little instruction. Wit, paradox, eccentricity, even absurdity, if delivered rapidly and facetiously, takes priority, in these societies, of sound reason and delicate taste. I have watched sometimes the devious tide of conversation, guided by accidental associations, turning from topic to topic, and satisfactory upon none. What has one learnt? has been my general question. The mind, it is true, is electrified and quickened, and the spirits are finely exhilarated; but one grand fault pervades the whole institution: their enquiries are desultory, and all improvement to be reaped must be accidental.'—Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, vol. i. pp. 383–4.

Wedgewood, the son of the Potter, of whom you may have heard, as he is known to literary people. We have been sometime well acquainted; and from finding him a man above par, I was fond of his conversation. We met one day, both in a cold and cramped state of Metempsychosis. He was cramped with bad health, and I was crossed with my love affair; and our conversation got upon this subject. We both declaimed upon the same malady; and for once in my life I found one who understood the fault of it completely. Of this I have said enough, perhaps bothered you with auricular confession too much. But I cannot help noticing poor Wedgewood—a strange and wonderful being. Full of goodness, benevolence, with a mind stored with ideas—with metaphysics—the most exquisitively fine I ever heard delivered; a man of wonderful talents, a tact of taste—acute beyond description—with even good-nature and mild manners, he is not happy. I thought, till I saw him, that happiness was, to be defeated by no other circumstances than weakness, vice, or an uncommanded temper.'[1] Campbell had studied medicine, and must have known full well that what he here calls somewhat absurdly 'metempsychosis' was no natural condition of the mental state, but one, under many variations, which was referable to physical condition or disease. Like too many men and women of acute nervous temperament, he suffered greatly through life from hypochondriasis, or morbid condition of cerebral action; and there can be little doubt but what the insanity of his eldest son, which displayed itself even in the nursery, grew out of the morbid mental action here complained of; so

[1] Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, vol. i. pp. 463–464.

intimate, hidden, and fine are these psychological links between being and being.

Mr. Wedgwood, as seen, had two years previously thought of Thomas Campbell as a companion, but the poet returned to Scotland, and later, though again in England, marriage and active literary pursuits closed all possibility on that score. But the friends corresponded, and when in the June of this year, 1805, Mr. Wedgwood, appearing better, though rapidly sinking, again decided to go abroad, Campbell was deputed to look out for a companion. In the first instance he had not far to look. In his father-in-law's (Mr. Sinclair's) counting-house was a young clerk of high character and attainments, named Benjamin Thorpe, known in after years as the able antiquary and great Anglo-Saxon scholar, and to him Campbell made the offer; with repetition, as it would seem, for he wrote thus from Sydenham, to young Thorpe, on June 8; 'My dear Sir—I do not write to importune you, for I dare say you may think I have done so already too much. But I trust your correspondence with Wedgewood will produce some good. I hold Wedgewood to be the purest and best heart in the Universe, and though you may think it flattery, I think, from all I have heard and seen, so *much* of you, that I wish you to become friends. I think he is worthy of you, and you of him. I wish you not to be afraid of health in any place to which he will go, for, depend upon it, he will run no risks. Yours, T. Campbell.' Addressed 'B. Thorpe, Esq., 8, Jeffrey Square, St. Mary's Axe.'[1]

After weighing all the considerations connected with the proposal, Mr. Thorpe decided against it, and

[1] Letter communicated by the late B. Thorpe, Esq., Feb. 24, 1870.

Campbell again looked around him; with but indifferent success, as he thus explained: 'Dear Wedgewood —In the full consciousness that you know how strongly I *wish* to succeed in the obtaining of a substitute for Thorpe, I omit offering any apology for having not yet succeeded, but I think it proper to let you know I am still on the look-out, in case you should imagine I had given up the search. On Monday (it was the first day I could travel) I went to town, in consequence of hearing that a son of Boyd, the translator of Dante, might be likely to answer the situation. Yesterday I found both the father and got from another quarter a very good account of his talents and disposition; but the story of a disappointment must be short. I did not get an account of his age, which is but twenty, till I had completed the enquiry into his character, which is amiable. That age I conceived too youthful for your society; and there was another insuperable objection— his friends would not hear of the West Indies. In speaking of the West Indies, I must beg you, my dear Friend, not to suppose me capable of the offensive intention either to make any remarks on your choice of a situation, which I should think an impertinent liberty on my side, as you must be the best and only judge of that choice, or to insinuate, by stating the general objection of people to go to the West Indies, that I consider myself warranted to exert less perseverance in executing my commission; but I really cannot conceal how many objections are made at the bare mention of the West Indies by men who might be expected to grasp with avidity at the offer of protection and provision from so respectable a quarter. I have explained as strongly as possible that it is to a positively healthy and delightful part of Jamaica you mean

to go, but still the prejudice is insuperable. The West Indies sounds dismal. . . I want to get an amiable, interesting mind, with something like accomplishments, and, as far as I can understand, activity and a knowledge of money-management will be an advantageous recommendation. . . The persons to whom I have spoken to to look through among their acquaintance for some person such as I wanted uniformly shook their heads at the "*West Indies*," and the only persons except Boyd's son, who were even proposed were absolutely such as were fitter for enlisting in a West India regiment than in your society. I scarcely needed to describe yourself and family and the advantage of their patronage; that is a thing popularly known; but it would be of a little advantage to have a precise statement of the situation, which, in certain respects, I could only describe by saying it would be a genteel allowance. You will think me, perhaps, indelicate in asking the question; it is really not from impertinent curiosity, but from a desire to possess more strongly the representative power of conducting a negotiation for you. Now, hitherto I have only been telling you what I have not done, and what expectations I have *not* been able to realize. What I have been able to do amounts only to having lodged letters to all my most likely acquaintance in London to say that by getting me information of such a person as I described they would oblige me, and they would have an opportunity of doing what was still more, of eventually providing protection and provision for some deserving man who might otherwise be friendless. My letters have been lodged since Saturday. They produced only one tolerable prospect of success. Four of them are to eminent booksellers. Their acquaintance

among literary men is likely to lead to the discovery of some good person.'[1]

In spite of these prevalent objections to the West Indies, Mr. Wedgwood, before June closed, had decided upon a voyage to Jamaica, his passage was taken, and a companion engaged, although it seems Campbell's search still continued. A Mr. Johnstone, who had been secretary to General Nugent,[2] and residing in Jamaica, was temporarily in this country, was, if he sailed before, on his return, to provide a furnished house; and on July 1, Standert, the companion, a scientific as well as medical man, recommended by Carlisle, the eminent surgeon, thus wrote to York Street in relation to certain preparations. Mr. Wedgwood, it appears, had a wish to take out English song-birds. 'I have this morning ordered the press to York Street, and have made every enquiry in my power respecting song-birds. There seems to be much more difficulty in procuring birds with their pure native song than I at first apprehended, and I believe it will be scarcely possible in London to get a full-grown Blackbird or Lark that has not acquired some artificial notes. A man conversant with the subject informs me that Linnets, Blackbirds, and Larks particularly, have so great a propensity to imitate, that they invariably acquire false notes; but that Robins, Nightingales, and Thrushes preserve their song with greater purity. The Wood-lark and Tit-lark he also mentions as exceptions to the Lark tribe, all the others being mock birds. I think it will be the best plan to rear some birds from the nest. In this state they will probably suffer less from change of climate; and if there

[1] Without signature or date, but addressed, 'Thomas Wedgewood, Esq., Eastbury, Blandford,' and endorsed 'T. Campbell, 1805.' Mayer MSS.

[2] J. H. Allen to Josiah W., June 24, 1805. Mayer MSS.

be any reasons to suppose they will not attain their full natural song, yet those will perhaps be balanced by the certainty of its purity. However, I can easily make the experiment. I went on board the Wellesley yesterday, and found her in great forwardness. All her stores were on board, except Gunpowder, and she was expected to drop down the River the latter end of this Week. My packages will be ready in a day or two, and I will thank you to acquaint me if they should be sent to York Street or on board the ship. I understand from the sailor I found on board that our party will consist of three Artillery Officers and three Ladies. At present the cabin smells very much of paint, but perhaps this will go off before Mr. T. Wedgwood inhabits it. I have not provided any bedding, conceiving you have made those arrangements. I subjoin a list of my books.'[1]

At the date Campbell thus wrote again in reference to a companion Sydney Smith quaintly introduced, 'a Mr. Allen, of Wales,' to Josiah Wedgwood, and enquired after York Street Chapel. Dating from 8, Doughty Street, Brunswick Square, he said: 'When the lease of your Chapel in York Street is expired, will you give me the refusal of it? I shall not be quite as enthusiastic a tenant as its present occupiers are, but, I hope, as good a one to you. I am very sorry our rambles this summer will take a direction so contrary

[1] This letter is probably addressed to Mr. Byerley. From the books we may conclude that Standert was not only a surgeon, but a man of scientific tastes:—*Systema Naturæ*, Lin.; Lee's *Botany*; *Blasii Anatom. Comp.*; Monro's *Comparative Anat.*; Accum's *Analysis of Minerals*; Parkinson's *Chemistry*; Scheele's *Essays*; Black's *Lectures*; Young's *Syllabus*; Bonnicastle's *Geometry*; Euclid's *Elements*; Newton's *Optics*; *Celarii Geograp. Antiq. Florilegium, Tibulli, Catulli, Propert.*; *Ovid. Op.* &c.; *Horacii Opera*; Greek Lexicon; French Grammar; Cullen's *Practice of Physic*; *Fordyce on Digestion*; *Curry on Fevers*; Bell's *Surgery*; Winslow's *Anatomy*.

to Dorsetshire, or we should have had the greatest pleasure in paying our respects to Mrs. Wedgwood and yourself. This L^r^ will be brought to you by a Mr. Allen, of Wales, a very promising young gentleman, whom I beg to introduce to your acquaintance. He is totally free from the vices of his countrymen, and neither addicted to genealogy nor cheese. He has, to be sure, fall'n into some wicked courses in London, by keeping company with a Mr. Phillimore, a gay deceiver of this place; but from these habits he will, I have no doubt, be gradually estranged by the regularity of a family. With best regards to your amiable lady, from Mrs. S. and myself, I remain, D^r^ S^r^ with real esteem and regard, Yours very truly, Sydney Smith.'[1]

Though Mr. Standert was thus engaged as companion, and the preparations for Mr. Wedgwood's voyage all but completed, Campbell seems to have been unenlightened thereon, and still continued his search amongst the booksellers. Two letters, of no particular interest, relate to these enquiries, and especially in regard to a young man of the name of Taylor, assistant to Hood, a well-known bookseller; but, as Campbell confessed in one of these letters, written in answer to Josiah Wedgwood, 'men fit for affording entertainment by their conversation to your brother are not thickly sown in society. A man of taste and intellect is not to be kept in a state of incitation by ideas much less valuable than his own. I am persuaded that of half a million of men in the population of London, there are not half a dozen of men accomplished, ingenious, and informed to the degree I conceive to be expressed by your letter.'

But on the day (July 10, 1805) this reply of Camp-

[1] Sydney Smith to Josiah Wedgwood, Gunville, July 6, 1805. Mayer MSS.

bell's passed through the London Post-office, on its way to Eastbury, Thomas Wedgwood died, and all the anxieties of many friends and many men on his behalf were at an end for ever. Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury, had long anticipated that his life would close in frenzy or paralysis. The last was the merciful ordination. In an instant the brain was stricken. He ceased to all outer volition and consciousness, and calmly died no long while after. Yet so sudden was the shock that, whilst no one regretted that his long sufferings had ceased, his friends heard of his sudden death with an emotion that testified to their regard and true veneration.

CHAPTER IX.

Campbell and Thorpe on Thomas Wedgwood's Death—Dr. R. W. Darwin on the same Subject—Love of Children and Benevolence—His Legacies—Peter Holland—Sydney Smith—Poole and a Mourning Ring—Last Conversations—Metaphysical Essays—Farming and Philosophy—Neglect of Sir James Mackintosh—Coleridge and Leslie—Thomas Wedgwood's Essay on *Our Notion of Distance*—Josiah Wedgwood to Mackintosh—Mackintosh to Wedgwood—Mrs. Coleridge's Letter—George Coleridge as to his Brother—Francis Horner—Preparations for leaving Dorsetshire—Francis Wrangham—Wardenship of Dulwich College—Henry Holland in Edinburgh—His Agricultural Survey of the County of Chester—Sale of Gunville—Willmott—His Valuable Services—Poole on Vaccination.

A LETTER from Campbell to Benjamin Thorpe preserves the clearest account we have of Thomas Wedgwood's death; 'My dear Sir,' he wrote, 'I ask your pardon for not immediately answering your polite and attentive note to me on Wedgewood's death. I know not what bundle of anxieties, such as I have had, should weigh so heavy on my attention as to make me neglect the decent ceremonial of acknowledging your friendly enquiries. Wedgewood has left an existence of little value to himself. His organs of happiness, if we may say so, were impaired, almost annihilated. His heart, however, as it regarded sympathy with others, was not impaired. He died without a struggle, or any symptom of pain. It was, perhaps, an alleviation of his fate, or rather of the feelings of his relations, that he died among their hands, and had not begun his intended voyage. In thinking of poor Thom. Wedgewood, I deplore the loss of a man who gave me every

reason to call him my friend, and whose intellect I revered, while I loved his feeling dispositions. I regret, also, that the world he has left contains so few similitudes of this departed philanthropist; for such he was, though he felt the coarser grains of human nature sometimes so sorely as to appear half worthy of the opposite name. But that Wedgewood ceases to exist, I cannot, on deliberate reflection, on the whole, lament. I shall be happy to see you soon, and have a long conversation with you, and remain, with great esteem, your sincere friend, T. Campbell.'[1]

And all the many friends[2] who communicated on this occasion thought in the same way, that death, to new and unpainful life, was great gain. 'I have just received your kind letter,' wrote Dr. Darwin, from Shrewsbury, to Josiah Wedgwood, 'and am glad you feel and think upon the loss you have sustained in the manner you do. A thousand circumstances at present will hourly remind you of him, but in time you will have the recollection of him impressed upon your mind with melancholy, though less painful, associations. My wife, I am happy to say, only feels as she ought; she is anxious to see your mother and sisters . . . . Your poor Brother having appointed me executor with you is a great mark of respect. Feeling it such, I could wish to do everything in my power in respect towards his memory, as well as to save you any trouble. You,

[1] Thos. Campbell to B. Thorpe, kindly communicated by the receiver a short time prior to his lamented death.

[2] His old and attached friend Richard Sharp gave facilities to Mr. Howship, the head clerk in York Street, for the necessary arrangements with the shipowners, and writing from 17 Mark Lane to Josiah W., he said, 'I need not say how greatly I regret your loss, and your brother's early departure from a world which he was so well fitted to benefit by his talents and virtues.' July 31, 1805. Mayer MSS.

however, with your usual active kindness, I know, will do everything that is necessary, and therefore I have only to say, if you wish me to do anything, you will have the goodness to instruct me. . . My wife desires I will say she has felt much for you, and wished to have written to you, but could not.'[1] In a previous letter the Dr. had said: 'I have written both to Eastbury and to Worcester, in the hope of prevailing upon your mother and sisters to come to us. My wife is very much afflicted, and I think being with Mrs. and Miss W. they may all help to console and comfort each other. There were three modes of termination to be expected in your poor unfortunate brother's state of health, and that which has occurred was by far the least deplorable, as it was without pain. The moment the paralysis took place all sensation would cease. Febrile action and phrenzy were the other two.'[2]

Of Thomas Wedgwood's personal appearance no account remains, except that one of his nieces remembers him as a tall, thin, pale, sickly gentleman, moving feebly, by the aid of a stick, about the grounds at Eastbury; staying occasionally to watch, with interest, his brother's children play, and remarking, as he did so, that he would give half his fortune if he could possibly partake of their health and buoyancy of spirits.[3] He seems to

[1] R. W. D. to J. W., July 17, 1805. Mayer MSS.

[2] *Ibid.* July 14, 1805. Mayer MSS.

[3] To an enquiry made to the late Mr. Thorpe respecting Thomas Wedgwood, the former replied: 'I never saw Thos. Wedgwood. All that I know having reference to him forms a very short episode in my early career. My first employment was in the counting-house of an Insurance Broker and Underwriter, who had 7 full-grown daughters, the youngest of whom (Matilda) afterwards became Mrs. Campbell. The family was Scotch, and T. C., when I first knew him, had recently come from Glasgow. He was an old and intimate friend of the family in question, and thus our acquaintance began. I had never heard of T. W.

have been intensely beloved by children, and no man had ever a greater share of attached personal friends. His large fortune was liberally divided amongst his family. To the playfellows of his childhood, Mary Willett, otherwise Holland, and Jane Willett, otherwise Turner, he left handsome legacies; the former was dead, but her children were benefited. Mrs. Drewe's daughters were legatees, and Coleridge and Leslie were continued in their annuities. He left the sum of 500*l.* to be distributed amongst poor bearers of his name, and of these there were a large number in Burslem and the Potteries. Of the legacy to his children, Peter Holland thus wrote to Josiah Wedgwood. After referring to Thomas Wedgwood's death, he continues: 'I feel much gratified by the proof he has left of the regard he had for the excellent mother of my children, *Henry*,[1] *Mary*, *Bessey*, and *Lucy*. The two first are old enough to feel, as they ought, the obligation. Henry spent the last winter in Glasgow; he is now busily employed in Liverpool. Mary is with her aunt Turner, at Newcastle.'[2] His liberal subscriptions to certain London Societies and Charities were continued by his family for many years, and soon after his death those who had interested

until Campbell expressed the wish that I would accompany him to Jamaica. For me, a clerk with 50*l.* or 60*l.* a year, the offer of 300*l.* per annum, free of any expense, was not to be rejected without deliberation. I did, however, eventually reject it. Nevertheless Campbell pressed me to accompany him to Salisbury to meet T. W., and make his personal acquaintance. I yielded to his wish, and we started with the intention of proceeding thither; but, from some cause or other, after going to all the places where post-chaises were to be hired, we could not get one, all being away. The consequence was, we gave up the intention, and thus ended my chance of acquaintance with T. W.' Communicated March 8, 1870.

[1] The present Sir H. Holland, Bart.

[2] P. Holland, Knutsford, to J. W., Gunville, July 22, 1805. Mayer MSS.

themselves in his intended West Indian voyage were handsomely remunerated. Standert, who had been engaged by Anthony Carlisle, was at his instance paid 100*l.*,[1] and through the graceful agency of Sydney Smith Campbell received a liberal *honorarium*. Of this, and of Thomas Wedgwood's death, Sydney Smith wrote in this wise: 'Many thanks for yr Game—of great intrinsic merit; but greater as a proof of yr kindness and good nature. I have had no opportunity of saying anything about yr poor Brother's death; indeed, it is very difficult to know in what light to consider it. It is painful to lose such a man; but who would have wished to preserve him at such a price of misery and pain? He will not easily be forgotten. I know no man who appears to have made such an impression upon his friends. Mrs. S. and her little ones are quite well. We all unite in kind regards to Mrs. W. and yourself. Yrs very truly, and with the most respect and regard, Sydney Smith.'[2] In December, he writes of Campbell; 'I thank you very kindly for yr liberality to Campbell, and upon that subject will implicity follow yr directions. Many thanks for remembering my former application.[3] I will see Mr. Byerley to-morrow, and you shall hear from me as soon as I have mastered the business, in doing which I will take as little time as possible. My great difficulty, I perceive, will be Andrews; but I think I can get at him. We have not heard of any governess yet for Lady M.,[4] but I hope we shall soon. One we have rejected on account of her beauty. I write to save this post. You shall hear

[1] A. Carlisle to J. W., July 13, 1805. Mayer MSS.

[2] Doughty Street, October 5, 1805. Mayer MSS.

[3] As to the Chapel in York Street. A Mr. Wallach, an auctioneer, made an application at the same date.

[4] Lady Mackintosh.

from me again soon at large. Yrs. very truly, and with much obligation, Sydney Smith.'[1] With respect to Campbell, nothing further appears of much interest. He occasionally corresponded with Josiah Wedgwood, who sent him game, and in February, 1806, the latter and his two unmarried sisters subscribed each a guinea for the quarto edition of Campbell's poems.[2]

Poole's letters reappear, and they increase in interest. There is a freshness and a vigour in their diction which indicate a character of great force and originality, and many of the opinions expressed were uncommon in that day. To his three choicest friends Thomas Wedgwood had left mourning rings; and of these friends Poole was one. With this expression of attachment he was greatly pleased. 'I duly received the parcel,' he wrote to Josiah Wedgwood, 'containing the *measures* and your letter, and I have returned the measures to Green, Ward, and Green, saying that the letter *M* fits my finger. To be thought of by him on such an occasion, and to be one of three only whom he thus distinguished, affects me much more than I can express. I will retain the Ring *for his sake* as long as I live. I now often think of all I remember him to have said, but particularly I am impressed by a Conversation which I had with him when I was last at Gunville. It seemed as if he felt it would be the last time that he should see me. He said that he thought we must tread back our steps, and that the more we deviated from *a simple mode* of Life the less happy we were, and the more difficult it was to be made happy. The *refined* man, said he, does not meet with one in a hundred whose society gives him pleasure; the Peasant does not

[1] Doughty Street, December 5, 1805. Mayer MSS.
[2] Campbell's receipts for same. Mayer MSS.

meet with one in a hundred from whom he cannot extract pleasure. These remarks he illustrated with a force and vivacity which proved how clearly he saw through, and seemed to leave behind him, the Vanities of human Nature. Much must be allowed for the melancholy state in which he was; but yet, if we can retain that love of simple Life so natural, I believe, to every virtuous mind, that capability of being easily pleased and easily satisfied which most of us feel in the beginning of Life, and at the same time not sink into inactivity or any of the defects of simple Life, we shall, I doubt not, possess the *frame of mind* which gives the largest share of happiness on Earth. From his Influence in private Life, I am led often to think of what his Influence would have been (had he been blessed with health) on the Public. Here is, in fact, the greatest Loss! for I am persuaded, with his originality and acuteness of Mind, and with his inclination to apply those Powers to useful rather than curious speculations, that he would, by his labours, eminently have increased the Happiness of Mankind. Whatever he did would have been seasoned, too, with a delicacy and simplicity of moral feeling, and with a correctness of taste, which, if not essential to reasoning, are always the best guard against its abuse, and the surest passport for its reception. All this is past; but I trust you will think it proper that which he has left behind him may in due time appear. I allude chiefly to those Metaphysical Essays which Sir James Mackintosh undertook to bring forward. If he has hitherto omitted to arrange them, surely this event will stimulate him to perform his engagement. They will be found, I doubt not, to contain much original matter. I beg my respects to Mrs. Wedgwood and the Family at Eastbury. I hope

your Mother bears this severe and affecting stroke with fortitude. Yours most sincerely, Thos. Poole.'[1]

A healthier state of feeling and further consideration would have proved to Thomas Wedgwood that it is not by treading *back*, but by treading *onwards* in the course of civilisation, that true happiness, as expressed by simplicity of life, will be found. Just as the simple, the pure, and the true were the highest expressions of art in the greatest age of Greek sculpture, so the highest refinement of manners and the highest intellectual culture will be found as the co-ordination and result of a civilisation which we may prognosticate, but to which, as yet, we have made but little approach. High culture means less selfishness and a truer perception of what constitutes our duty to others; and with a more equable distribution of wealth, brought about by less greed on the part of those who possess, and more industry and prudence on the part of those who acquire, will be found that mean of mutual simplicity and well-being in which true happiness consists. Thomas Wedgwood, like his father, had caught up Rousseau's baseless theory of the perfectibility and happiness of man in the savage state: whereas modern discoveries and modern knowledge prove him to be a base and sensual animal, with neither a taste for simplicity nor a conception of what truly constitutes human happiness.

Upon the receipt of the ring, Thomas Poole wrote to Josiah Wedgwood, who was staying in Pembrokeshire: 'I received the Ring which you were so good as to order for me last week. I should have written to you on the receipt of it, but I had hopes daily of hearing

[1] Thos. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, Gunville, Stowey, August 2, 1805. Mayer MSS.

from you. I like *it very much*, but I must confess that it would have been still more significant to my mind, and more valuable to me, if it had contained some of his Hair. But this, I conclude, is not the present fashion, and to fashion, I suppose, our Feelings must submit; tho' I suspect, where they really exist, they will be found unmanageable (at least those of the sort I allude to) by Fashion. It will give me great Pleasure to hear from you, tho' I hardly know why I ask it; knowing as I do the numerous engagements which you must have on your hands at present. Have you made any progress in your arrangements for the sale of Gunville? How does your Flock go on, and what are your views for its future management? I shall be interested to know those things. I am here rather melancholy than otherwise, and certainly should be very melancholy if I were not very much engaged. We are in the midst of Harvest. I am to-day carrying Barley and Peas and cutting Wheat. The Crops of all sorts, I think, are abundant; but the *Rust*, which committed such depredations on the Wheat last year, has again injured the late Crops. You have seen, I suppose, Sir Jos. Banks' satisfactory developement of the cause of this disease. One notion in Sir Jos.' Paper I think rather dangerous. I allude to his recommending the using, for seed, the Corn injured by the Rust. In good land, and in a good season, this may do as well as the best Corn; as, under those circumstances, the mere Eye of a potatoe answers as well as the planting of a large piece of the potatoe with it. But in poor land, and in unfavourable seasons, the infant plant seems to require part of the parent plant, that first food which Nature has intended for it before its organs get sufficiently strong to find, to lay hold of, and to digest

the nourishment in the earth around it. Thus in my garden the Eye of a potatoe has produced a fine Crop; in a field, in common cultivation, where the cuttings of potatoes have answered very well, the Eye has produced a weak plant with little or no product. In fact, sowing Corn without Flour in it, or planting the Eye alone of a potatoe, is like depriving an Infant of its milk. It may, with great care, do without it, but it will generally do much better with it.' . . . After referring to the prevalence of scarlet fever in his neighbourhood, and the loss of a fine young man, the son of a worthy farmer, named Patten, Poole continues: 'The poor Father's anguish this morning was terrible. I was never more affected. What an Exciter of thought! What a Cutter up of Schemes! What a Humbler of human Pride is Death! All we can say is, that tho' spring-guns lie in our way, it is our duty to pursue it; and to pursue it vigorously, as giving us the best chance of avoiding the danger. With my respects to all, ever yours, Thos. Poole.'[1]

A month later, Poole varies a business letter with some remarks of interest. Of the elder Mrs. Wedgwood, the widow of the great potter, he writes: 'I was very sorry to hear that Mrs. Wedgwood had been attacked with that complaint on her chest. I sincerely hope that her health is now as well re-established as her age and infirmities will allow her to expect. All who know Mrs. John Wedgwood have trembled for some years past when they think of the state of her health. I hope she is got well. I suppose no woman ever excited a more lively interest. Your visit to Cresselly must, I think, have been a pleasant one; and you now must feel less weight upon your mind than you have

[1] T. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, August 25, 1805. Mayer MSS.

done, I think, for some years past. The sympathy and the labour which you so cheerfully gave your Brother occupied no small part of your thoughts and of your time. They are now closed, and you will find them, as they well deserve to be, a source of the purest future pleasure. They are *mental* riches, which, when all others fail to lighten the heavy hours of life, will be alone efficacious. It is pleasant to call up before us the good deeds we have done: there cannot be more delightful nor improving company. We are excited by it to increase the number of our Guests. I believe we could name him of all others who had the largest Society of this sort. I hope Sir J. Mackintosh has done, and will do, his duty with respect to those Papers. If he does not. . .[1] I am very glad to hear you say that you shall make Maer an agreeable residence. It is, without doubt, the proper residence for you, and I am truly happy you be at home at last. I have many schemes in view, the anticipation of which gives me great pleasure, but certainly no one more than that of visiting you, some day or another, in Staffordshire.' Remarking on an interesting account Mr. Wedgwood had given him of 'Fallett's Flock and Wool,' Poole continues: 'When you leave Gunville we will have a flaming agricultural Auction. A complaint is made here that Clothiers will not give the *real value* of our fine wools, and this circumstance (which is produced merely by the want of a little general communication) is a great check to the advance of the breed in this neighbourhood. Have you heard anything of Coleridge lately? I am informed that he is very well off at Malta. Do you know Rickman, the Speaker's Secretary? He is

[1] Poole's threats are thus expressed.

lately married, to the surprise, I believe, of most of his Friends. How does Leslie go on with his Professorship? I see that he and Count Romford are at issue in the Monthly Review. With my kind respects to all with you, believe me, Yours most sincerely, Thos. Poole. P.S. What think you of the Continental War? We have frightful rumours from Germany. I trust that they are exaggerated. If they be true, what shall we say? that the Talent of governing is worn out with the old Governors of the World. At any rate, they seem to want *prompt action* in an age when everything is done by it. I thank you for offering me the partridges at Gunville; but when I come to Gunville, it is to see you rather than partridges.' [1]

Of the Metaphysical Essays here referred to by Poole as being in the hands of Sir James Mackintosh, for arrangement and publication, nothing is known. They were never published, and, like the Life of Thomas Wedgwood which he was to write, and towards which his brother contributed many facts and valuable papers, endless promises were made and never fulfilled. Habits of procrastination were through life as much an enemy to Mackintosh as they were to Coleridge; and the papers, laid aside for intended use at some future time, appear to have been lost sight of or destroyed. The only essay or fragment which survives is a paper entitled 'An Enquiry into the Origin of Our Notion of Distance.' It was drawn up by some one, whether Mackintosh or Leslie does not appear, and was published in the third volume of the 'Quarterly Journal of Science and Arts.' It will be seen [2] to be, considering the immense scientific advance made since that day,

[1] Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, Stowey, ye 20th October, 1805. Mayer MSS. [2] Appendix.

a somewhat feeble attempt to replace the Berkeleian theory of optical distance by the more objective ideas of Reid, of whom Thomas Wedgwood was an ardent admirer.

In the September of 1805, Josiah Wedgwood answered the letter of Sir James Mackintosh previously given. This reply was worthy of the preservation a rough copy gives, and testifies, in the unmistakable words of deep brotherly affection, the worth of him whose death no man could mourn. The answer is dated from Cresselly: 'My dear Mackintosh,' wrote Josiah Wedgwood, 'I received your letter of 21st of February yesterday. Every mark of your remembering me with kindness gives me the greatest pleasure, and I can never forget your warm invitation to Tom to seek that health with you that he could not ensure in England. You have probably heard of his death. It was a release to him from hopeless misery, and to his family from looking on the sufferings of a man extremely dear to them all, without the power of mitigating them, and with the horrible prospect of their being increased until Nature should fail under them. I believe the probable terminations of his disease were palsy or frenzy, and happy it is for us all that death came in the milder form of palsy. I had long ceased to look on him with any hope, and I may be said to have seen him die for two years. No one was so intimately acquainted with his whole existence as I was. He had not a thought he concealed from me; and very few, I believe, have been the men whose thoughts and feelings would better have borne to be made public. I know that time will wear away the fineness of the impression I have of his pure and manly virtues, his talents, his taste, and his genius; but I shall, I trust, never lose the

heartfelt satisfaction with which I remember that I am his brother, and that I never forfeited his esteem or his love. As a father my loss is very great, for, young as my children are, he had acquired in an extraordinary degree their veneration, their love; and if he had lived, with even a very moderate share of health and comfort, his example and his influence would have formed them to elegant tastes and pursuits, and to virtuous habits. I cannot deny myself the pleasure, of opening my heart to you, who knew him well. He was a son worthy of my father, and I am proud of my relation to two such men. I shall receive the work, which is probably on its way hither, with a melancholy pleasure. In one of his late conversations, which were touching and even sublime from the simplicity with which he spoke of himself, as if he were already detached from the earth, and soared above its petty vanity and selfish egotism, he expressed his regret that he should have been deprived by ill health of the power of showing what he felt that he had otherwise been capable of performing—a regret that no one would have felt in a livelier manner for another, and a regret in which the generous will join for him. Perhaps your work founded on his metaphysical speculations may awaken the sympathy of similar minds, and his regret, expressed in so pathetic a manner to me, may prove an anticipation of what others will feel for him. When I see the work I may judge whether you mean it for publication; but I think it will be better to wait for hearing from you again, as perhaps you will indulge me with writing an introduction or preface referring to the peculiar circumstances of the work with more liberty than you would have done in his lifetime. I shall, at any rate, take no step without consulting Sharpe.

I should be glad to induce you to write an epitaph for him, but I can scarcely venture to make the request. I wish I could second your kind exertions in favour of T. B. His father gave him a good education and placed him in our counting-house, but he was unable to set himself steadily to work, and he was in danger of becoming profligate as well as idle. Mr. B. bestowed a greater expense on Tom than was perhaps strictly just towards his very large family. If he were to return to England, I fear he would be a burden on his father, who has not the means for doing more for him, and who would be utterly at a loss how to dispose of him; nor do I know in what way he could earn his bread. I have, therefore, not thought it right to disturb Mr. B.'s mind by acquainting him with your opinion of his son's wishes, but I have copied your very pleasing character, and sent it to him. When I see Mr. B. I may find, in conversing with him, what he knows of his son's wishes and what he purposes to do for him. At present I believe he knows from T. B.'s letters that he would be glad to return; but as he is at this moment anxiously settling his elder son in business, and suffering from the unsteadiness of the son next to Tom, I must as yet leave Tom's wishes unknown to him, if he is not already acquainted with them.

'You will not find us at Gunville when you return. I am going to sell all my property in Dorset, and to live at Maer. My principal inducement for this change is, that I may look to my business, and next, that I may diminish a very heavy load of debt which I have incurred in making purchases quite disproportionate to my means. If I sell my estate, I may then be able to join any of your moneyed friends in a loan to you, for the purpose you have pointed out; though I shall even

then be considerably in debt. At present, I cannot do more than meet the calls that are made on my income. I should not have mentioned this subject, if I had not thought it possible that you might think me able to contribute to a loan, and therefore unkind in not doing it. I don't know that there is any probability of a sum being raised for your use; and I believe that one man, to whom you would naturally look as a first mover in the business, is not in better plight for lending than myself. I say this without any communication with him, and it is merely my unauthorised opinion. But do not, dear M., whilst you are forming more splendid projects which may never be realised, throw away the opportunity you have in your hands. The distance that separates me from you seems to diminish the restraint arising from the ordinary forms of politeness, and to cast a seriousness upon our intercourse, which raises me above the feelings that would prevent my presuming to offer an opinion or advice relative to your concerns if you were still in England; though I am confident I might, in any case, rely on your good temper and good nature for an excuse for taking a friendly liberty with you. Allow me, then, to urge you to consider whether you are not spending more than you need do. I cannot help fearing that you may, and I do believe your habits and inclinations to be so adverse to anything of parsimony that I am persuaded you will not make a fortune without considerable exertion of self-command and a frequent and close inspection of your expenditure. For example, a coach and four seems to be as expensive, except for the taxes, in Bombay as in England; and a man would not drive four horses in his carriage here if he were determined to save a considerable fortune from a limited income. I cannot help fearing

that your expenditure is formed on the habits of men who make fortunes by great gains, rather than on those of men who make fortunes on the savings of moderate incomes. Saving is an art you have to learn; and it is unfortunate that each little, which is to form the aggregate saving at the end of the year, seems at the critical moment a matter of no consequence, and does not offer a sufficient inducement to overcome the indolence or the inclination of a man accustomed to live as he pleases. All this, I know, is perfectly obvious and commonplace, and perhaps for that very reason it may not be sufficiently a part of your daily habits of thought.

'We have all a great interest in your success in obtaining the object for which you went out, and, after the health of yourself and Kitty, this is the object of our greatest solicitude. It is in this view that we consider all you tell us of yourselves and all we hear of you from others. Excuse me, dear M., and do not let Kitty be angry with my preaching. . . . .'[1]

Of the philosophical speculations and the memoir of Thomas Wedgwood, Sir J. Mackintosh wrote more explicitly, in the subsequent February, 1806. 'It is now nearly two months,' he said to Josiah Wedgwood, at Etruria, 'since we learnt poor Tom's death, by the Morning Chronicle, and the delay of the ship for Bombay has still kept us ignorant of the particulars. I will not, by any detail of what we felt, disturb the tranquillity which your rational and firm mind must have regained long before the distant period of your receiving this Letter. It was a death which perhaps affection ought not to have prevented, if she could not have made life more happy. But Catherine, who has more sensibility,

[1] Josiah Wedgwood to Sir J. Mackintosh, September 16, 1805. Mayer MSS.

as well as more of every other high virtue, than I have, was suddenly and deeply affected by the death of one who deserved so much and enjoyed so little; by that Event which precludes the possibility of any compensation for suffering, at least in our world. I felt it a good deal, though not so deeply and not so honestly as she did. I have some mixture of self-reproach that I was prevented by a thousand unworthy causes from gratifying him as I ought to have done. Nothing remains but the duty which I owe to his memory, that of showing his understanding to the small Public which can see it; of showing how bright a philosophical genius went out when the life of that feeble body was extinguished. That duty I am prepared, inclined, and indeed resolved, to perform with all my soul and with all my strength. But it would be improper to publish his philosophical speculations without some account of the very extraordinary man whose speculations they were. If there be Errors, the reader ought to be warned that they may be the Errors of an Interpreter who has suffered to pass by for ever the opportunity of being corrected by his Author. Sketches so masterly ought not to be deprived of the Interest which they derive from being traced by a dying hand. Nor ought it to be concealed from the Public that the superiority of his Understanding was the least part of his claims to distinction above most other men. His virtues ought to be fully displayed, which the words charity and generosity do very inadequately represent; and which approached more nearly to a total want of preference of himself over others. All this ought to be done. It cannot, however, be done without most ample materials from you. You must send the dates of his Birth, of his various Courses of Study, reading, or medi-

tation, of his travels, of his illness, in short, of the few occurrences of his too short life, with such Anecdotes as have impressed themselves on your mind, and such observations on his intellectual and moral Character as have occurred to your excellent and most vigorous understanding, in the course of that affectionate and really brotherly intimacy which subsisted between you. Mr. Leslie will not be unwilling to contribute his Share. Dr. Beddoes, Coleridge, &c., will not surely decline to take a part in the labour of love. The only title that I have to superintend the arrangement of the Materials is that I was chosen by himself to be the Editor of his Philosophical Speculations, or, as I would rather call them, discoveries. Before I can receive from you all these materials for the Introduction I shall have long completed the body of the work. Place unbounded confidence in me on this occasion, and I *will* justify it. I hardly know how to add anything on less interesting subjects, and Kitty's Journals and Letters, with mine to John and Baugh, will have communicated all the news which our comfortless banishment can afford. I look with impatience for the China Ships, which will, I hope, bring a release to poor Byerley, who deserves a better fate than that of being a subaltern at Guzurat. Short of absolute want, there can hardly be a worse. I am glad to find that you are about to reassemble in Staffordshire, which I consider as the seat of your hereditary. . . .[1] A Wedgwood living out of Staffordshire must lose something of his proper importance. With my best remembrances to all the Wedgwoods and Allens, believe me, dear Wedgwood, Yrs entirely, James Mackintosh.'[2]

[1] Obliterated.

[2] Sir J. Mackintosh to Josiah Wedgwood, Bombay, February 28, 1806. Mayer MSS.

This letter was answered in the following October, and a half-obliterated and fragmentary copy shows with what interest Mr. Wedgwood had, amidst countless other avocations, already taken up the subject of a memoir of his brother. He had received Sir J. Mackintosh's letter in July, and, referring to delay in answering it, he says: 'I have been travelling to and from Etruria and Gunville, bargaining for the sale of the latter and all upon it, moving my family, &c., &c. In short, I have had so many concerns to attend to, relative to Gunville, Etruria, and Maer, that I have always put off writing to you to a more tranquil moment. I lost no time, however, in applying to Leslie to furnish me with materials for the account you propose to write of Tom's life. I also made the same request to Coleridge immediately on his return to England, about six weeks ago. I have not heard from either of them, but I have no doubt of their complying with my request. I have begun to write all that occurs to me on the same subject, but the information I can give will be very meagre, for I have an uncommonly bad memory. I shall make it, however, as complete as I can, and I hope to send you all that can now be collected by the spring ships. I shall be more desirous to write all that occurs to me than to be studious of the arrangement or selection of the matter. I shall write without reserve. You will take what suits your purpose, and give it the proper tone for the public ear. I cannot expect that the public will sympathise with my feelings and opinions, and I shall write only as for you.'[1]

Josiah Wedgwood was a man of punctilious business

[1] Draft of letter. Josiah Wedgwood to Sir J. Mackintosh, Etruria, October 11, 1806. Mayer MSS.

habits, and on this question of his brother his feelings and interest were much concerned. There is therefore no reasonable doubt but what these materials for a life of his brother were collected and despatched to Bombay. But no Essays or Memoir ever appeared; and the omission reflects great discredit on Mackintosh, Coleridge, and Leslie. The two last were benefited by the dead man's gifts to the end of their days; and the merest sense of gratitude ought surely to have prompted their laggard pens. But a fatalism attended all record of the Wedgwoods. It was with the son as it had been with the father: those who could have written with the vitality of personal knowledge suffered opportunities to pass which no man can recall.

Coleridge was in Malta at the time of Thomas Wedgwood's death, and some months elapsed before he learnt the fact. His wife, making enquiry of Josiah Wedgwood as to how her husband's annuity was affected by this event, explains her reason for silence thereon. Dating from Keswick, Oct. 13, 1805, she wrote: 'Before I can take the liberty of drawing on you as usual, I must entreat the favour of a line from you, in which you will have the goodness to inform me if any arrangements occasioned by the decease of your lamented Brother make it improper that I should do so. And while I am writing I cannot resist the melancholy inclination I feel of expressing my sincere condolence for the loss of a brother, and of a friend so estimable and so beloved. It will, I fear, prove a dreadful shock to Coleridge on his landing, for I have not written him an account of it, knowing how much mischief things of that nature occasion him. He kept his bed for a fortnight after being suddenly told of the fate of his friend Captain John Wordsworth. I received a

letter from Coleridge about a month since, dated July 21. He says he shall certainly quit Malta in a Month from that time; he is only waiting the arrival of Mr. Chapman, the former Secretary, to resign his office to him. If Mr. Chapman does not arrive, I do not suppose Coleridge can come, for he says Sir A. B. behaves so well to him and with so much kindness, that he shou'd be sorry to occasion him any inconvenience. But he is unhappy in the extreme, not having received above 3 or 4 letters from home during the time of his residence on the Island. I myself have had only four from him; the last but one was more satisfactory than the last, for his health had been greatly injured by grief for the Wordsworths. Whatever your wishes and commands are, believe me, they shall be cheerfully obeyed. I beg my compliments to Mrs. Wedgwood, and remain, dear Sir, yours most respectfully, S. Coleridge. If you have lately heard from Mr. Poole, of Stowey, I should be very glad to hear that he is well, as I have not at present any correspondents in his neighbourhood.'[1]

The inducement which led Coleridge to visit Malta, instead of Madeira, was an invitation from his friend Mr. Stoddart, afterwards Sir John, who resided there. Shortly after landing, he was introduced to Sir Alexander Ball, the governor of the island, whose Secretary being absent, Coleridge officiated for some months in that capacity. But the post was discordant to his habits and tastes, and he gladly left upon the return of Mr. Chapman to his post. Still officially employed, he took Sicily on his way to Rome, as we find in the following extract from a letter of George Coleridge

[1] Sara Coleridge, Keswick, to Josiah Wedgwood, Etruria, October 13, 1805. Mayer MSS.

to Mr. Wedgwood: 'I am obliged to you for your friendly communication respecting my brother Samuel. The same account I received about a fortnight since, by means of a gentleman who had been spending some time in the neighbourhood of Keswick, who added likewise that my Brother had contracted for Corn so ably in Sicily, that he had been requested to go to the Morea to *handle* and contract for Bullocks. My Brother Edward, with Mrs. L. Coleridge,[1] unite with me in thanking you for no less than five hares. They have been divided, I believe, agreeable to your wishes. I hope, however, you will not think it necessary to send us Game at all, scarcely not in such abundance, as must cause you much trouble in procuring.'[2] There is no evidence that Coleridge visited the Morea, but he spent some time both in Naples and Rome, and returned to this country in August 1806. De Quincey considered that Coleridge's visit to the Mediterranean, from which, according to Southey, he was to come 'home full of politics,' was an unfortunate chapter in his life, as he there confirmed and cherished his habit of taking opium in large quantities.

A pleasant letter of September 1805, from Francis Horner to Josiah Wedgwood, relates to Sir James Mackintosh. Mr Erskine had written from Bombay to Horner in respect to the illness of Lady Mackintosh and her family. After referring to this point with regret, Horner continues: 'Erskine says that Mackintosh continues still much oppressed by the nothingness of Bombay Society. He has not been idle, though making little progress in his metaphysical speculations. His collections for a political and moral

[1] The wife of his brother Luke.

[2] G. Coleridge to J. Wedgwood, November 4, 1805. Mayer MSS.

history of India are already very large and valuable. Great progress is already made in a statistical or economical survey of the islands of Bombay and Salsette, and he has even interested the Governor himself in the undertaking. A literary Society of Bombay is likewise established, of which he is President. He delivered an admirable discourse on opening this institution, and proposed to follow this by others. The meetings are monthly. Several papers had been read, and a premium offered for the best Essay on a passage of the Periplus. This, I think, is the substance of my letter.'[1]

Mr. Wedgwood, at this date, August 1805, was preparing for the sale of his Dorsetshire property. Friends in every direction were receiving parting tokens of his kindness. Game and venison were despatched hither and thither in abundance. Mr. Drewe was offered a mare, by name Matilda, but he refused it; 'for I must repeat,' he said, 'I cannot think of allowing you to heap such treasures so abundantly on me, and therefore hasten to say that, though I do not accept this fresh offer of your kindness, I shall ever feel as grateful as if Matilda was my own.' In concluding his letter he adds: 'I hope little Jos. will reach you safely; he's likely to have bad weather for travelling. Caroline has informed Bessy of the sharp Philippic Mr. G. Coleridge wrote me for asking only *one* Holiday.'[2]

Great improvements had been effected at Maer since its purchase at the close of 1802 and possession in the spring of 1803. Mr. Pepper, of Newcastle, advised by Mr. Haycock, of Shrewsbury, had projected and superintended them. Windows were brought from Etruria

[1] Francis Horner to Josiah Wedgwood, September 12, 1805. Mayer MSS.

[2] E. Drewe, Esq., Broadhembury, to J. Wedgwood, Gunville, December 1805. Mayer MSS.

and set up at Maer, and at the same date the beautiful Jasper ornaments with which the elder Wedgwood had adorned his various rooms at Etruria Hall[1] were removed to this new residence. These ornaments were in great variety, including panels, friezes, door-plates, chimney-pieces, and brackets. The Staffordshire gentry seemed heartily glad to have the Wedgwoods once more amongst them. Mr. Caldwell, of Linley Wood, and Mr. Sparrow, of Bishton, both of them local notabilities, sent their congratulations to Josiah Wedgwood and hoped 'they would often meet,' and his friend Francis Wrangham, afterwards Archdeacon, wrote: 'You told me something which rejoiced my heart; your thought of exchanging Gunville for Etruria, and that we should again become comparatively neighbours. My brain has dwelt upon the idea frequently since, and I have even gone so far as to project bringing Mrs. Wrangham for 3 days to see you in Staffordshire about the middle of next April, if you should by that time have reached your new old abode. . . You had a brother, too, whom I never saw without feeling that I had before me not only one of the most enlightened, but (what added much to his earthly value, and I doubt not adds at least proportionately to his present happiness) one of the most benevolent of men. And I doubt not, if we are worthy, we shall see him, too, in our future and better existence.'[2]

In the summer of 1805 the election of a new Warden

[1] The following relates to these architectural enrichments:—'I remember seeing in your father's House the sides of the Shutters—that is, the Imposts or Architraves—finished with Medallions, Antiques, blue ground, let into the sides. I think they were from 2 to 3 inches broad. Do you make any of them at present?'—W. F. Brockholes, Claughton, Cheshire, to Josiah Wedgwood, Etruria, February 27, 1812.

[2] Francis Wrangham, Hummanby, to Josiah Wedgwood, Gunville, December 8, 1805. Mayer MSS.

for Dulwich College took place, and, from two candidates who were chosen from many others, L. B. Allen, son of John Allen, of Cresselly, and brother of the wives of John and Josiah Wedgwood, was elected by drawing lots. He was a young man of moderate fortune, and resided when in London with his brother, who had chambers in Paper Buildings, Temple. His letters show him to have been an educated, refined gentleman, a lover of horses and dogs, a keen sportsman, possessor of a yacht, and a gay, dashing fellow. He and his competitor drew lots for the Wardenship, agreeing beforehand to pay to him who lost 100 guineas. Being successful, he had to find a dinner for all the unsuccessful candidates, which was to cost 40*l.*, and he adds, in a letter to Josiah Wedgwood: 'I have not yet been a visitor to Dulwich, the Master not having got his things out of my rooms, and the Carpenters being in his. I shall, therefore, not get into them before I go into the country, which will be, I hope, immediately after the 4th of September, if these cursed Frenchmen allow us to move anywhere. I will then go down as fast as I can to Cresselly, and shall enjoy myself not a little, and not the less for the probability of meeting you. . . I have had some excellent venison from Dorsetshire. Carlisle has given me a paper read at the Royal Institution for you on the Physiology of the Ear.'[1]

Peter Holland's letters again appear, and contain brief passages which are now of interest. Writing from Knutsford to Josiah Wedgwood, he says: 'My son Henry is setting out for Edinburgh in *three or four days*, and has desired me to request you to favour him with a letter to Mr. Leslie. He has no intention of

[1] J. B. Allen, August 19, 1805. Mayer MSS.

attending Mr. L.'s lectures this winter, as his other engagements will scarcely allow him time for this; but he thinks an introduction through your means to Mr. L. may be both pleasant and useful to him. I think I told you that Henry had deserted the mercantile life in which he had embarked, and was intending to study medicine. The last three months a portion of his time has been occupied in drawing up a kind of survey of the county of Chester for the Board of Agriculture. Whether the Board will consider it worthy of publication I do not know. He has nearly completed it.'[1] The survey was not only published, but is even at this day one of the most readable books of its class, and full of sound and well-prepared material. It brought considerable reputation to its writer, as, apart from its merit, it was considered a remarkable performance for so mere a youth as Henry Holland then was. His father, however, probably assisted him. Peter Holland, the Knutsford surgeon, had a widespread local reputation, and his letters evince a refinement and cultivation not common to country surgeons of his time. He had a brother a merchant at Trieste, to whom he often refers in his correspondence with Mr. Wedgwood; another brother was partner in the firm of Holland and Humble, Liverpool export merchants; and a third came from abroad and entered as a partner in an English foundry. Peter Holland appears to have had a taste for mineralogy, and was one of the original shareholders in the Herculaneum Pottery in Liverpool.

In another letter Mr. Holland says: 'I was much obliged to you for your letter, with the inclosure to Mr. Leslie, which Henry will find highly useful to him when

[1] P. Holland to J. W., October 11, 1806. Mayer MSS.

he gets to Edinburgh. He is probably there by this time, though I have not heard of his arrival. He was fortunate in getting other introductory letters to Playfair D. Stewart, Hope, &c.'[1]

After due advertisements in the county and other newspapers, and negotiations with several bidders, Mr. Wedgwood's Dorsetshire property, which included Tarrent Hinton, Hinton Bushes, Eastbury Garden, Eastbury Park, Bussey Stool, and Tarrent Gunville, all of them places between four and six miles from Blandford, was sold to John James Farquharson, Esquire, of Langton Maltravers, near Wareham, for 52,000*l.*, being 1,270*l.* increase upon the original cost. But much had been done to raise the value of the property by improved farming and planting. Mr. Wedgwood's services towards improving the breed of sheep in that district, were highly considered; and his flocks of Spanish and other sheep sold high, bidders coming from remote parts, to the sale. A considerable number were retained by Mr. Wedgwood, and sent into Staffordshire. The business with Mr. Farquharson was closed on September 3, 1806, and Mr. Wedgwood, journeying with his family to Etruria, thus wrote to Willmott: 'We had all a very prosperous journey to this place, and were overtaken at a few miles distance by my brother and Mrs. Wedgwood. We are now preparing for the Prince of Wales, from whom we expect a visit on Friday.' After referring to the transit of plate and other valuable goods, Mr. Wedgwood continues: 'Be so good as to write a line to Mr. Farquharson, to say I wish to gather a bag of laurel berries when they are ripe, and provide for their being sent to Poole, to

[1] P. Holland to J. W., October 25, 1806. Mayer MSS.

come here by sea.'[1] Numberless plants also added to these Dorsetshire mementoes.

With the sale of the Dorsetshire property, an arrangement appears to have been made that Mr. Willmott should leave his employer. But Mr. Wedgwood was aware of his merit in furthering an advantageous sale of his estate, for he wrote: 'I am very sensible how zealously you exert yourself for my interest, and I return you my thanks.' In this same strain, Mr. Davis, a land surveyor and agent, of Horningsham, near Warminster, also wrote: 'I am very happy to hear you have got through your Jobs so well. I think as you do, that the Nursery was valued low. However, it is so far *all* gain, as the original cost was trifling, and if Mr. W. had been left to his own good Nature he would have given Mr. F. the whole. Your Farming Stock has told out well, and I am certain you are entitled to great Credit on that Account. I must also allow Hawkins his share in having the Farm in such order. Mr. F. is quite right in employing him. I wish to God he would also employ you in some higher concern. I should think he must have many concerns that require such a head as yours, and where he is to get it elsewhere I know not. I speak this from my Heart, and without meaning to flatter you, for I must say I never saw Books kept in such a style as yours. My acquaintance in the Mercantile World is very slight indeed. Among the Landed men it is pretty general. But I shall be very happy to have it in my power to answer any references that may be made to me in the way that you have a right to expect from me, and to which you have a just claim.'[2]

[1] J. W. to Willmott, Etruria, September 10, 1806. Mayer MSS.
[2] Thos. Davis to J. Willmott, September 28, 1806. Mayer MSS.

Poole, too, also offered his congratulations on this advantageous close of the Dorsetshire business: 'I need not say it gave me pleasure to read that the Gunville business had closed to your *entire satisfaction*. I fear *the Poor* of Gunville will send many sighs after you.'

The same letter shows that Poole, like many other men of sound common sense, had a stronghold of opinions into which light from the new and experimental did not enter. Just as Sir Humphry Davy did not believe that the lighting London with gas was an experiment which could be practically solved, and Dr. Lardner that ships propelled by steam could cross the Atlantic, so Poole had little or no faith in vaccination. 'I am truly glad to hear your Family have got through the Measles well. I have always considered them as worse than the small-pox, under inoculation even; and more, supposing you a Friend to Vaccination (about which I have great doubts), the measles are indeed the disease which we have most to dread. I therefore heartily congratulate you and Mrs. Wedgwood on their being past.'[1]

Poole had, at this date, entered into partnership with a Mr. Ward, and added to his business of a tanner that of timber merchant and dealer in bark. To extend these business concerns he and Ward borrowed 2,500*l.* of Mr. Wedgwood, which was duly secured, and returned in a comparatively brief period; and through 1807 they bought largely at Mr. Wedgwood's Dorsetshire sales of bark and timber. In relation to this carriage of timber he wrote: 'I have some thoughts of going to Bristol next week. Is there anything I can do for you

[1] Thos. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, Etruria, October 20, 1806. Mayer MSS.

there? We find such a difficulty in hiring timber carriage, and they charge so extravagantly, that I am going to *buy* a carriage and hire horses there. We are certain, though it will cost a little trouble, that it will well pay.' This was written on December 27, and in allusion to the Christmas holidays he adds: 'I forgot to mention in my last that I was vexed and disappointed at not being able to meet your Jos. in his way from School, at Bridgwater; but I was obliged on that day to attend a Meeting of Justices on some business of considerable consequence to this Parish. I hope nothing will prevent my seeing him on his return, and do *allow him to pass a few days with me.* Seeing him for a few minutes is really nothing."[1] In a previous business letter he had written: 'I am truly happy to hear you have escaped so well the breaking up of the Continent. I trust you will some day or another be paid your debts, for there is yet honour left among private men.'[2]

[1] Poole to Wedgwood, December 27, 1806. Mayer MSS.
[2] *Ibid.* December 20, 1806. Mayer MSS.

CHAPTER X.

Poole's Letters—His Dislike to Bonaparte—Regrets profoundly Coleridge's neglect in writing Thomas Wedgwood's Life—Wool Trade—Cornish Mines—Literary Materials sent to Sir J. Mackintosh—Poole's Work on the Poor Laws—Bark and Leather—George Coleridge—Sickness in his School—Mr. Wedgwood's Generosity—Poole's Description of S. T. Coleridge and his Children—Whitbread's Educational Schemes—Coleridge's Letter from Bridgewater—His Trial of the Bath Waters—The Portland Administration—The Life of Colonel Hutchinson—Badness of Trade—Coleridge's Lectures—Davy's Analysis of Water—Exports to America—Decorations on Table Ware—A Swindler—Pastile Burners for the Bishop of Winchester—Interesting Notice of Aaron Steel—His Vase Painting—Irish Trade—Warehouse in Dublin—Mr. Byerley's Remarks on Bentley—These valuable to Connoisseurs—Richard Lovell Edgeworth—Proposes to make his Son a Potter—Mr. Wedgwood's Opinion—Orders in Council—Henry Brougham—The Fate of Eastbury.

DURING 1807 and 1808 Poole's letters to Mr. Wedgwood were numerous, and many of them are preserved. They refer frequently to Coleridge in this the saddest and darkest period of the poet's life, and they are interesting from the variety of other subjects touched upon. Poole was a staunch Whig, yet it is curious to find him a protectionist where his trade was concerned. Like many other sensible Englishmen of his time, he judged Bonaparte to be no better than a military adventurer, and his power but a baseless despotism; though defeat and collapse came much less quickly than he imagined they would. Writing to Mr. Wedgwood on business, Poole continued: 'We thank you for all the trouble you take on this business, as well as for the *pleasant* accommodation which your advancing

the money has afforded us. The political prospects of the Party you met in London are melancholy indeed. From the various accounts we have from Poland, I know not what to believe: but if Buonaparte met with one *decisive* defeat, he would fall like a Balloon bursting in the highest clouds. If the Continent be subdued, I think we may stand, if we are worthy of standing. Our Falling will be the proof of our unworthyness. I should very much like to meet you in London in the Spring, and your being in London will be one great inducement, added to the many I feel, to pass a few weeks there if I can. Do let me know at what time you will be there. If Jos. be not gone to school, pray inform me of the day on which he will pass through Bridgewater, as I wish much to see him, and will be really disappointed if I do not. I can say nothing in extenuation of Coleridge's conduct, and it is useless and afflicting to make the observations which it deserves; but I mean to write to *Davy* shortly, and as Coleridge is to exhibit at the Royal Institution, I will desire Davy to ascertain if Coleridge is doing anything concerning your dear Brother's Life, or if he intends doing anything. I should like to see much your Place and your Improvements in Staffordshire, and see I trust I will, with your good leave, before I am a twelvemonth older. I know not if the non-importation of Spanish wool will make our mixt wools of readier sale: but certes, the chief obstacle now to the increase of the mixt breed is the tardiness of the Clothiers in purchasing the wool. They will not give nearly its real value. To whom did you sell your mixt wool at Gunville? I will surely send you a Hh^{d} of *painted Ladies*, if I can procure them; but I am afraid the sort is got out of this neighbourhood. Shall I send a Hh^{d}

of the *Kidneys* with them, which we think a very good Potatoe? Your Testimony of Willmott gives me *very great* pleasure. I shall be truly glad to hear the poor fellow has a situation. . . Have you heard that Davy is elected Secretary to the Royal Society, a situation, I suppose, of honour and profit?'[1]

To this letter Mr. Wedgwood wrote in reply: 'How agreeably we have been disappointed by the opening speech of Lord H. Petty. The arrangement to carry on the war without more taxes appears to me a trait of genius, and I have no doubt will make the Ministry popular at home and place our peace resources in a formidable point of view to Buonaparte. I trust your expectations of one decisive defeat of the French will be put to the test, and that the result will do honour to your sagacity. I own I do not believe one defeat will ruin him. My going to London is quite uncertain. If I go I will let you know, and I hope we may meet there.'

Just previously to this date Poole had become an adventurer in a Cornish copper mine, and in relation thereto Mr. Wedgwood continues, 'I heard from Giddy lately that copper is so much reduced in price that the Cornish mines will be ruined. Have you begun to work your mine? If not, I suppose the state of the trade will prevent your carrying on the work. I have this day sent to Mackintosh my materials for my brother's life, and I have copied your just and able character of him. What I have furnished is very deficient in information, particularly as to his studies and the history of his speculations. I believe Leslie will help out in these respects, but I have yet received nothing from him, owing to a mistake between him and me. I hope

[1] T. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, Etruria, January 28, 1807. Mayer MSS.

Mackintosh will execute what he has undertaken; but he has been so long without doing anything, that I doubt whether he will or no. If you have preserved a letter I wrote you soon after my brother's death, I shall be obliged to you for a sight of it. I will return it, with my brother's letters to you. I hope you will not fail to let me see your work on the Management of the Poor, which I think a subject of the greatest importance to our national welfare, and on which I believe you are able to throw a great deal of light. In that, as in commerce, it will probably appear that true wisdom would consist in not regulating at all; but it would by no means follow that we can in either discard regulation at once. I am persuaded, however, that we must try to arrest the progress of the system that has been making such rapid advances. Jos. will go through Bridgewater on Saturday next, in the Exeter coach from Bristol. I am very sensible of your kindness in wishing to see him.'[1]

Poole was called by business unexpectedly to London, and on his way thither he wrote thus from the inn at Bridgewater: 'I am writing here at the George, waiting to see Jos.; and with an intention afterwards of proceeding in the Bath coach to Bath, and from Bath to London, where I hope to arrive Monday morning. You see I am in London before you, which I did not expect or think of when I wrote last. I am solicited in a way which, added to my other inducements, I cannot resist, to come up concerning the Bill which is now pending in Parliament relative to *oak bark* and to the leather manufacture. Our object is to prevent oak bark being bought to sell again, which has been

[1] Josiah Wedgwood, Etruria, to T. Poole, February 2, 1807. Mayer MSS.

prevented by law since the 2nd James 1st, but which Law the pending Bill proposes to repeal. We think we can prove if the Bark (trade) is absolutely thrown open, that bark will much exceed its present enormous price; and if this should be the case, the leather trade must be much diminished or the price of leather much increased; either of which would be injurious to all classes. Bark makes, on an average, at least 1*s.* 3*d.* on the value of leather. If you could assist us, I would send you details of our case. If I can do anything for you in London, I need not, I hope, say, command me. At present (till I have found Lodgings) a letter will find me directed for me at George Ward's, No. 37 Paternoster Row. . . The state of the copper trade I think encouraging to our adventure. We shall have none to sell for nearly two years, by which time it will be probably dear; and, in the meantime, we shall have men and materials cheap. I hope Mackintosh will fulfil his promise; if he does not, we may admire, but cannot respect or love, Men of Genius. I leave a bit of paper, with the hope of telling you in five minutes that Jos. is well. With respects most truly to all, ever yours Thos. Poole. Bath, Sunday Morning. I was obliged to set out in the Bath Coach from Bridgewater before the Bristol Coach arrived; but I knew I should meet it. Found Jos. on the *top* of the Coach like a little soldier. I stopt the Coaches for a few minutes. He is grown indeed a fine Boy. I enquired if they had such a passenger. "Here am I," he said. "Why do you ride on the top?" "I like it." After hearing of your welfare, and seeing him as happy as a Boy could be *coming* from School, we parted, my desiring him to take particular care not to fall; but at this he seemed to laugh. He seems fit to go through the world, and

as interesting a boy as I ever saw. May he and all yours be blessings to you. My dear Sir, adieu.'[1]

Kindly man and strict pedagogue as he was, George Coleridge received his pupil gladly; but in little more than a month illness had entered the school. To certain cakes and cold the disorder was attributed; but presently, when no amendment came, Mr. and Mrs. Wedgwood and a sister[2] of the former were summoned. After a few days' kindly intercourse with the Coleridges, they and their boy departed for Exeter, where was higher medical skill than Ottery could afford. Here cold and stomach disorder merged into scarlet fever. But before this had declared itself Mr. G. Coleridge thus wrote in acknowledgment of some new kindness of his generous friends. He was a weakly man, often ailing from attacks of hereditary gout, and Mr. Wedgwood's intention of presenting him with some wine is alluded to: 'Mr. Hart (who is with us) has just imparted to me your kind intention of presenting me some wine. That it is not possible for any person to lay an obligation on you I have had ample occasion to observe—and truly it is more blessed to give than to receive. But you must allow that I am much your debtor, and can assure you, with the utmost sincerity, that in the little attentions which Mrs. Coleridge and myself have lately had an opportunity of shewing you and your family our motive has been to repay, and not to create, an obligation. Under this impression, be assured that I can

[1] T. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood at Dr. Darwin's, Shrewsbury, February 7, 1807. Mayer MSS.

[2] G. Coleridge seems to have loved teaching for its own sake, and to have been not unwilling to see a pupil in every friend. He says in a letter of November 27, and in allusion to Mr. Wedgwood's sister: 'We should have been happy to have made a more intimate acquaintance. I think she had some notion of learning *Greek* from me. I believe should have found a very apt pupil.'

expect no extension of those favours which, personally and collaterally, I have received, and which, possibly, I shall never have an opportunity of repaying; unless, indeed, it be (in the language of Milton) the repayment of a grateful Heart which in owing owes not, but is at once indebted and discharged. This which is in my power I will endeavour to cultivate, in lieu of that which is not in my power; and will, moreover, strive through life to prove to you, in every substantial act which falls in my way, how much and how truly I am, dear Sir, your obliged Friend and Servant, G. Coleridge.'[1]

In April the boy was removed from Exeter, but on his way he suffered a relapse, and was for some time very ill again at Newport, near Berkeley, in Gloucestershire. This occasioned letters of enquiry from Poole and others; but at length, better and safe in Staffordshire, we gather from G. Coleridge's communications thereon some few facts as to himself which are interesting. 'I am now, I think,' he wrote, 'completing my 25th Campaign in the West of England, and I do not remember, saving the illness of poor Jos., that I have ever finished one more to my satisfaction. I reckon it among the comforts of this late Session that I have had an opportunity of knowing you and your family, and of witnessing those qualities for which, before, I had given you credit. Badley Salterton, or some obscure place by the sea, will soon receive us for five or six weeks, after which Mr. Warren, my Assistant (who is to inhabit Warden House, with ten or twelve Boys), and myself recommence our usual work.'[2] A fortnight later he writes again: 'Your kind letter met me at

[1] Ottery, March 31, 1807. Mayer MSS.
[2] Ottery, June 21, 1807. Mayer MSS.

Badley Salterton, whither for quiet, and for the purpose of new stringing my crazy instrument, I have made my retreat. The place is so healthy, and the opportunities for bathing so excellent, that but for your mutual loss in the way of domestic Affection I could wish Jos. here. To repay you in any way for your repeated kindness and generosity would be some satisfaction. The addition which you have made to my Bill (*consideratis considerandis*) was superfluous, and therefore deserves my most grateful thanks. The addition, too, which you have made to my happiness, by announcing Josiah's complete restoration to Health and his intended return to me, is a subject of sincere congratulation and comfort to Mrs. Coleridge and myself. We shall be truly happy to receive him any time after the 3rd of August next. You were right in supposing that the enclosed letter for my Brother Samuel would have met him at Ottery, to which place he delays his intended visit, because we cannot receive him and his Family here. I shall therefore forward it to Stowey.'[1]

Before passing to the letter which this of Mr. Wedgwood's at length elicited from S. T. Coleridge, it is interesting to hear what Poole says of him and his increased habits of procrastination. His and Coleridge's letters were both written on the same day. 'I should have written to you a few days ago,' wrote Poole to Mr. Wedgwood, at that date in London, 'but I was willing that Coleridge should write before me, or at the time I did. He has been with me for these three weeks, with Mrs. Coleridge and his Children; but the last three or four days he passed at Aisholt, with Mr. Price, from which Place, I find, he wrote you

[1] G. Coleridge to Josiah Wedgwood, July 4, 1807. Mayer MSS.

a letter, which I hope you have received. I admire him, and pity him more than ever. His information is much extended, the *great* qualities of his mind heightened and better disciplined; but alas! his health is weaker, and his great failing procrastination, or the incapability of acting agreeably to his Wish and Will, much increased. Where a Man has such a Heaven in his own Mind he is averse to exercise the Body; and if the Body is weak it has little power over the Mind. The tide of life which gives joy does not exist; there is in such a Being little reciprocity of action between Body and Soul. But the worst of all is this—that, for want of such corporeal exercise, the weak Body gets weaker and weaker, till it is finally shook off, and then we lament; for the only medium by which we could communicate with such a spirit in this World, and through which such a Spirit could be useful to us, is destroyed. Heaven grant that Coleridge may be an exception to this sort of necessity attending such Men.

'Certainly Coleridge's neglecting to write to your dear Brother, and to you, and to me, did not arise from the want of the sincerest love. He was dreadfully affected when I first spoke of your Brother, and he told me, as a proof of how much he had been in his thoughts, that he had a paper, now in its way from Malta, in which he had portrayed your Brother, and, to the best of his ability, made a sketch of his extraordinary Mind. This was done while he was at Malta, and he did not hear of his death until his arrival in England. Mrs. Coleridge is very well, and the Children as fine a Family as you can see. Hartley is exactly like his Father. Derwent is also much like him, but is stronger bodied, and more of the common of the World in him. The little girl is a sweet little animated Fairy, that looks like her

Mother's Family with her Cap on, but like her Father with her Cap off.

'Coleridge educates the boys, and he is *beginning* with *Greek*, in which I think he is very right. He is forming a Grammar and Lexicon from Greek, at once, into English, for their use, and, I trust, for publication.

'I agree entirely in sentiments with you as to the late and present administration. As to Mr. Whitbread's Schools, "where the very early labour of Children is profitable," there *must* be time allowed for educating them, or they cannot be educated at all: and that they should not, I am sure, you are not prepared to admit. I should suppose a certain quantity of work and education may in such districts go on together, and time allowed for *Play* also, which I hold to be absolutely necessary to form a human Being worth a farthing for any situation. Whitbread's Premiums I like; but his honorary Badges I do not. I suggested to him a useful Piece of Furniture, such as a Clock, in lieu of such Badges. The Badge of disgrace, under the restrictions he proposes, I rather think, would be useful. The Cottage Plan I consider as applicable only to particular cases, and *in such cases* that a power of the sort should exist in the Statute Books seems to me proper. I am sorry to hear what you say about Trade; our Trade feels it, too; but I fear this is only the beginning of sorrows. I am pleased to hear that you have reason to be more pleased with the sale of Gunville. I think you sold it in a lucky time. My brother-in-law King sold his Estate at Beton, about three months ago, for less, I think, than 25 years' purchase.'[1]

Coleridge's letter from Aisholt, near Bridgewater,

[1] Thos. Poole, Stowey, to Josiah Wedgwood, 24 Charles Street, St. James's Square, June 27, 1807. Mayer MSS.

saddens whilst it interests. It betrays how entirely at this date he had given himself up to the ceaseless Lethe of opium: for the pains, the irresolution, and the despondency he so vividly describes are little other than those of the habitual drunkard after his debauch. Poole writes in apparent unconsciousness of the true cause; referring it to a sickly habit of body, induced, in a great measure, by neglect of exercise. Coleridge, we shall see, had, whilst at Malta, written an account of Thomas Wedgwood and his metaphysical writings; but the chest containing his books and papers was lost during its transit to this country, and, unfortunately, he failed to re-write it. His criticism, that Mackintosh was a man of talent, not of genius, had given offence, but was nevertheless true; defining genius to be the highest expression of the human intellect.

Aisholt,
near Stowey.

My dear Sir,

'As to reasons for my silence, they are impossible, and the number of the *causes* of it, with the almost weekly expectation for the last eight months of receiving my books, manuscripts, &c., from Malta, has been itself a cause of increasing the procrastination which constant Ill-health, Despondency, Domestic Distractions, and Embarrassment from accidents equally unconnected with my will or conduct, had already seated deep in my very muscles, as it were. I do not mean to accuse myself of Idleness—I have enough of self-crimination without adding imaginary articles—but in all things that affect my moral feelings I have sunk under such a strange cowardice of Pain that I have not unfrequently kept Letters from persons dear to me for weeks together unopened. After a most miserable passage from Leghorn of 55 days, during which time my Life was twice given

over, I found myself again in my native Country, ill, penniless, and worse than homeless. I had been near a month in the Country before I ventured, or could summon courage enough, to ask a question concerning you and yours; and yet, God Almighty knows that every hour the thought had been gnawing at my Heart. I then for the first time heard of that Event which sounded like my own knell, without its natural Hope or sense of Rest. Such shall I be (is the thought that haunts me); but O! not such. O! with what a different retrospect. But I owe it to Justice to say, Such good I truly can do myself. Long, long before I received your message, I had impatiently waited for my effects, which have been most unkindly or injudiciously detained by Stoddart, after having been received from the French at Naples, by the unusual address and more extraordinary courage of Mr. G. Noble. Among my papers I had a MS. in which I had reduced into form all I had understood of my Benefactor's opinions in psychology, written partly from my sense of the possibility of Sir J. Mackintosh's death, or loss of the only authentic materials in his possession from other accidents, and partly, too, I own, in justification of an assertion I had once made to Mr. Sharp and Sir James respecting the main principle of the System. But which showing that it was only in the main principle, and not in the proofs or in the manner of coming at it, that it agrees with some philosophers of another country, I had drawn at full a portrait of my friend's mind and character. O Sir, if you knew what I suffer, and am at this moment suffering, in thinking of him—how often the too great pain has baffled my attempts in going over again the detail of past times—and added to it my own bad state of health and worse state of mind, you would be more

disposed to pity than wonder at my day after day procrastinating, when I had every right and every reason to expect the receipt of that which would enable me to do well, and with comparatively little suffering, what without them I could not do but most imperfectly. In other respects, too, I have been a great sufferer (for I can appeal to Mr. Southey, and to Mr. Wordsworth and his family, that no event has happened of any importance in the Mediterranean—the Constantinople business, the Explosion and Mutiny at Malta, and the occupation of Egypt with inefficient Troops—which I had not distinctly stated the probability of). I was, it is true, sent for by Lord Howick, in consequence of my conversations with Mr. W. Smith; but his Lordship's Porter repelled me from his door with gross Insult, and took my Letter, even, with a broad Hint that he should not deliver it

'If I can summon fortitude enough, as I trust I shall, to give you the detail of my Life from the time of my leaving Portsmouth to my Return, you would see that I had been least of all things idle or ill-employed, tho' for others' credit and advantage more than my own immediate benefit; and that, as extremes meet, the faultiest parts of my conduct have arisen from qualities both blameable indeed and piteable, but yet the very opposite of Neglect or Insensibility.

'In less than a week I go down to Ottery, with my children and their Mother, from a sense of duty as it affects myself, and from a promise made to Mrs. Coleridge as far as it affects her, and indeed of a debt of respect to her for her many praiseworthy qualities.

'Before I went abroad I had written a long Letter to Miss S. Wedgwood concerning some very gross misrepresentations of my conduct respecting Sir J. M. from

a very worthy but a very mischevious man, who (I believe in great measure from causes connected with his want of sight) is sure to modify whatever he hears into his own preconceptions, and to spread abroad whatever he imagines himself to have heard. But when I understood that I had been charged by Miss Wedgwood herself and by the Miss Allens without having talked unkindly and contemptiously of their Relation before them at Crescelly, I burnt it. For I had connected with Crescelly, and the sisterly kindness with which I was treated there, some of the warmest feelings of my nature; and so help me God! I cannot recollect a single conversation which might enable me to plead guilty to the charge, unless it were that, admitting him to be at the very head of the men of great Talents, I still could not, according to my own notions, consider him as a Man of Genius. My last call on Sir James was, I may truly say, forced upon me by Mr. T. Poole, and I certainly understood him to imply that it was a request, or at least a wish, of my revered Friend, and I went thither expecting nothing more or less than to hear something concerning his metaphysical MSS. After leaving him I met Mr. Tobin at Mr. Davy's (if I recollect right), and mentioned Sir James's kindness to me, quietly and respectfully, which I am led to suppose Tobin coloured and shaped according to his own antipathies.

'I am at present on the eve of sending two volumes of Poems to the Press, the work of past years. My Christabel, which had been the[1] . . . and most greatly admired, I have been told by Davy, Lamb, Wm. Sotheby, Sir G. and Lady Beaumont, and at least

[1] Word imperfect.

a dozen others, has been anticipated as far as all originality and style and manner goes, by a work which I have not read, and therefore cannot judge how far the opinion is just. If so, it is somewhat hard, for the Author had long before the composition of his own publickly repeated mine. Besides, I have finished a Greek and English Grammar on a perfectly new plan, and have done more than half of a small but sufficiently compleat Greek and English Lexicon, so that I can put both to the Press whenever I can make just terms with my Bookseller; for, if it should succeed, it might be of consequence to my children and their mother when I am no more. I am, my dear Sir, with unaltered esteem, gratitude, and affection,

'Your obliged Friend,

'S. T. COLERIDGE.'[1]

Every word in this depressing letter bears the impress of profound sincerity. Coleridge felt all this and much more; indeed, more than pen could write or tongue utter. He must have been conscious that almost all his duties in life were neglected, and yet he made no attempt to put aside the stumbling-block which stood in the way of fulfilment. It is nonsense to say he could not. One exertion of his will to resist the deadly source of this intolerable misery for himself and others would have strengthened him for a second resistance; and thus onward, till he had so far mastered his propensity as to have had time, strength, and inclination to have re-written not only his memoir and metaphysical analysis, but to have produced works from the profit of which comfort and independence would have

[1] S. T. Coleridge to Josiah Wedgwood, 24 Charles Street, St. James's Square, June 27, 1807. Mayer MSS.

come. His miserable self-delusion that 'constant Ill-health, Despondency, Domestic Distractions, and Embarrassment' arose from accidents unconnected with his 'will or conduct,' only proves how far selfish indulgence can go in deadening our lofty faculty of conscience.

At the end of July we hear again of Coleridge and of other matters. 'I am glad,' wrote Poole, 'to hear that Jos. is proceeding again to School. If you have time, do give me a line to say when he will pass through Bridgewater. It will be a long journey for him to return at Xmas. *Would you allow him to pass that vacation here with me?* I promise you I will take the best care I can of him *in every respect.* Besides the pleasure I should feel at having him here, I think it would tempt you once more to see Stowey, which I really think would be a better plan than his taking so long a journey in the midst of Winter. Coleridge is gone to Bridgewater to pass two or three days with Mr. Chubb, where Mrs. Coleridge and the Children now are.[1] They leave Bridgewater this morning for Bristol. Coleridge I expect here again this evening or to-morrow. He told me a few days since that he wanted to write to you, and I suppose you will hear from him shortly. By accident Dr. Gibbs of Bath called here a few days ago, and he seemed to think Col.'s complaint *gouty*, and on the whole that Bath may be of service to him; at least, he said, "The tendency of the Waters on his constitution may be ascertained by a week's residence, and he thought the experiment should be tried." Col. says he certainly will try Bath before he leaves the Country. I sicken when I think of Politicks. That the only

[1] This is the visit referred to by De Quincey. *Autobiography*, vol. ii. p. 156, et. seq.

Power capable of saving the World from a military Despotism should be placed in such hands as our present Ministry[1] is a wonderful circumstance in the history of Man. Could any Reader of that history, any common Judge of human Nature, have anticipated such a circumstance? And this, too, exhibited in a Country famous for great and virtuous Men, and for its form of Government, calculated to call forth and exhibit their greatness and Virtue. Shall we fear that God has deserted the Planet and resign ourselves to our Fate; or shall we rather believe (and which I believe) that it is intended to hasten a crisis which will be eminently advantageous to us and to Mankind? Our public Men must be given a *new* Spirit, and there must not be so many of them, like our Friend *D. Giddy*, admirers of the *Attorney Noy*. I have not room for the subject, but cannot help expressing what I strongly feel—that Giddy would have been happy, ah! too happy, if he had never been a M.P. What a miserable exhibition he has made since the change of Ministry! What respect has he

[1] The Portland Ministry, of which Castlereagh was Secretary of State and Eldon Lord Chancellor. It inaugurated a period of bigotry and intolerance worthy of Laud and Strafford. Of this and its predecessor, the Grenville Ministry, Mr. Byerley wrote to his chief: 'Tomorrow Parliament will be dissolved. What confusion will be made in the country by this event, considering that Religion is to be brought in as a party on this occasion. The most irreligious men of all are those who introduce her into such bad company. A picture of *political* life is thought to be now exhibiting that is extremely degrading and mortifying. The Committee of the House of Commons has made discoveries of peculation implicating men of the highest classes for birth and talents, and persist in their determination to make them known, although in one case or two restitution has been made by the friends of the defaulters to the amount of 20,000*l*. It it said, then, that the whole work of the Committee must be quashed by dissolution, that the publication will too much inflame the public mind, nor will be necessary, because the present Ministers, knowing all the facts, will privately apply the remedy. The Dissolution, I am told, was not finally decided on till late on Saturday night.' Mems., London to Etruria, April 27, 1807.

lost! There is a book lately published which I suppose you have seen; but if you have not I am sure it will give you great pleasure to read. I mean the Life of Col. Hutchinson, one of King Charles Judges, written by his wife, who was a Model for Women. I am sure the Book will do more good than any which has been published these last 20 years.'[1]

Amongst the improvements at Maer was the drainage of a morass, partly for the purpose of converting the area into meadow-land, and partly for the formation of a large pool. Consulting his Stowey friend, as usual on topics of the kind, Mr. Wedgwood's letter was thus referred to. And first as to his son: 'I had the gratification of meeting Jos. yesterday at Bridgewater,' wrote Poole. 'He was going on remarkably well. He was wishing to ride outside the Coach; but I dissuaded him from it, as the evening was coming on, and those outside were beginning to put on their great Coats. So he proceeded inside, and as *the Guard* was an acquaintance of mine (my Uncle, in fact, procured him his situation), I desired him to speak to the Landlord at Cullompton to be sure and give him a well-aired Bed. However, Jos. is grown such a fine Boy that he wants no one to take care of him. Indeed, I was surprised to see how much he was grown.' After referring to the morass, Poole continues, 'I thank you for your kind invitation to Etruria. I intend paying you a visit this autumn, if I am not induced to go into Cornwall to get skill in mining. Our Mine will now, I believe, proceed forthwith; and, as many of the Adventurers depend much on me, I feel it a sort of duty to become as familiarly acquainted with the business as I

[1] T. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, Etruria, July 30, 1807. Mayer MSS.

can. Indeed, the Ecton Mine in your County would perhaps be as good an example as we could take, as I understand the Copper at Ecton Mine is, or has been, found in the same substance in which it is found here, viz., a recently formed Limestone. Horner is at Bridgewater on our Circuit. I expect him to pass a day here before he leaves the County. Davy and Tobin are at Lyme. I am in daily hopes of seeing them. I wish, my dear Sir, you were nearer. Your account of Trade is melancholy; but what trade is not bad? I can truly say the Leather trade was never worse. The raw material scarce and dear; the manufactured plenty and cheap. What think you of the disgusting scene in the House of Lords concerning the Place Reversion Bill? If there be any love for what is fair and detestation for what is mean left in the Country, it will not endure such conduct.'[1]

Writing again in November in relation to business connected with a large purchase of timber, Poole continues: 'I am truly sorry to hear such an account of your Trade. Your wish to extend the home trade I should think very rational, for the home demand in *every branch* is always the most steady, and, if not the most profitable, is at least less exposed to accidents than foreign trade. I hope your proposed Dublin Warehouse will turn out everything you could wish; but I must acknowledge the *political state* of that Country would make me hesitate to give large credit there. If you have no establishment at Liverpool, I should think that a good Place; but it is ridiculous for me to suggest hints to you on such a subject. I was very glad to hear by your letter that Willmott was likely to be with you

[1] T. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, August 9, 1807. Mayer MSS.

again. It gave me great pleasure, because it was such a testimony of your approbation of his past conduct; but I was surprised and mortified a few days ago at learning by a letter which he wrote me that he had agreed with Fry and Co., the Tea Warehouse. He speaks of it with regret. He says he should have preferred your situation, but Mrs. Willmott was anxious to remain in London on account of many of her oldest friends residing there. . . . Coleridge is, I believe, in London, about to deliver Lectures, chiefly on Poetry, at the Royal Institution. His Health is very bad, but to describe it would alone require a long letter. I wish you could see him; you would pity and admire. He is much improved, but has still less voluntary Power than ever. Yet he is so committed that I think he must deliver those Lectures.'[1]

Coleridge did not add to his reputation by these Lectures, though he received a hundred guineas for the course of sixteen. He bestowed little pains upon their preparation; his audiences were repeatedly dismissed with pleas of illness; and those who attended when the Lectures were really given were disappointed both with their substance and delivery.

At the close of December, Poole again touches upon the political aspect of the times. 'I regret,' he writes, 'that you are inconvenienced with this Russian War: whether it would have come without our vile attack on Copenhagen, I know not. I think Ministers are bound to prove that they would. The Event in Portugal is splendid and interesting. The House of Braganza, or its advisers (for I fear that Stock, too, is worn out), has lost some of its credit by hesitating: but, however, as it

[1] T. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, November 10, 1807. Mayer MSS.

is, I think it one of the finest things in modern history, and one in which I should have liked best to participate.' Speaking of the advantages and differences of public and private education, and of a change of school which Mr. Wedgwood contemplated for his eldest son—for the scholars at Ottery had been sent home before the usual time, through a fresh alarm of fever, which, however, proved groundless—Poole adds a question: 'But with your property, do you never think of putting business out of the question with Jos., and allotting business to your second or other Sons? In this case, I think I would breed Jos to the Bar, tho' he never practised. One may fancy, in a concern like yours, each Generation may establish an elder Son as a Man of Property. This, I grant, is an aristocratic notion, and I don't know if you will like it.' At the close of this letter, Poole refers to Davy: 'You have heard of poor Davy's dangerous illness, and of his happy recovery; I hope recovered to add still more to our knowledge.'[1]

In the April of 1807, Dr. Daniel, the physician at Exeter who had attended Mr. Wedgwood's son upon his removal from Ottery School, addressed the former as to an analysis of water from a certain spring. Mr. Wedgwood referred the point to Davy, and elicited the following reply: 'My dear Sir, If Dr. Daniel will address a quart Bottle of the Water recently taken from the spring, corked and carefully sealed, to me, I will procure an analysis of it for him, either by my friend, Mr. Allen, of Plough Court, or by the operator to the Royal Institution. The common charge for a complete Analysis is, I believe, 10 guineas; for such a trial as would merely indicate the general nature of the water,

[1] Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, December 27, 1807. Mayer MSS.

half that sum. I congratulate you on the recovery of your Son, and I hope Mrs. Wedgwood and your family are well. I some time ago received some specimens of Cobalt from Mr. Stanley, of Cheshire. Amongst many useless varieties of Ore, one good specimen occurred. Would you permit me to send a small quantity of it to Etruria, for the purpose of exp^{t}? He states that he has found some quantity of the good variety. With compliments to Mrs. Wedgwood, I am, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours, H. Davy.'[1]

As shown by Poole's letters, our trade with Continental States was, at this date, all but ruined. The American market was open under a certain range of low duties; but America was, as yet, a poor and thinly peopled country, and there was little or no demand for goods of an ornamental character. In pottery, as in other things, exports chiefly consisted of cheap, and consequently inferior, goods. Even Etruria found it profitable to send second-class cream ware; and ornamental goods consisted chiefly of teapots, candlesticks, and flower-pots in jasper, with white reliefs. But the home trade was of more account. Such architectural decorations as cornices,[2] mouldings, and chimney-pieces were still occasionally called for; and considerable taste was shown in the variety of patterns for table and dessert ware. A chief pattern of this period, 1807, was what was called 'gilt peony,' a large blue flower under a fine glaze, thrown negligently on the body or occasionally on the rim of the plate, whilst the edge was richly gilt. Of one such service Mr. Byerley writes in his memoranda from London to Etruria: 'Mrs. Roberts, the famous swindler, has been with us, and got a set of

[1] H. Davy to J. Wedgwood, April, 1807. Mayer MSS.
[2] Cornices were supplied to Earl Talbot in 1806.

blue Peony and gold edge, about 27*l.* We were all completely deceived by her address and her equipage, and our porters had not the smallest suspicion, finding 6 servants in Livery in the house. Our set and 12 more from other shops, the richest, I daresay, she could lay her hands on, were all cleared off the premises, mostly converted into money instantly, and some taken in execution, as was the case with ours. We had no gilt plates, and therefore *lent* our gilt ones for present use, 8 doz. These we have claimed as our property, but are resisted. However, I think we should persist, as the case is clear. Without plates the other things cannot be sold for much. If they go for a trifle I will buy them in; they have never been used.' A few days later Mr. Byerley adds: 'I have bought back at Auction the Peony and gold ware we were swindled of. What we charged 17*l.* I have got for 7*l.* It had never been used.'[1]

Mr. Byerley was often urgent for the exercise of more originality and taste. 'I am sorry to tell you,' he wrote, 'that we appear here to stand in need of all the aid you can give us with Novelties, for, though the town is very full, our rooms are very empty most days. I wish I had something to go to the Queen with. She graciously expects us at this time of the year; but I know of nothing new and good enough.'[2]

The best engravers were employed to vary received patterns and compose new, and it began to be perceived, if as yet dimly, that much of the oriental adaptation of colour and decoration was perfect. Hence various fine objects in oriental china were bought and studied. Referring to a border sent in by Gangain the engraver,

[1] Mems., London to Etruria, April 14 and 29, 1807. Mayer MSS.
[2] *Ibid.* April 20, 1807.

Mr. Byerley remarked: 'The Alagree border is very fine, but still it is only a repetition of what one sees in every glass and earthenware shop window in town and country. Whatever merit may be displayed in the execution of things so much in public view, it will add but little to the fame of your establishment, always characterized by originality. To maintain that character requires depth of research. With a sufficient quantity of that, I should not despair still of finding subjects that other artists in our way have not had access to, and thus take the lead, instead of halting after others.[1] A great many subjects bearing allusion to ancient customs still remain to reward the diligent researcher. . . . A very good selling Article are candlesticks for reading, toilettes and washstands in dressing-rooms. They should be light in form, slightly but tastefully decorated, and come cheap. These things would sell fast in blue and white jasper, 4, 5, & 6 inches high. All the forms we have in black are old, but not like some other things, bettered by being so.'[2]

At this period, as already shown, pastile burning, for the purpose of purifying the air of dining and other rooms, was much in fashion; and on this subject Mr. Byerley records in his memoranda, April 18: 'I have just been attending the Bishop of Winchester, who has laid out some guineas in ornaments, and wants a vase for perfuming large halls, of the form 290 Dolphin Tripod, about 5 times as large as what we now make, that 3 or 4 pastiles may be burnt at once. I have promised him that one shall be made, and that he shall not *be charged for the model*, as it is a thing very likely to

[1] At this date Spode, Adams, and others were keen competitors, Spode taking the lead.

[2] Mems., London to Etruria, April 20, 1807. Mayer MSS.

sell, and these things are coming more and more into use. I hope, therefore, you will order it to be gone about. It is to be in black, ornamented as the small ones are; I wish to have six in black and six in red, for the rooms.' A few days later Mr. Byerley continues: 'The good bishop may then take his choice, and we shall be prepared for an extensive sale of them. You have nothing to model but the Dolphins, and I think you have already many sizes of them. . . . Some may be made in Jasper, but I don't think they will sell so well in anything as black, on account of discolouring. I have heard that Davenport has taken the Shakespeare Gallery for an exhibition room of his glass, E'ware, and China. I am not at all frightened at this, if I could once see a little fondness in you and your brother for our own ornamental branch. You possess advantages which no manufactory can acquire for many years, even with an adequate portion of talents and money. I could wish to see Aaron Steel employed in painting large Etruscan Vases, such as that we have just sold to Mr. Egerton. He is the only man in the country with much knowledge of that work, and as such very valuable. Make the most of him for the remainder of his days; but pray don't part with him to your Competitors. I wish you would make some large black Vases. Begin, if you please, with that I have spoken of, that Aaron may be set to work out of hand. Formerly we had a black Vase 7 feet high that stood on the Staircase in Greek Street, and was sold to a German Prince. Can we do nothing of that sort now? A selection of Etruscan-shaped Vases, for ornamenting, to sell without painting, and plain for painting, may easily be made. The very large ones will require no ornamenting, but fluting bold and round; better, perhaps, without even

festoons, to which accidents are always happening. There is a charming Vase, one of the Vols. of Sir Wm. Hamilton, in the Museum, which Mr. Egerton wants us much to make and paint, and I think it practicable. If you have the book I will tell you what number it is.'[1]

This extract is valuable and interesting, referring as it does to one of the elder Wedgwood's most celebrated workmen. As early as April 1784 he signed articles of agreement for three years to paint in London on the terms of 15*s.* per week, and here, at the distance of twenty-three years, he was still with the sons of his old master. He ended his days in their service, and was alive so recently as 1845. Whatever merit is due to these reproductions of Etruscan form and colouring—and but little is allowed by classic fictilists of severe archaic taste who object to weight, drawing, and colour—a portion belongs to this painter. His touch was delicate, his taste elegant, and his aerial figures are often supremely graceful. With such instruction as could be now procured in Schools of modern Art, Aaron Steel would have probably risen into something much higher than a mere decorator of reproductions from the Antique. There seems to have been no canon, as there should have been, in the colour of these paintings. The black upon red remained, of course, pretty uniform, but the red upon black greatly varied. In a foreign order of 1801 the red colour was to be 'light and fiery,' whilst in a memorandum of Oct. 1815 a pair of vases for a Dr. Williams are thus characterized: 'Two Etruscan painted Vases, No. 439, 12 inches high. Groups of figures on the front of each vase, different

[1] Mems., London to Etruria, April 23, 1807. Mayer MSS.

subjects; the colour not so red as they have been, but rather more approaching orange.' This order Mr. Josiah Wedgwood endorses in red ink: 'The color for all vases should be less red.'

A warehouse in Liverpool, as suggested in Poole's letters, had been long an accomplished fact; and under one administration, that of Mr. James Boardman, the friend and former partner of Mr. Bentley. Its fortunes had been various; ebbing and flowing as the tide of commercial prosperity rose or sank. At this juncture, when it was a great necessity to strengthen and enlarge the home trade, a stimulation of business in Liverpool was thus referred to: 'A set or two of the new Peony Ware complete should be sent to Mr. Boardman. He should be desired to give notice to the Ladies, who have been in the habit a long time of calling upon him, of an arrival of an assortment of this new ware, and if this has not been done, it may still be done. The quality for Liverpool may be a little lower than that for London. . . Peony tea ware to be sent to Manchester.'[1]

The part the elder Wedgwood had taken in respect to the Irish Propositions in 1786 had gone far to ruin his trade with Ireland; and the Rebellion and general impoverishment of the country which followed left little power with those who had taste and desire for these beautiful English goods. But time lessens commercial as it does political rancours; and when the necessity for enlarging the home trade thus came Dublin was again fixed upon as a centre for that with Ireland. In the summer of 1807 Mr. Byerley repaired thither, and bought what appears to have been a large

[1] Byerley to Josiah Wedgwood, April 14, 1807.

mansion in one of the principal streets, for the purposes of a warehouse. The house was surrounded with great yards and outbuildings, 'wanted only in a great nobleman's family,' and in the same letter he thus describes one of the chief rooms: 'The walls of one room of our house have very rich Mouldings. I think to fix the shelves to Battins, stretch coarse canvas over them, and paper with cartridge paper, so as not at all to injure the mouldings, and the walls very little.' And then, amongst the details of the various class of goods which were to fill these noble rooms, we come upon a most valuable statement, which, if strictly correct, fixes for the artist and connoisseur the date of the earliest of the jasper vases: 'About the year 1780, when Mr. Bentley died, a great many discerning people who had been captivated by his intelligent and animated conversation, believed and propagated the opinion that he was the origin of all the fine works of taste, and all which they saw exhibited in our rooms, without reflecting that he could not be spending his days in social intercourse with them, and at the same time sitting down at the workmen's benches for days together, directing them in the production of beautiful forms and inventing new modes of decoration, of which the art was not thought susceptible, and of whose operation he was indeed completely ignorant. He had some merit as a culler and an index to works of antient art; but infinitely less, even in this way, than has been imputed to him. It was, however, to be feared that this mistake would lead to a notion that with him would die away the whole of the art; and to counteract this it was determined to open the rooms, after the public sale of Wedgwood and Bentley, with works of original merit, and quite dissimilar to anything before seen. At

this period Jasper Vases were first introduced and answered the intention. Before that time only a few medallions had been made in that way. Much such a circumstance attends our commencement in this country. There is hardly a species of earthenware now made, or an ingenious contrivance for advancing the comfort of domestic life, but I could trace its source at Etruria at some period or other. Yet the whole of the manufactories are now so completely in possession of all, that it will be difficult to give our rooms an appearance different from the shops with which the public eye is familiar. I place some dependence on placing all the different objects in a more distinct view than they can elsewhere be seen. The plain cream-colour in a room apart, where all its useful particulars will be distinctly and at once striking to the eye. The enamelled cream-colour (next step) in another room by itself; the black tea-ware, &c., with flower-pots to enliven the scene, in a third; the white ware, printed and enamelled, in a fourth; and in a fifth the ornaments or works of fine art. Whereas in other shops these are all in a mass together without discrimination, and present only a confused and vulgar heap, and I have no doubt our superior forms and style of workmanship will, by such arrangement, have its due effect. But I should feel more secure if we had something *peculiar*, and in this respect the Jasper may still befriend us, for there is very little of it in the market. What we have of it is, I fear, however, more calculated to stand on our shelves and be admired than to produce profit. I could wish to apply it to all those things which people buy, to economize and simplify the ornaments upon it, that it may come within the compass of their pockets, and that everybody may go away with something as a specimen of

the warehouse. . . At the same view I would have a good show of Etruscan Vases, which have not been seen here, and a table service of new white.'[1] Mr. Byerley then proceeds to suggest various novelties in jugs, an article of good sale amongst the Irish, their preference being given to low, flat shapes. He enumerates amongst other novelties 'basket-work,' 'Red with Egyptian ornaments, brown jugs sparkling with gold mica, and blue jugs sprinkled with gold to look like lapis lazuli.'

The result of opening this Dublin warehouse, or the time it remained there, is unknown. At the same date it was proposed to open a like establishment in Edinburgh. These efforts in relation to the home trade were necessitated by the critical condition of our commercial relations with foreign countries, Mr. Wedgwood having alone in the Russian trade '5,000*l.* locked up, or lost.' But it is a question, as manufactures grow more and more complete and extensive, if production and distribution can be profitably united. It would seem not, by the fact of their almost entire, and what would seem permanent, separation in our own time.

Whilst the subject of Ireland is before us, it may not be uninteresting to show that at this period, and most likely with a patriotic view, Richard Lovell Edgeworth was thinking of training up a son to the trade of a potter. With the exception of a few manufactories of coarse and heavy goods, such as tiles, pans, and flower-pots of common brick earth, Ireland had not a pottery in the length and breadth of her domain, and he may have thought that such a manufacture might be easily introduced. But Edgeworth's patriotic schemes

[1] Byerley, Dublin, to Josiah Wedgwood, Etruria, October 1, 1807. Mayer MSS.

were, however well intentioned, not always practical. He thus wrote from Edgeworthstown, on April 20, 1807: 'Some time ago, I mentioned to you a son of mine, who was then a child, as a boy whom I wished to breed up to business. I talked of making him a potter in this Kingdom. He is now between thirteen and fourteen, and, if I do not deceive myself, he is singularly qualified for any pursuit that requires mechanical invention, powers of calculating, and steady perseverance, and he can have the command of a considerable capital. I now renew my application, upon the score of long intimacy with your family, and with the hope I have conducted myself in life so as not to have forfeited any of the esteem which I may have formerly obtained from my friends. Is my scheme for William advisable? Can you assist him? I am, my dear Sir, Yours sincerely, Rich[d]. Lovell Edgeworth.'

A rough copy of Mr. Wedgwood's answer to this letter remains, and it is curious, as showing how wholly, as yet, manufacturers in clay failed to perceive that theirs is not only a fine art, but in its higher branches requires in those who would be its true exponents dexterous manipulative skill combined with a wide range of intellectual culture. The potters of the classic age, who, as Mr. Redgrave has finely said, 'turned the clay of Samos into gold,' were many of them accomplished in other arts and sciences, and trained in philosophy and rhetoric. In like manner the Italian potters of the fifteenth century numbered amongst them the most accomplished gentlemen of their age. And just as Ruskin truly says, 'the sculptor must be a gentleman and not a clown,' so also must be the master potter, if England has any desire to be renowned for the beauty as for the fineness of her fictile wares. The great deside-

ratum of modern culture is a newer and more lasting development of this union between practice, intellect, refinement, and utility.

'My dear Sir,' replied Josiah Wedgwood the younger to Edgeworth, 'I have lived all my life, and especially the last 9 or 10 years of it, too little as a manufacturer to be well qualified to give you a useful opinion on the enquiry you make of me respecting your scheme for your son William, but I will give you the best I can. I should think it a very hazardous employment of capital to endeavour to establish a manufactory in a new country, and the hazard is much increased if, as is the case in pottery, the success of the process depends much on the skill of the workman; for steady, good workmen will not be induced to leave their own country. The difficulties that must be encountered would be great to a master who had spent half a life in the business, and of course much greater to a young man. I don't mean to say they are insuperable, but they are such as I think afford a very small chance that the first undertaker should reap a profit for himself. Pottery has been carried out of this country into Wales, Yorkshire, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; but in these instances the difficulties were less than I suppose they would be found in Ireland. The objection of the Staffordshire workmen to migrate to another part of England, where a communication with Staffordshire could be easily kept up, would be less than to remove them to Ireland. The habits of the people were favourable, as manufactures were already established, and the undertakers had only to direct habits of industry, not to form them. The advantages of Ireland, I suppose, are the cheapness of coals and labour; but probably coals are not much cheaper than in Wales, Yorkshire, and Newcastle; and

I believe the cheapness of labour will for many years be much more than counterbalanced by want of skill and industry.

'How do you mean your son to be instructed in the business? It is very little the custom of this country for the masters to take young men into their houses; and there are few with whom you would wish your son to live for as long a time as would be required for him to learn the business. In general the master potters have been journeymen, and those who have not been originally of that class are not likely to take a young man and instruct him in their processes, as every manufacturer keeps them as secret as he can. Mr. Watt, some years ago, found great difficulty in placing his nephew in such a situation in this country, and did not obtain a good one. My father placed a relation with a manufacturer, and gave a premium, but the manufacturer evaded instructing him in the most important processes.

'I say nothing of myself, because my residence, at 9 miles from the manufactory, and my habits make me unfit to take such a charge upon me, if I was otherwise willing to do so. In fact, I have long made a resolution not to undertake such a responsibility. I will add that I see so much difficulty in uniting a good education with the habits that are requisite to form a potter, that I am very doubtful if any one of my own sons will succeed me in my business. I have recollected a manufacturer who has been a bankrupt without any imputation upon his character, and who is setting up again in a small way, that I think would probably be induced, by a premium, to instruct a young man in the business, and I believe him to be very well qualified.'[1]

[1] Josiah Wedgwood to Richard Lovell Edgeworth, April or May, 1807. Mayer MSS. It is probable that Josiah Wedgwood visited

It is thus probable that Edgeworth's son never learnt the business, and very many years elapsed before the manufacture was introduced into Ireland. But it was then, and is very much more so now, that youths from the class to which Edgeworth belonged were wanted as students in that class of fine arts which includes pottery, glass-making, colouring and painting, wood-carving, and metal-casting. To say nothing of the benefits drawn from the prior cultivation of race, a youth who has received a good education, and been surrounded all his life with the amenities and appliances which good means and position confer, is very much more likely, should his tastes lie that way, to make a potter capable of suggesting and working out original ideas, than a boy sprung from the working classes, whose whole antecedents have involved poverty, ignorance, and, of necessity, barrenness of ideas. But in those days, as far too much in these, all the fine arts, with the exception of painting and sculpture, were regarded as mere trades, unfit for gentlemen. Indeed, almost up to the period of John Bacon, sculpture in England was considered as little other than work for masons; and engineering was, as we know, in the days of Brindley and George Stephenson, regarded as a coarse handicraft, fit only for blacksmiths, millwrights, and miners. Yet think what engineering is now; what its triumphs, what the rank of its professors? And this chiefly by reason that it has grown from a trade into a profession, through the services of a highly-trained and highly-educated body of men. And all the arts

Edgeworth in the following spring. He may have been in Dublin when he received a letter of invitation, in which Edgeworth says: 'Old friendships should not be abandoned from trifling considerations, such as the common plea of business and want of time.' May 12, 1808. Mayer MSS.

connected with utility must, so far as originating and directing go, be raised into professions before any marked results can come. Were there institutions in the Potteries and in London where young men of good position and education could receive practical instruction in these classes of fine arts, and graduate in them as in other subjects and other Universities, we should hear less of a church overburdened with curates, courts of law with barristers, and cities and towns with physicians and surgeons. By a method of this sort we should turn to account a vast mass of unused talent, and prepare a class of men able, when opportunity and materials occurred, to found and realize these great industries in other and newer lands.

The resort to oriental sources for colour and decoration led to many new patterns in 1807–1808. Japan patterns, 'with but little blue, and got up cheap,' found a good sale, as also others in which orange was used instead of gold. From the Chinese was borrowed 'a red ground and white figures of flowers interspersed with landscapes in red imitating engraving.' A pattern of 1808, and called the 'Chrysanthemum,' grew out of Chinese examples. 'A 'good red under the glaze, like the Chinese,' was a desideratum, and so tried for; and such patterns as 'purple laurel leaf and gold' and 'gold leaf with red lines' were new and in request. Services for Francis Wrangham, Philip Arkwright, and Dawson Turner, of Great Yarmouth, were respectively 'Greek pattern, opal ground,' 'olive edges and crest,' and 'botanical flowers, gold.'

In 1808 Sir Richard Colt Hoare was busy with his excavations in the Wiltshire tumuli. His finds included both red and black Roman ware, and of these he sent examples to Etruria to be copied. The results

were, he considered, 'admirable.'[1] In the same year some Orders in Council relative to the general export trade with America shows us that Henry Brougham interested himself in behalf of his old friends the Wedgwoods. 'Since you wrote things have happened so crossly that no petitions will be received against the Orders in Council. I quite agree with you that ours is not the house to stir in the business. On Wednesday, Mr. Brougham called on me in York Street, and left a note to ask me to meet him at the House of Lords, to have some conversation respecting the effects of the Orders on our trade. This was at five o'clock in the afternoon, when I was quite tired out with waiting all day to see nobody. I declined going down, but wrote a note to him, stating that the only effect the Orders would have on the trade of our country would be by their producing a war with America, which was now the only country to which we could export earthenware, and that I believed between 40,000 and 50,000 crates were annually shipped to America. These numbers I fixed upon because the Canal Company annually carry about 50,000 to Liverpool. The Lords refused to hear counsel, and so I suppose the matter will now drop, unless some member chances to go into the subject, on making a motion respecting the Orders in Council.'[2]

After his purchase of Gunville and Eastbury, Mr. Farquharson appears to have let the former for a time to one of those young fox-hunting squires with which Dorsetshire then abounded. As a body they had regretted Mr. Wedgwood's departure from the county,

[1] Sir R. C. Hoare to Wedgwood and Byerley, February 15 and 29, 1808. Mayer MSS.

[2] John Wedgwood to Josiah Wedgwood, March, 1808. Mayer MSS.

for one of their elder members had written: 'We shall lose a pleasant companion and one fond of Foxhunting;'[1] and later, a friend and neighbour, Mr. Simpson, who had no taste for their pursuits, thus paints Gunville and Eastbury for Mr. Wedgwood's eye: 'One can never,' he writes, 'estimate justly the value of good neighbours except by experiencing the loss of them. This is an observation which we have daily reason to make. . . Our neighbours *The Groves*, as they say in this county, are at length arrived. He appears to be a good-humoured young man, but his whole Life and Soul absorbed by Foxhounds and Setters and Pointers and Horses, and his companions of the same stamp, as far as I have seen. He has now a Mr. Coles, son of Coles, near Taunton, and another Foxhunting youngster staying with him; and as I do not know much of a Horse except a kind of hereditary skill as a Yorkshireman, and could hardly distinguish a Foxhound from a Beagle, I am afraid our society will not accord. But the great comfort to me will be that my wife will, I think, have a good neighbour in Mrs. Grove. Poor Eastbury is tenantless, and, I fear, going rapidly to ruin. The house totally shut up, and never a window even opened. It seems to us to be a pity that so pleasant a spot should be unoccupied. If Mr. Farquharson should marry, it would be desirable for the Mother to be near her Daughter, and I hope we shall by some means or other get a neighbour. The Dogs are in possession of the out Buildings for a time, and there is a splendid Kennel building towards the lower part of the South Park, not far from the Gate which opens into the Lanes near

[1] — Stuart, Esq., to Josiah Wedgwood, June 11, 1805. Mayer MSS.

Hinton Bye, as it is called. A man of such fortune ought to have a good Kennel, whether he keeps Hounds or not, as he must have a few dogs of some sort or other.' [1]

[1] F. Simpson, probably Rev., to Josiah Wedgwood, February 26, 1807. Mayer MSS.

CHAPTER XI.

Godwin and his Necessities—Opens a shop for the sale of Children's Books—A Subscription raised—Failure of his Scheme—His work on 'Political Justice'—Mrs. Darwin's Letters—Beautiful Pottery from Etruria—Death of Mrs. Darwin—Dr. Darwin and his Daughters—His Medical Contemporaries—Dr. Beddoes—His Merits as an Experimentalist—Peter Holland—His Son Henry—The Report on the Agriculture of Cheshire—Highly commended—His Medical Studies—Cobalt and its Mysteries—Poole's Letters—Spanish Sheep—Government Enquiry as to Wool—Planting Apple Trees—The Malt Tax—Poole's enlightened Views—His Admiration of the Scenery and Soil of Cornwall—Events in Spain—His Labours in relation to a new Poor Law—His Character and Scientific Tastes—Willmott's Return to Etruria—Death of Chisholm—George Coleridge—His difference with his Brother, S. T. Coleridge—Basil Montague—His Friendly Offers—Mrs. Drewe—Death of Francis Horner—The Misses Allen of Cresselly—Mr. Byerley—Proposed Removal of his Family to York Street—Probably not carried out—His Anxieties and Death—Hospitality at Maer—The Visits of Sydney Smith and others—The last of York Street—Conclusion.

How often Godwin was assisted in a pecuniary sense by the Wedgwoods is unknown; but judging from a note in Crabb Robinson's Diary,[1] we may pretty certainly infer that the aid rendered in 1799, prior to

[1] 'Godwin and Rough met at a dinner party for the first time. The very next day Godwin called on me to say how much he liked Rough, adding: "By-the-by, do you think he would lend me 50*l.* just now, as I am in want of a little money?" He had not left me an hour before Rough came with a like question. He wanted a bill discounted, and asked whether I thought Godwin would do it for him? The habits of both men were so well known, that some persons were afraid to invite them, lest it should lead to an application for a loan from some friend who chanced to be present.'—Note, vol. i. p. 372. Rough was a serjeant-at-law, and married to a daughter of John Wilks.

the publication of 'St. Leon,' did not stand alone. But the aid of friends and the gains of literature—for since 'St. Leon' Godwin had published his 'Life of Chaucer' and his novel of 'Fleetwood'—were insufficient for his necessities; and thus in the interval between the publication of the latter novel in 1804 and the 'Essays on Sepulchres' in 1809, he wrote and published some children's books, to which, for obvious reasons connected with his political opinions, he did not append his name. Their sale was so good as to lead Godwin to open a bookseller's shop in Skinner Street, Snow Hill; but soon finding the need of capital to increase and extend his trade, he applied to his friends Richard Sharp and William Smith, M.P. for Norwich. These gentlemen consulted Godwin's friend and publisher, Johnson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, and eventually formed themselves, with the Right Hon. Henry Gratten and Johnson, into a sort of committee for raising such funds as were considered necessary. Johnson, undertaking the necessary applications to those who were known as friends and admirers of Godwin, addressed Josiah Wedgwood, and with a mere letter of form enclosed this manuscript paper:—

'Mr. William Godwin, a gentleman well known to the public by his numerous writings, but who in worldly circumstances partakes of the usual fate of authors, has lately digested a plan for providing for himself and family by entering into the business of a bookseller, principally in the mode of supplying books for schools and young persons. He has composed several works in prosecution of this plan, which have not appeared under his name, as he apprehend that they might not in that case have obtained a fair trial, in consequence of the prejudices which have been industriously circulated against him. These books are

so written as to be incapable of occasioning offence to any, as indeed Mr. Godwin would have held it an ungenerous and dishonourable proceeding to have insinuated principles not generally received into the minds of young persons under colour of contributing to their general instruction. The books have accordingly been commended in the highest terms in all the Reviews, and are now selling in the second and third editions respectively. A commercial concern, however, can only have a gradual success, and requires a capital greater than Mr. Godwin can command. He has cheerfully devoted himself to this species of pursuit that he might secure independence and competence to his family, and nothing can be more promising than the progress the undertaking has already made. But it is feared that it cannot be carried on to that maturity to which it naturally tends, unless such opulent persons as are impressed with favourable sentiments of the talents and personal character of Mr. Godwin will generously contribute to supply him with those means which he does not himself possess.

'Influenced by these considerations, and by the opinion that it is a much truer act of liberality to assist a man we esteem by giving effect to the projects of his industry than to supply his necessities when the period of such industry is no more, the undermentioned noblemen and gentlemen have respectively advanced for the furtherance of Mr. Godwin's project the following sums: The Earl of Lauderdale 100*l.*, Lord Holland 100*l.*, The Right Hon. Henry Gratten 50*l.*, William Smith, Esq. 50*l.*, Richard Sharp, Esq. 50*l.*, Mr. Jos. Johnson, Bookseller, 100*l.*'[1]

[1] Mayer MSS.

Replying with his accustomed ready liberality in such cases, and more especially in one like that of Godwin's, where there was great literary merit and undoubted worth of character, Mr. Wedgwood received in due course the following letter from Johnson. The paper enclosed, which was undoubtedly a list of subscriptions, is lost, and thus we do not learn the amount subscribed or the names of all those who befriended Godwin in this one of his too many hours of need. 'Dear Sir,' wrote Johnson, 'Mr. Godwin is so strongly sensible of his obligation to you, and at the same time desirous of your being acquainted with what is going forward respecting him, that he has requested me to send you the enclosed. Mr. Smith and Mr. Sharp requested some knowledge from me of the state of his affairs before they embarked. This I communicated, giving it, at the same time, as my opinion, that if he were effectually assisted he might, in the way he is embarked, be able to bring up and provide for his family. By effectual assistance I mean that he should have at least 1,500*l.* advanced him now or soon, and that interest should not be remitted for a number of years. I need not ask your influence with any gentlemen of your acquaintance. I am, Sir, Y^r^ obed^t^ ser^t^ J. Johnson. Josiah Wedgwood, Esq., York Street, St. James's Square, private.' [1]

This sum named by Johnson was undoubtedly raised, but Godwin's scheme of writing and selling books for the young came ultimately to nothing. Judging by his literary fault of excessive analysis, we can fancy that his attempts to amuse and instruct the young wanted that variety of subject, rapidity of narration,

[1] April 19, 1808. Mayer MSS.

and picturesqueness of effect so delightful to children, and so necessary to win their suffrages. He was also so utterly unpractical in all the necessary business of life as to make it a matter for wonder that Johnson, so practical himself, should conclude for a moment that Godwin would combine the two very opposite callings of book-writer and bookseller. It had been often attempted, but never with any profitable result, and Godwin was the last man to succeed where others had failed. He soon fell back into his old way of life, writing such books as 'Mandeville' and 'The History of the Commonwealth of England,' and yet ever indigent and relying on the aid of friends. As late as July 12, 1823, Crabb Robinson records: 'I called on Murray, and signed a letter (which is to be lithographed, with a fac-simile of handwriting) recommending Godwin's case. It is written by Mackintosh. The object of this letter was to obtain a sum of money to help Godwin out of his difficulties.'[1] Godwin's first work, 'Political Justice,' is his best. However unpractical some of its theories and opinions may be, it is full of noble sentiments, worthy of the man and of the language in which they are written. No one can read it without receiving into himself somewhat of the lofty enthusiasm it inspires, both as to the moral and political future of mankind. This masterpiece should be amongst the earliest reading of young men and women. For their analysis of character Godwin's novels are wonderful productions, but their *dramatis personæ* are too automaton and lifeless to win our affections or excite our interest. It is in his proofs and vindication of human rights that Godwin shows himself a master of his art.

[1] *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 257.

Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury, was too busy and practical a man to write many letters; and when he did write it was briefly on some medical or domestic business. But here and there in his statement of a case, or in some striking difference of opinion with his medical brethren, we gather how the cultivation of philosophical thought carried him beyond mere routine into the higher region of successful experiment. Mrs. Darwin was often his amanuensis; and writing for herself or her husband, her letters have some few passages of interest. She seems never to have been very strong, and with something like a prognosticating sigh, that she must leave her young children too soon, she writes in June 1807, 'Every one seems young but me.' A while later, she fills up a letter on medical subjects, and in which she has been her husband's interpreter, in this wise, to her brother Josiah: 'My dear Jos., I am very glad to find I have a chance of seeing you at Maer, but from the expression in your letter I fear you mean to fob me off with a dinner, whereas I had intended passing a week with you. We are very much obliged by your kind intention respecting the dinner service, which we are in no kind of haste for, as it is not the custom of this town to give dinners in summer. I am therefore well inclined to follow your advice and wait for the very handsome pattern. My love to B., and tell her we have a couple of Doves for her; but as we do not yet know which are pairs, I shall not bring them with me, but you may prepare a cage. Our pair have not produced any young ones yet.'[1] In a letter of a month later Mrs. Darwin adds: 'We should advise you to see our Dove cage before you make one.' Early

[1] Mrs. Darwin to Josiah Wedgwood, August 25, 1807. Mayer MSS.

in the following year, Mrs. Darwin, writing to her brother, makes interesting reference to another of her husband's hobbies, the cultivation of beautiful shrubs and trees: 'The Dr. sends you by to-morrow's Coach some suckers of the white Poplar, and, as they have good roots, he has no doubt of their growing. If you want more say so, and they shall be sent. It is the common white Poplar. It is become so fashionable a tree that Lady Bromley has sent for some cuttings for Baroness Howe, to decorate Pope's Villa at Twickenham, as all his favourite trees have been cut down. Our children are all much better of their colds, which have been very severe, and the Dr. has not escaped. We are preparing for two great feasts to-morrow and Thursday. If you have a mind to meet Mrs. P. and Lady F., you will pop upon us the latter day. We join in best love to you all. Yours affectionately, S. Darwin. Monday night, Feby. 8, 1808.'[1]

Not long after Mrs. Darwin writes thus on a more prosaic matter: 'We are much obliged by your kind offer of furnishing us with earthenware, but cannot think of accepting it, as there is no reason for it, and also it would quite preclude our ordering anything in future. However, to show you I am not disposed to pay too much, I shall mention that the two sets of bronze were presents from John. When he gave me the first teapot, he saw there was so bad a crack in the handle that it was not safe to use; he therefore sent another, and being of a different color'd bronze, the cream and sugar basons came with it to match. The Dr. says the easiest way to settle this mighty bill will be for you to pay yourself when you next balance his account with

[1] Mrs. Darwin to Josiah Wedgwood. Mayer MSS.

you.[1] . . The Dr. is not in very good feather just at present; he is so much engaged that it harasses him a good deal. Surely warmer weather must come soon, and that, I hope, will give him more liberty. He is gone 7 miles beyond Whitechurch to-day, which is out of his usual beat.'[2] Dr. Darwin was, in fact, ever journeying. In December 1808, Miss Sarah Wedgwood, on a visit to Shrewsbury, thus wrote to her brother Josiah: 'Dr. Darwin has gone to the Priory to see Mrs. Darwin, who is extremely ill. I believe he thinks there is little chance of her recovery. He was with her last week, and last night a messenger came to desire him to go over again, with whom he returned instantly, and will probably stay at the Priory some days.' This was the widow of Erasmus Darwin. She was his second wife, and prior to marriage the widow of Colonel Pole. The Priory here referred to was at Breadsall, near Derby, the later residence of Erasmus Darwin, and where he died in April 1802.

We have one further notice of the Doves. 'Tell B.,' wrote Mrs. Darwin to her brother, 'one little Dove is born, so there are hopes there may be a couple in Time. . . John once gave the Dr. a jar of fine levigated chalk, and he would be thankful for such another present.'[3]

The Dr. and Mrs. Darwin made usually a flying visit to London during the season, and occasionally they took a wider range. They were in Dorsetshire in the

[1] Dr. R. W. Darwin was worthy of being the son-in-law of the illustrious potter, for he was always purchasing beautiful ware for his table. In an order list of 1815, we find for Dr. Darwin: 'Tea-ware, broad green stained border, and gold inside. Green border and gold outside saucer. To be particularly well painted.'

[2] Mrs. Darwin to Josiah Wedgwood, March 29, 1808.

[3] *Ibid.* March 2, 1808. Mayer MSS.

autumn of 1806, for Davis, the land-agent at Hornings-ham wrote to Gunville: 'I was much gratified with Dr. Darwin's company, and I hope he and Mrs. D. got home safe.'[1]

After a long decline Mrs. Darwin died at The Mount, Shrewsbury, July 15, 1817, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two years. She survived her mother, who, whilst capable, was a frequent visitor at The Mount, but little more than two years.[2] In the chancel of the beautiful little church of Montford, some four miles from Shrewsbury, thus lies all that was mortal of the eldest daughter of England's greatest potter, and the mother of the illustrious naturalist, Charles Darwin. To her husband and children her loss must have been extreme. But as time wore on his daughters became the doctor's ministers, and aided him in all his labours of love in educating the poor of his neighbourhood. In those days Dr. Darwin's name, with that of his daughters, would be mostly found among the list of visitors to the 'Hunt Balls,' the fashionable gatherings of the district, where Lotharios of the tally-ho and spur figured in scarlet coats; and more frequently he might be seen accompanying them in their rides, for they were excellent horsewomen. But nowhere was Dr. Darwin seen to such advantage as in the invariable yellow chaise. This, and his burly form and countenance within, were known to every man, woman, and child over a wide extent of country. Like old Samuel Butler, the mighty schoolmaster who always receipted his bills 'with thanks,' Dr. Darwin was as much a feature of the

[1] August 11, 1806. Mayer MSS.

[2] Died April, 1815, at Parkfields, Staffordshire, in her 80th year, Mrs. Sarah Wedgwood, relict of the late Josiah Wedgwood, of Etruria. *Gent. Mag.* vol. lxxxv. p. 378.

town as the river, the abbey, and the schools; and many was the stranger who lingered to see them both. At length, when that long day's work was done—and it was a very long and hard one—his portly form vanished from the streets, and he, too, departed to that quiet resting-place beside his favourite Severn. He died on the 15th day of November, 1848, aged 82 years. Dr. Darwin survived two of his more eminent medical contemporaries in the town, Mr. Sutton and Dr. Dugard. The latter, a pale, portly little man, unlike farmer-looking Dr. Darwin, had the air and appearance of a court physician. He wore powder, orthodox black, highly polished Hessian boots with big tassels, ponderous seals, an important frill of snowy lawn, and he carried the professional cane. The elder Clement, who had been the pupil and friend of the great Jenner, known Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Hazlitt, Thelwall, and Horne Tooke, and stood forth as the unflinching advocate for Parliamentary Reform and civil and religious liberty in this most aristocratic borough in the kingdom, died at the age of 90, in January 1853. He had the countenance of a philosopher. Such were a few of the Shrewsbury doctors forty years ago.

Like those of other busy and preoccupied men, Dr. Beddoes' letters never diverge from the object for which they were written, and this being medical and temporary, they have no interest. Once only he passes from his invariable theme, to ask Josiah Wedgwood, in a postscript, 'Have you heard of Davy's splendid discovery of the decomposition of the fixed Alkalies?'[1]

Until 1807, Dr. Beddoes continued to preside over the Pneumatic Institution, although it had long become

[1] November 17, 1807. *Mayer MSS.

little other than a charitable dispensary, in which he could make experiments in medicine and physiology. He then relinquished it to the care of his brother-in-law, Mr. King, an eminent Bristol surgeon.[1] His private practice had largely increased, and many persons of distinction soliciting him to do so, he began to think of removing to London. But his engagements prevented a speedy removal, and illness of a serious character intervened. To a renewal of this he suddenly succumbed on December 24, 1808, in the 49th year of his age. His writings were numerous, but they have for the most part passed into oblivion; for they want manner, method, and gravity. Beddoes was too impatient for an experimentalist; he roved from subject to subject in a manner the reverse of philosophical. His great merit consisted in having suggested new ideas in the treatment of disease, and more particularly in relation to the respirative organs. He perceived the value of Mayow's speculations, and, starting on the track of experiment, led indirectly to Davy's valuable discovery of nitrous oxide. But in spite of its advocates, the scientific world of that day failed to estimate its value, and in place of experiment allowed itself to be overruled by the ridicule of Gay-Lussac, and other chemists as shortsighted. Moreover, the nitrous oxide gas was then only known in its bulky form. But the processes of modern science have led to compression; this again to fluidification; and it is now in the hands

[1] Mr. King married Emmeline Edgeworth, sister of Mrs. Beddoes. Southey says in a letter to his friend May, September 15, 1827, 'I would have you know King, the surgeon, with whom I have lived in great intimacy, and for whom I have a great and sincere regard. . . A more remarkable man is rarely to be found, and his professional skill is very great.'—*Life and Correspondence*, vol. v. p. 310.

of every intelligent dentist as the cheapest and safest of anæsthesia.

Peter Holland still varied his business letters with news of his son. 'Henry writes me word from Edinburgh,' he tells Josiah Wedgwood, 'that he has seen a good deal of Mr. Leslie, to whom you were kind enough to give him a letter. I am not sure that I can add that Henry has been much pleased with him; I rather think he has been a little disappointed in him. He has too much of the *bon vivant* about him for Henry's taste. Whether this character is lately acquired or not, I cannot tell.'[1] A while later he adds: 'I am happy to hear that my Aunt and your sisters are comfortably fixed in their new habitation. . . . You would perhaps be informed that Henry intended, when he was in Staffordshire, paying you a visit at Maer, and regretted to find you absent. He has just been flattered by the Board of Agriculture. Last year an application was made to him from the Board to draw up a report of the Agriculture of the County of Chester, and a remuneration of 100*l.* was promised him if he did this to the satisfaction of the Board. Sir J. Sinclair has sent to him to say that the Board are so perfectly satisfied that they have ordered him 200*l.* When it is considered that he drew out this (Report) before he had completed his 18th year, it is, I think, highly creditable to him. Whether the public will think as favourably of the performance as the Board have done remains to be seen. Henry is now correcting the press, but I fancy it will scarcely be published in less than three or four months.'[2] Again he writes: 'I am much obliged to you for the expression of your good opinion of Henry. In truth I

[1] P. Holland to Josiah Wedgwood, July 7, 1807. Mayer MSS.
[2] *Ibid.* July 27, 1807. Mayer MSS.

have every reason to be satisfied, both with his disposition and attainments. Pray do you ever see the 'Athenæum?' In the Nos. for August, Sept., and Oct. there is a sketch of the present state of Edinburgh, which is a production of his. . . I received this week from Lord Sheffield a set of queries to which he requests me to procure him answers. I will take the liberty of enclosing them to you, and shall be much obliged to you, if anything occurs to you on the subject of any of them, to communicate it to me at your leisure. I shall, of course, not introduce your name in replying to his Lordship, unless you make no objection to this. Most of the enquiries appear to me too general to make it probable that specific answers can be procured.'[1] In the month following, Mr. Holland again refers to his son: 'My children are all well. My daughter Mary is on Sunday going to Newcastle, to pay a visit to Miss Caldwells. Henry, from the account he sends me of himself, is, I hope, got quite stout again. He tells me his report of the Agriculture of Cheshire will be published in about a month. He has entered himself as a physician's pupil at Guy's, and is busied in attending the anatomical lectures and the dissecting rooms at St. Thomas.'[2] Another trifling notice or two concludes all we thus learn of the youth of this eminent physician: 'Henry returned from London three weeks ago, and will probably stay with me a year or two before he again goes to Edinburgh. As I can find him some employment, I hope his time will not be misspent as to himself, and his company will be highly delightful to me. He begs me give his kind regards to his friends

[1] P. Holland to Josiah Wedgwood, October 9, 1807. Mayer MSS. These enquiries appear to have related to the then condition of trade and agriculture.

[2] *Ibid.* October 3, 1807. Mayer MSS.

in Staffordshire.'[1] The studious youth appears to have been far from strong, and suffering at this date from cough and an affection of the chest, he spent some weeks in Liverpool with his uncle Samuel, a merchant largely engaged in the Mediterranean trade, particularly with Sicily and Malta. In July of the same year we hear once more of him, for his father wrote: 'We are all feeling the relaxing effects of this intensely hot weather. Poor Henry, who is, I regret to say, far from strong, is excessively enfeebled by this, and by some disturbed nights which his professional avocations have occasioned him.'[2] Henry Holland took his degree in 1811, and in 1815 published a quarto volume of 'Travels in the Ionian Islands, Albania, Thessaly, and Macedonia.' His later works on medical and scientific subjects are well known.

His father seems to have had a taste for science, for he often refers to the question of Cobalt at Alderley Edge in his correspondence with Mr. Wedgwood. Indeed he seems to have acted as a sort of agent in procuring supplies from the Cheshire mines, and, as usual in all transactions connected with Cobalt, there was a fact of mystery in this recently found at Alderley Edge. 'The cobalt ore at Alderley Edge,' he wrote to Josiah Wedgwood, 'Sir J. Stanley let a few weeks ago, to some gentlemen concerned in a pottery at Ferry Bridge, for 2,000*l.* per annum, exclusive of his lord's share, which will amount to about 400*l.* per annum in addition. Seaton and Plough is the name of the firm who have taken it. They are limited as to the quantity of ore, and are to pay in the same ratio for all above this quantity. In what way they mean to employ the

[1] P. Holland to Josiah Wedgwood, April 8, 1808. Mayer MSS.
[2] *Ibid.* July 15, 1808. Mayer MSS.

ore is still a mystery. They were very anxious to have the contract signed, but keep secret their intended application of it. My own idea is, that they do not intend to extract the metal, but to expose it to heat with the sandstone with which it is combined.'[1]

In spite of a severe accident by a fall from a gig in the autumn of 1807, and an illness which succeeded, Mr. Holland lived out his life of utility to extreme age. He died in 1852, being nursed most tenderly to the end by an unmarried daughter.

Mr. Poole's few remaining letters contain some passages of interest. In January, 1808, he thus refers to the death of his friend and relative Captain Buller. 'Our Christmas is sadly damped by the account in the papers of the death of Cap^t. Buller, who fell in the West Indies, in attempting to board a French Privateer. He was a near relation and particular Friend of mine. He was my Playmate. He had been in a series of severe service since he was 14. He was just rewarded with a command; he merited it many years ago, but it came too soon, probably, to last.'[2] A few days later Poole adds, on the same subject: 'Cap^t. Buller, who was killed the other day in the West Indies, was a native of Stowey. He died nobly, poor Fellow, in attempting to board a French Privateer; but his death has sadly damped our New Year. He was a brave, well-informed, worthy man.'[3] In the following month, Poole renews the important subject, improvement in the breed of sheep: 'I was a few days since at Bath, and D^r. Parry[4] informed me that he was endeavouring

[1] P. Holland to Josiah Wedgwood, April 8. 1808. Mayer MSS.
[2] T. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, January 2, 1808. Mayer MSS.
[3] *Ibid.* January 8, 1808, Mayer MSS.
[4] Dr. Parry was the father of the eminent navigator.

to ascertain the number of Spanish Sheep in England, and of those of the third or fourth Cross with the Spanish. His object, I believe, is to furnish Government with an account of the means we possess of producing fine wools independently of importation, and to suggest measures to encourage their production. The Doct. does not seem to know much about your Friend's (Mr. Tollett, I think) flock. If you would inform me how many merino Rams, and how many Ewes of a year old and upwards, and how many Rams and Ewes of the third or fourth Cross, with any of our Breeds, he has, I should be much obliged to you, as I know it would much gratify Parry to learn. He is busily employed in inquiring himself, and desires every one he knows to enquire for him, as in a work of this extent there must needs be many Labourers. I need not add, that if there are any other Spanish or crossed Flocks within your reach, the particulars of them would be an additional favour. I am very busy at this time planting upwards of three hundred apple Trees. The heavy tax on Malt and the last year's large crop of apples are inducing almost every one to plant those Trees where there is a chance of their succeeding. The first reason (tho' I have no doubt the chief with most of us), one should hope, cannot last long: for a more partial tax, or one more *extraordinarily unjust* in its operation, cannot, I think, be desired.[1] We of Cyder Counties have, or may have, almost all our liquor without tax, whilst other Counties pay the malt tax, or must at least pay for the conveyance, profit of middlemen, &c., on Cyder. But the injustice of the malt tax seems most extraordinary, for Mr. Addington's 2/6 per

[1] This still survives, though almost one of the last of the old taxes of the Georgian era.

bushel made every Hogshead of Cyder of 20/ more value than it was before, thus granting a *bonus* to many Estates that I know, of greater amount than all the taxes they pay in consequence of the late War. The Remedy, surely, should be *lowering* the duty on Malt. A tax on cyder was not endured when it was last proposed, and I hope it never will be endured; but alas! our notions of resistance are mightily softened to things of this sort.

'What think you of Mr. Spence and Mr. Cobbett's lucubrations concerning Commerce? There was no need of a Ghost from the dead to inform us that, if Men would be satisfied without superfluities, we could live on the produce of our own soil; but it is to obtain these superfluities, whether mental or physical, that all the bustle and contention among Individuals and among Nations take place. If those Gentlemen would show us that the exertion and time used to produce those superfluities would be wisely employed in diminishing the *fatigue* of the labourer, in directing some of this Labour to the rearing of mighty, magnificent, and useful Works, as durable as the Mountains, enabling all to become instructed; in one word, in elevating generally our Nature, then indeed there would be reason to thank them. But what a Set are we to realize such things as these? No! one-tenth would be gorging within with beef and pudding, while the rest are clamouring at the gate.'[1]

Poole's enlightened opinion, that a continued increase in the necessities and luxuries of mankind is one of the chief causes of human well-being and culture, shows that he was thoroughly acquainted with the

[1] T. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, February 16, 1808. Mayer MSS.

doctrines of Adam Smith on those and kindred subjects. How little weight there was in Cobbett's rant is shown by the utter oblivion into which his opinions have fallen. His style was felicitous, his idiom perfect, and his descriptions of English scenery and English manners, as in his 'Rural Rides,' remarkable for vigour and fidelity; but a writer bigoted and ignorant enough to revile instead of argue neither deserves nor should expect the adherence of a more enlightened posterity.

In the next and last letter preserved we have the impression which Poole received from the scenery of Cornwall: 'Soon after my receiving your last letter I went into Cornwall, going down by the north coast even to the Landsend, and returning by the south coast as far as Dartmouth, from which Place I crossed to Exeter, and so Home by Collumpton and your old Parish, Comb Fleury.

'The finest thing I saw of *pure Nature* was *Nenace Cove* at the Lizard, where Nature and the hand of Man were mixed. I need hardly mention Mount Bay and Mount Edgecombe. The business of the Mines and the gigantic machinery employed about them were extremely interesting, as were also, in an agricultural point of view, the peculiar barrenness of the uncultivated Parts of Cornwall, and the peculiar fertility of the cultivated Parts. Indeed I know no soil which is so *wonderfully* improved by cultivation. It is no uncommon thing to see a field surrounded by waste land not worth 3*s.* per acre yielding a rent of 3*l.* per acre. The cultivation is, without doubt, expensive; but the expense is well repaid. Plantations there, also, are perhaps more profitable than anywhere else, and

certainly are nowhere more wanted; but the chief attention of Cornish Men is to Mines and *Boroughs.*

'Since my return I have been engaged with hay-making and harvest, the latter of which we have just finished. We have had a remarkably fine season for both. Our crops of wheat and barley are not so good as those of last year: much of the wheat is *kearned,* and is injured by the *rust.* Beans and Oats are better than last year. Peas very good, and Potatoes are remarkably fine. We had a good crop of hay, and now (which is extraordinary) a plenty of after-grass. I was much obliged to you for procuring me that interesting account from Mr. Tollett of his fine wooled Flock. I transmitted it to Doct. Parry, who thanked me "for the full and important narrative." He remarks: "In Mr. Tollett's Flock there is one curious circumstance, which is the propensity to produce *Twins.* This certainly is not the case with the pure breed in Spain, and is probably the result of constant high feeding." I think great praise due to Mr. Tollett. Such men deserve peerages more than Cornish Borough Mongers. Doct. Parry asks me "if I have seen the 2ed. edition of Sir F. Eden's Pamphlet on the Maritime Rights of Gt. Britain. It contains" (he continues) "on my suggestion, a great deal of discussion on the expediency and possibility of employing the means now in our hands for the full supply of our fine wooled manufactures without going to Spain for the raw material." I have not seen the Pamphlet to which the Doct. alludes. But our relations with Spain are wonderfully changed since he wrote, and the progress of the *moral miracle* working there is so rapid that perhaps we shall in future be little anxious to find substitutes for Spanish produce. This may be short-

sighted Policy; but at present we must talk of no competition with Spain, except in acts of generosity and in the love of liberty. Yet it is good to be independent, even of our best friends. What a magnificent series of events is passing before us in Spain! What a scene was reserved for our days! Have we a Thucydides, a Tacitus, or a Thuanus[1] to tell the story?[2] I cannot describe to you the interest I feel in the Spanish Cause. It exceeds anything, except perhaps that which I felt in the first moments of the French Revolution. May the Spaniards obtain perfect Liberty, and raise the Goddess for the admiration of Mankind from that Abyss in which the French have left her. But that the Spaniards should be chosen for this achievement would have been the Thing the most contrary to human prediction six months ago. It seems, as if to confound our ability, that in all great dispensations Instruments are chosen whom we should have thought the most inadequate to the Work. It is a fine Lesson to Nations and to Governors—teaching the first never to despair, the latter never to tyrannize. It shows, with all our inquiry into the subject of Government, how ignorant we are of *what are causes* to produce certain effects. Who was aware that a few wretches like the old Government of Spain were a cause equal to keep so long in a state of degradation such a People as the Spaniards? "A good People" (we were told) "would make a good Government, or a good Government a good People." The first clause of the maxim is contradicted in Spain, and perhaps the second in

[1] The mention of this obscure historian, whose *Historia sui Temporis* was edited by Scaliger in 1740, proves in what remote quarters Poole sought knowledge.

[2] In all probability Mr. Poole lived to read Colonel F. W. Napier's noble history of these events.

North America. Certainly the Spaniards are kept in obedience by the abuse of *their Religion*, and they have been chiefly excited by a laudable application of it. Both are striking instances of the power of this Principle, and of the little knowledge of human Nature in our modern Writers on Government, who (except those avowedly profane) have rather spoken of the Principle because it was decorous to speak of it, than laid it down, or proposed its being used, as the Principle by which Man may be most powerfully actuated. May it in future be under a *gracious direction* in Spain. . . . Did you fix Jos. at Eaton, or where is he, and how does he go on? You hear, of course, from Sir James Mackintosh. Has he prepared your Brother's Manuscripts and the Memoir of his Life for the press? Of all publications, this is that which I most wish to hear announced. I hope you have finished your improvements. What are they which you say if you had not begun you should not commence? . . . Is Willmott again with you? because I heard indirectly the other day that he was. If so, I am very glad to hear it; but how happened it?'[1]

How futile were these hopes for political and religious liberty in Spain Poole must have soon perceived. The Spaniards were not mentally or morally prepared for the recipience and exercise of true freedom. The Bourbons were to be reinstated, priestcraft and superstition to be again as intolerable as they had ever been, and years of political oppression had yet to crush out almost the conception of liberty. Even now, sixty-three years later, we are hoping, as this good man hoped, for the regeneration of this great people. The hope is

[1] T. Poole to Josiah Wedgwood, 'Stowey, ye 5th September 1808.' Mayer MSS.

nearer becoming fact in our day, because human intelligence has received an impetus no man can stay; and as enlightenment increases so must decrease, in proportionate ratio, the adverse power of religious, political, and social despotisms.

The letter just quoted is the last preserved of the correspondence between Thomas Poole of Nether Stowey and Josiah Wedgwood the second of Etruria. But we may well believe that they corresponded more or less so long as the former survived. There were many subjects of great political and social interest to discuss, and their visits to each other at distant intervals must have been especially pleasant. In the year 1810 Mr. Poole conducted in a most efficient manner the taking of the second census. He was one of the magistrates for the county of Somerset, and, discharging the duties connected therewith in a way which gave the highest satisfaction, was, moreover, the referee and friend of rich and poor. He lived till the 8th of September 1837, and must have thus had the great satisfaction of witnessing the passing of the Reform Bill, the establishment of a more efficient system of Police, the new Poor-Law,[1] and the inauguration of the Railway system. He just missed the great triumph of Free Trade, and it might be well he did so. Although such a fresh and original mind as his rarely sinks into decrepitude, yet we can fancy that entire and unrestricted freedom in commerce would have raised

[1] Of this his labours had laid a considerable portion of the foundations. So much were his opinions valued on this important topic, that on arranging the preliminary details for the establishment of the *Quarterly Review*, in the autumn of 1808, it was sought to obtain his assistance in discussing this subject. Southey wrote to G. C., Bedford, November 17, 1808: 'I am particularly anxious that any hint about Poole should be adopted. One article from him about the poor will be worth its weight in gold.'—*Life and Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 188.

his doubts and fears; so true is it that no man can wholly shake off the influences and opinions amidst which he has been reared. And this fact makes us see, from its philosophical point of view, the beneficence of the great law of change comprised in the one word Death. But for this, the best of us would more or less be cherishers of obsolete opinions, and drags upon the wheels of Time. To the last Mr. Poole seems to have kept his taste for scientific problems and enquiry, for we find him in November 1836 entertaining Mr. Crosse, who, through his electrical experiments, raised questions not yet set at rest in relation to spontaneous generation. He corresponded with and received long visits from Sir Humphrey Davy, and as late as 1826 travelled through Scotland and Ireland. He was altogether a fine example of a true Englishman: ingenious, independent, fearless, and warm-hearted; a friend to every honest man, and the unflinching enemy of every knave, let his rank be what it would. He was a Cobbett without dogmatism; an Arthur Young with more picturesqueness. If there be character in handwriting, Thomas Poole describes his. It is original and marked, like the gnarled boughs of his native woods.

Willmott returned to Mr. Wedgwood's service towards the close of 1808. In the interval he had been clerk in a large establishment in Throgmorton Street, and whilst there he acquired a ready acquaintance with the French and German languages. His services became thus more valuable. He was glad to return to Mr. Wedgwood, to whom he was partial; and a liberal salary and a house rent free proved that the master valued his faithful services. But Willmott had lost the companionship of his old friend Alexander Chisholm. The old man had died early in the previous year, 1807.

With simple tastes and few luxuries, except it were his pipe and a scientific book, the little income devised to him by his illustrious friend and master more than supplied his wants. A small sum was in hand at his death, for Mr. Byerley wrote from town: 'Mrs. Cole (late Keeling), the female friend of poor Chisholm, has called here. I told her I believed he had left her a small remembrance. If it is so, shall I pay her? She is rather in want, as it seems.'[1]

At Midsummer, 1808, George Coleridge, though still retaining the Mastership of Ottery Grammar School, ceased taking boarders, except in a special case, and removed his dwelling to the Warden House, hard by the School. His gouty habit rendered him infirm, and both he and his wife had begun to feel the effects of their long and arduous labours. Meanwhile Mr. Wedgwood's son had ceased to be his pupil, and various educational plans passing in review, Coleridge thus wrote quaintly to the father: 'You, I know, will take good care that his progress in learning shall not be retarded; and I will add my researches to your own for the purpose of procuring a good classical tutor for him, for such a person, I presume, you want. My nephew W. Coleridge is just gone to enter at Christchurch, and may help in procuring what is wanted, as there are frequently young Graduates who wish to occupy advantageously a year or two before they take orders. Should you eventually send Josiah to Eton, I will commend him to the particular care of my nephew John Coleridge, who I think will remain there about two years longer. He is a most excellent and, I may add, learned youth; and as well on my account as on Josiah's, with whose character he is well acquainted,

[1] Mems., London to Etruria, April 21, 1807. Mayer MSS.

I know he will act as an elder brother by him.'[1] After receiving the opinions of many friends, Dr. Darwin and Richard Sharp included, as to the merits of various public schools, Mr. Wedgwood sent his eldest and second sons to Dr. Valpy's at Reading. Here they remained but six months. They then went to Mr. Coleridge for a brief space, and finally to Eton, where they were in September 1810, in company with a son of Mr. Tollett, whose services had been so eminent in respect to improving the breeds of English sheep.

The long-promised memoir of Thomas Wedgwood was yet unwritten, and Sir James Mackintosh was as full of shortcoming on this head as S. T. Coleridge. In respect to the latter, the fact was more reprehensible, as the bread his children ate was in part derived from the generous bequest of the dead; and feeling this neglect sorely, Mr. Wedgwood justly and probably expressed as much to his friends. Coleridge in turn heard of this, and with hasty judgment fancied his brother George was at fault. He wrote harshly, and George at once addressed Mr. Wedgwood on the subject. 'In a letter which I received from my brother Samuel, about a fortnight since,' he wrote, 'was the following passage: "But I should indeed be ashamed, if I had not been deeply wounded, that one honoured Individual's feelings had been prejudiced against me by a Person whom that man would never have known but for my enthusiastic praises and expressions of grateful love." As I know no one but yourself to whom this could refer, I stated in my answer that he must mean Mr. Josiah Wedgwood; and that with his (my Brother's) approbation (which I would take for granted, if I did

[1] George Coleridge to Josiah Wedgwood, January 18, 1808. Mayer MSS.

not hear from him within a week) I would cite his very words, and submit them to Mr. Wedgwood, who would, I was assured, do me the favour and Justice to answer them to him. As I have received no answer from my Brother, I presume I am correct in fixing on you as the Person alluded to, and that he approves of my referring to you. If you will do me the kindness to declare to my Brother (who dates from 348 Strand) whether his accusation of me in this respect be true, you will add to the favours for which I am happy to subscribe myself, dear Sir, Your obliged Friend, Geo. Coleridge. . . . If you judge it proper, I have no objection that this, my letter, should be forwarded to my Brother.'[1]

Nothing is left to show what was the result of this correspondence. It is most likely that Coleridge, as was then his habit, threw the letters into some box or drawer, and never opened them, much less read them. Almost every letter was a sting and a reproach to his conscience, in face of that Lethe in which he steeped his soul. He was greatly attached to his brother George; and it may be that this difference, whether it was explained away or continued, suggested those exquisite lines in the second part of "Christabel," and which, as Coleridge himself tells us, was written at Keswick in 1808:—

'Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy live in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.'

But Josiah Wedgwood, a naturally silent and reserv e man, was both just and generous, and the last one to

[1] George Coleridge to Josiah Wedgwood, Ottery St. Mary, May 26, 1808. Mayer MSS.

set strife between the brothers. Still, there were feelings and acts on various sides, the prompting causes of which are lost to us, but which undoubtedly centred in Coleridge himself; the neglect of his duties to his wife, his children, and his friends. Amongst these must be sought the motives which led Mr. Wedgwood in 1811 to withdraw his share of the annuity paid to Coleridge. An excellent, even over-anxious, father, he was likely to be shocked at a neglect which imposed on the generosity of Southey, himself heavily burdened, those duties which every man of feeling and honour proudly, even jealously, guards as his own. Viewing the matter by the light of common sense, Mr. Wedgwood was quite justified in staying his kindly hand, however much our generous sympathies lean towards one who, not master of himself in one respect, failed in so many—a man organically affected, and of feeble will, but whose virtues were many, and who was inspired by the hallowed fire of a true poet, if ever man was. Mr. Wedgwood had a large family of his own; property had been recently and heavily taxed; and trade and commerce were in such a condition that only firms backed by great capital could bear up against the losses of those disastrous times. The pension of 150*l.* per annum had been originally granted with the view to secure Coleridge independence and leisure whilst he effected some few of his manifold projects of literary work.[1] But ten years had passed, and these projects were still *in nubibus*—even the 'Life of Lessing,' even the briefer memoir of Thomas Wedgwood—and gifts so well-intentioned had, as it were, ministered to evil

[1] 'You spawn plans like a herring; I only wish as many of the seeds were to vivify in proportion.' Southey to Coleridge, *Life and Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 190.

rather than to good. One could have wished, for the sake of that more immortal portion of man's being, and the part it plays in raising and purifying human intelligence, that the little sum had been spared to the end; but, viewed dispassionately, the act was justified.

Coleridge returned to Keswick, and in 1809 started a periodical paper called the 'Friend,' which soon died a natural death, from what Southey called 'its roundaboutness both in matter and manner.' In the year following he left the Lakes, and it is believed never returned. He was again engaged upon the 'Courier.' In 1812 his tragedy of 'Remorse' was brought out at Drury Lane, and from that date, more and more a prey to opium, he hung upon any friend who would pity or aid him. For months he was lost to those who needed him most. 'Can you tell me anything of Coleridge?' wrote Southey to Cottle, in October, 1812. 'A few lines of introduction for a son of Mr. ——, of St. James's (in your city), are all that we have received since I saw him last September twelvemonth in town. The children being thus entirely left to chance, I have applied to his brothers at Ottery concerning them, and am in hopes, through their means, and the aid of other friends, of sending Hartley to College. Lady Beaumont has promised 30*l.* a year for this purpose, Poole 10*l.* I wrote to Coleridge three or four months ago, telling him that unless he took some steps in providing for this object I must make the application, and required his answer within a given term of three weeks. He received the letter, and in his note by Mr. —— promised to answer it; but he has never taken any further notice of it.'[1] From this date matters grew worse and worse. At length his own instinct led him to seek some resting-

[1] *Life and Correspondence*, vol. iv. pp. 82–83.

place where he could be constrained and guarded. He found it at Highgate with the Gillmans, and there for a space of eighteen years he led that childlike and purer life which won back the love and admiration of friends, and stilled the reproaches of enemies, if any he had. But these were his waning days. His prime had vanished, and the signs of its strength and fruitfulness were too few.[1] Posterity will ever hunger for more of Coleridge's melodious verse, and would spare for it his purposeless discussions and dreamy metaphysics. All that we have further of Coleridge in these papers is a cheque for 40*l.* drawn by his wife in January, 1815, upon Mr. Wedgwood, and backed by Robert Southey.

The pecuniary matter referred to in the letters of Basil Montague, written in 1802, appears to have been settled by Montague himself, and thus it ended. But one of these letters, and another written in 1808, contain some few touches and traits of friendship which are worth preserving. 'I had intended some time ago,' he wrote to Mr. Wedgwood, 'to have informed you of my residence at this place,[2] where I am happy as man can be who has every opportunity to indulge his anxiety to improve himself. It was not with an intention solely to inform you of my comfort, but to say that if now, or at any time hereafter (*for of course I shall reside here three years*), I can be of any

[1] 'I had a letter a few days ago,' wrote Davy to Poole, February 11, 1825, 'from Coleridge, who writes in good spirits, and who, being within a few miles of London, might, as far as his friends are concerned, be at John o' Groat's House. He writes with all his ancient power. I had hoped that, as his mind became subdued and his imagination less vivid, he might have been able to apply himself to persevere, and to give to the world some of those trains of thought so original, so impressive, and at which we have so often wondered.' Paris, *Life of Sir H. Davy*, vol. ii. p. 285.

[2] Cambridge.

service to *Jos.*, I shall not easily forget his little affectionate cry of Mundoo; nor, however separated, shall I forget your good soul. I will be to him as a father, if you wish him to learn anything (at any time) in this place. I can give him bed and board, and will take him to any lecture with me, for which lectures you shall pay. He may have Tutors, and reasonable; excellent classics and good mathematicians. Basil begins next term to attend lectures on Chymistry and Anatomy and anything that can address the Senses. . . . . I have another little Boy.'[1] Again, six years later, writing in reference to some mercantile introduction which might benefit a friend of Mr. Wedgwood's, he recurs to the same theme. He was then residing near London, and had chambers in Gray's Inn. 'I avail myself of this opportunity to repeat that, if either the wish to improve any of your children by a residence near London, or to benefit their health, or any other motive, should induce you to be desirous to place them near to London, I will do all in my power to supply the place of a father to them. If I am not rich, you shall pay just what they cost, so that there will not be any money obligation; but I trust that I shall soon have money enough at my command. I have a *certain* annual income of about 530*l.*; my wants are few, very few. I work to pay my debts, and my work prospers. I am beginning to make a large income, and in time shall liquidate what I consider, although you may not consider, my debt to you. God bless you, and all dear to you. Basil Montague, Gray's Inn. A Staffordshire Client, by the name of Bill, is just come into my chambers. I am John Gilpin like when a customer comes in.'[2]

[1] B. Montague to Josiah Wedgwood, Cambridge, December 17, 1802. Mayer MSS.

[2] B. Montague to Josiah Wedgwood, June 17, 1808. Mayer MSS.

Mrs. Drewe's further letters are but few, and have little general interest. In 1804 her sight was perfectly restored, and later, in 1808, her generous spirit, warmed by the great political movements in Spain, led her to close a letter to Josiah Wedgwood thus: 'I wonder I could write so much without a word of the Spanish Patriots. Heaven prosper their glorious resistance! If I was an independent Man I should certainly join them.'[1] This lady had six daughters, and it is probable in relation to the decline and death of one of them, or of Miss Allen, her sister, that she was at Pisa in February 1817. Her affecting and womanly services whilst there are thus recorded; 'I should do injustice to my feelings,' writes Leonard Horner at the close of his brother's memoirs, 'were I to omit to say that upon this trying occasion'—the death and burial of Francis Horner—'I derived the greatest comfort from the more than friendly attentions of Mrs. Drewe (the sister of Lady Mackintosh), her daughters, and the Miss Allens, her sisters, who had come to Pisa on a similar melancholy errand. They did not leave the last duties to their departed friend to be performed by strangers, and they stood by my side when I laid the mortal remains of my dear brother in his grave, in the Protestant cemetery at Leghorn.'[2]

These ladies, the Misses Allen of Cresselly, seem to have been charming women, and well educated for their day. There were originally at least eight of them. Caroline married Edward Drewe, of Broadhembury, in Wiltshire; Catharine, Sir James Mackintosh; Elizabeth, Josiah Wedgwood; Jane, John Wedgwood; a fifth, M. Sismondi, who resided at Chêne, in the neighbourhood

[1] Caroline Drewe to Josiah Wedgwood, July 14, 1808. Mayer MSS.
[2] *Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner*, vol. ii. p. 408.

of Geneva. Fanny and Emma remained unmarried. Lady Mackintosh did in 1830, and her husband thus characterizes her: 'She was an upright and pious woman, formed for devoted affection, who employed a strong understanding and resolute spirit in unwearied attempts to relieve every suffering under her view.'[1] Elsewhere Sir James records, after his return from India in the spring of 1812; 'From the parsonage'—Sydney Smith's—'we went to Wedgwood's at Maer, where we found the two Mrs. W.'s and three Miss Allens. These last had just left their pleasant residence at Cresselly; they have not yet fixed on their home. They are my prime favourites, and they gave me five delightful days; indeed, the only five of that sort that I have enjoyed during my second European existence.'[2] A curious incident connected with this return from India is related by Mackintosh. He had landed scarcely three weeks before Spencer Perceval, then Prime Minister, made political overtures. Taking time to consider, and preparing a written answer that he would not 'go into public life on any terms inconsistent with the principles of liberty,' he was about to send it to Downing Street, 'when,' to use his own words, 'Josiah Wedgwood came into the parlour of our house, in New Norfolk Street, with information that about five Perceval had been shot through the heart by one Bellingham, a bankrupt ship-broker in Liverpool, who had formerly been confined for lunacy in Russia.'[3]

Considerably prior to this date, 1812, Mr. Byerley's long and earnest services were drawing to their close. Though not a man of more than average ability, and with little or no aptitude for that vocation which

[1] *Life of Sir James Mackintosh*, vol. ii. p. 465.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 254.
[3] *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 247.

circumstances rather than inclination had made his, he was skilful in business, and seemingly desirous that the old fame of Etruria for ornamental art should not die out. But of art he knew nothing; in that learning which is creative he was deficient, as indeed were almost all business men of that day. Unlike his uncle, the elder Josiah Wedgwood, he had no skill in governing turbulent and unruly workmen, little or no practical knowledge wherewith to direct them, so that in cases where his uncle was obeyed he was disregarded. He was, moreover, a man of many sorrows. His own restless and wayward youth appeared again in that of his elder sons, and there seems to have been a want of care and economy in his home. His wife was good and amiable, but not the rigid governor and frugal housewife a man of many children and limited means needed. So cares increased. As one means of economizing, it was proposed late in 1807 that he should leave his house in Sloane Street, Chelsea, then a beautiful, half-rural, though expensive quarter of the town, and take up his residence in York Street. But there were points for grave consideration, and he leaned upon Mr. Wedgwood like a son upon a father for his judgment and advice. 'I have the satisfaction to find,' he wrote to Mr. Wedgwood, 'that the idea is not new to my wife, who amidst her anxiety for her children has often thought of it as one of the expedients against the enormous expenses we are at, and which no less weigh down her spirits than my own, and which it is incumbent upon me to bear witness to, in common justice to her, who, only I think for want of being better known, has been thought differently of in this respect. She is something more than resigned to such an alteration. Neither she nor I have anything to sacrifice that we

cannot cheerfully give up to obtain any *permanent* relief from our present sufferings. I have, however, reason still to think that this measure would not be of that kind. However, if you consent as far as the business will be affected, and she continues anxious about it, I am determined to make the trial. My apprehensions are the following. That the cooping up so large a family in the small compass they must necessarily be confined to, nearly at the top of a high house, with the sun upon it during the whole day, will have worse effects upon the health in the summer months than are likely to be thought of at this season of the year. I know, too, that in the atmosphere of this house there is constant floating dust, too fine to be shut out of any room, occasioned by the motion of so many persons through every part of the house, which renders it unhealthy. These circumstances, added to the difference in respect to repose and tranquillity (so many persons continually passing about them), I fear, will occasion my children, and my wife too, to droop in health and spirits, and they will become a prey to disorders, from which we have hitherto been happily more free than could be expected in so large a family. In such a situation will it be right, will it be possible, for me to resist a removal into the country, and would not such a measure defeat the purpose for which we move now. The case of a family born and reared under these circumstances is dissimilar with those of my children now at home. The only rooms we could have would be the two in front, which you occupy when in town. The bed-closet might be broken down so as to make a larger room, the garret above, Howorth's two rooms, and two garrets above. If the painters could be removed it would help, and leave that stair-

case solely for family use; but I cannot find a place to put them in. Our stores are full, and will not admit of being further cramped. The kitchen is a miserable dark one, and being so connected with the labouring men below would have many inconveniences, and my wife would seldom be able to visit it, as an economist ought to do; therefore she would have one above. You would be deprived of your rooms, and Howorth must be turned out, for which doubtless he would expect some equivalent, if we should not risk the losing a very valuable man, by so weakening his attachment; and some expense must be incurred in fitting up, to say nothing of the general inconvenience which so large a family must unavoidably occasion to the business. Some inconveniency, too, may arise if it should be thought necessary for me to go from home at any time; but with respect to myself, I have no wish to say a word. I shall probably, however, sustain some loss in Sloane Street, which is to be set against the proposed advantages. I shall be very thankful for your opinion and advice soon. Also be so good to tell me if you see anything incompatible with sound prudence in the following plan.'

Mr. Byerley had established his eldest son Josiah as a potter at Fenton in Staffordshire. Here the young man had a house, and for some time his eldest sister had acted as his housekeeper. The plan proposed was to send another sister in her place, as also two younger children. The letter proceeds: 'Jos., I fear, has a little propensity to company, but he has a strong affection for his sisters, and their society would leave him without an inducement to go out in an evening. My daughter Fanny is one of the best of human beings, considerate and prudent; but you will fancy the father speaks, and

not the man. She knows our situation; she has prepared herself to take two of her younger sisters, finish their education, and take care of Josiah's housekeeping. Their board I should pay for, of course. Jos. would himself be useful to them in instruction to them in the evenings, and I persuade myself they would be happy together.'[1]

There is no clue to how these matters ended. Mr. Byerley was right in his judgment that a large house of business in an extremely closed-up quarter like that of York Street, St. James's Square, was most unfitted for a family of children, and for anything like the comfort of domestic life. All that is spared is the draft of a letter of the previous 15th of December from Mr. Wedgwood, in which the necessity of economy, both in London and at Fenton, is strongly pointed out. It is the letter of a grave, kind, thoughtful man, in whom lived again no small portion of his father's prudence and earnestness in well-doing. It is probable that Mr. Byerley's educational scheme was as futile as others which had gone before. It is not likely that he ever removed to York Street, but, if at all, to some cheaper suburb. He had long been subject to attacks of the gout, and these anxieties of later years must have increased their effects. He died at the close of 1810, at the age of sixty-two years.

Settled once more in his native county—and no other was so well suited to his name and duties—Mr. Wedgwood's hospitality did not decrease. We have seen Sir James Mackintosh and his family at Maer in 1812, and Mrs. Marsh Caldwell, the well-known writer, gives us a similar picture in relation to Sydney

[1] T. Byerley to Josiah Wedgwood, January 4, 1808. Mayer MSS.

Smith: 'If I recollect right, it was about the year 1812 that I first had the gratification to meet Mr. Sydney Smith; it was at the house of Mr. Josiah Wedgwood. He arrived about the middle of the day with his wife and children. He entered, and in an instant made everybody feel at their ease, and infused a portion of his animation into all around him. I remember him standing with his back to the fire, or leaning over the back of his chair, conversing with us for several hours. . . . The next morning he took a long walk over the hills with us; and most agreeable he was, giving out his mind with a variety and abundance of ideas which delighted us, and showed how little need he had of external excitement to call forth his powers of wit and wisdom. . . . It was his custom to stroll about the room in which we were sitting, and which was lined with books, taking down one lot after another, sometimes reading or quoting aloud, sometimes discussing any subject that arose. He took down a sort of record of those men who had lived to a great age. "A record of little value," said Mrs. Wedgwood, "as to live longer than other people can hardly be the desire of any one." "It is not so much the longevity," he answered, "that is valued as the original build and constitution, that condition of health and habit of life which not only leads to longevity, but makes life enjoyable whilst it lasts, that renders the subject interesting and worth enquiry." "You must preach, Mr. Smith," said Mrs. Wedgwood (it was Saturday). "We must go and try the pulpit, then," said he, "to see if it suits me." So to the church we walked, and how he amused us by his droll way of "trying the pulpit," as he called it. . . . In 1816 I had again the happiness

to pass a few days with Mr. Smith in the same family, and we found him, if possible, still more delightful than before; he would sit for hours with us by the fire, discoursing and making us all wiser and better, and of course most proud and happy by his notice.'[1] We may be certain—did similar evidence exist—that the visits of Archdeacon Wrangham, Basil Montague, Dr. Darwin of Shrewsbury, Poole, and others as well-known, were as full of pleasantness as these recorded. Josiah Wedgwood the second of Etruria died at Maer Hall July 13, 1843, aged 73 years.

Many of the engraved patterns of 1809 were very admirable. In the same year there is a note of Flaxman's relative to a cast of Sir Isaac Newton's face. It is not improbable, from this note finding its way to Etruria, that the cast was copied in the black body for the Earl of Buchan. Flaxman addressed himself to the Rev. James Hall, Chesnut Walk, Walthamstow, Essex:

'May 19, 1809,
'Buckingham Street,
'Fitzroy Square.

'Sir,

'Some time since you favoured me with a letter enclosing one from the Earl of Buchan, in which his Lordship desired a cast from the face of Sir Isaac Newton, in my possession. I have no mould of this face myself, but the original mould from it belongs to Mr. De Ville, figure-maker, Newport Street, Newport Market, who sells them at two shillings or half-a-crown each. If I had known how to convey one to the Noble Lord, either in town or Country, agreeable

[1] *Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, by Lady Holland, vol. i. pp. 315, 316, 317.

to his wishes, it should have been done without giving you this trouble.

'I have the honour to remain,

'Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'JOHN FLAXMAN.'

On the back of this note is endorsed, 'A Cast taken from the face of Sir Isaac Newton. The mould in the possession of Mr. Flaxman, Statuary of London.'[1] This mould must have been Flaxman's work.

Amongst a list of retail customers in 1810 are the names of Wordsworth, De Quincey, Bernard Dewes of Wellesbourne, the relation of Mrs. Delany, P.M. Chaworth of Annesly, father of Lord Byron's Mary, and Charles Waterton the naturalist. In the same year, a service, 'Barley pattern and Agricultural Devices,' was prepared for Lord Auckland. In 1813, landscapes were in favour, and many of them were richly painted. A set of fine Etruscan vases, for bookcases, were made for the Marquis of Lansdowne. They were copies from the antique, and were considered so admirable, both in form and painting—red figures on a black ground—as to fetch a large sum in the sale which took place at the death of the Marquis. About the middle of 1815, china-making was given up at Etruria; and henceforth Spode executed any matches for customers. Amongst the last articles made of porcelain at Etruria were some bowls for the Marchioness of Lansdowne, which were decorated with an exquisitely enamelled pattern—hawthorn buds and leaves, varied by red and gold lines. In the same year a dinner service was prepared for the

[1] Mayer MSS.

Rothschilds in truly oriental taste. Its decoration is thus described: 'Blue and gold diamonds, surrounded by blue triangles, edges of the articles in gold.' The East India Company sent as a present to the Emperor of China a table and dessert service made at Etruria; and, still more important, the Prince Regent ordered that every requisite in pottery and porcelain for the use of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena should be supplied by this famous house. The breakfast service was of pale blue jasper, ornamented with white bas-reliefs from designs originally modelled by Flaxman. The dinner service was white and gold; the centre of each dish, plate, &c., containing an elegantly-executed landscape of British scenery. The bird-painting of this period was very good, and violet baskets of good form and ornament were a speciality.[1] Yet fashions changed and stocks accumulated. In a list of unsaleable ware of 1825 are many things which in our day would sell at extravagant prices, some of them being in that lovely sea green, as also lilac jasper, now so highly prized. In 1828, Roman pateræ from the Wiltshire and other excavations were copied for R. C. Hoare, Esq., and in the same year it was publicly announced that the firm of Wedgwood and Sons would sell off and close its London business. From this date till the autumn of 1829 the sale continued, the goods being ticketed in lots, and so disposed of. Thus medallions, cameos, and seals of every period and character were thrown together, vases contrasted each other, and the beautiful, the mediocre, the hideous, and the imperfect were weighed in one common balance. Thus for a few shillings lots were bought; but weeded

[1] Mems., orders, and papers, 1809 to 1815. Mayer MSS.

out, and their residues aggregated, the nucleus of many modern collections was formed: collections as valuable to the artist as of interest to the lover of his country.

But it is not for its artistic associations that the dull house in York Street, St. James's Square, claims notice. Its period, 1796 to 1829, is remarkable for its indirect association with the names and fortunes of some distinguished men, whose beliefs were of a newer day, and whose services, scientific, literary, and political, advanced truth in many important directions. True to the principles in which they had been reared, the sons of Wedgwood, though, with one exception, in no way highly educated or intellectual men, had the wisdom to make friends of these newer poets and more able and honest politicians, and so far identify themselves with their fortunes as to give generous and ready aid where such was needed. They were a group of remarkable men, and our interest in them and in their lives lends value to even minor details.

APPENDIX.

CHISHOLM ON THE PYROMETER.

Your objection to our pyrometer pieces, my dear sir, were not altogether unforeseen; but it was hoped that they would be obviated by preparing at once a large quantity (more than half a ton), and mixing the whole exquisitely together. The alumine necessary for increasing the contraction of the clay was in a state very favourable for such mixtures; for after repeated washings with boiling water it continued to settle in the form of a thin jelly, which is more readily, and perhaps more uniformly, diffused than it could easily be in any other state. It was expected that such a composition, after being manipulated by the most intelligent and experienced artists in clay, would be perfectly alike throughout, in contraction by fire as well as in its other qualities; and the only source of disagreement that we could think of was some inequality of pressure in the formation of the pieces; and even that could have no considerable influence, as all the pieces which differed above one or two degrees from the standard dimensions were rejected.

When a disagreement began to appear among pieces which had passed through the same heat, I imagined that some alteration had happened in their form, either from some accident in their soft state, or from their being warped in the fire. Conceiving that they must be alike in total contraction, and that what was wanted in one direction would be compensated in another, I measured many pieces in length, breadth, and thickness, and found that those which were deficient in one direction were so in all.

The alumina jelly is very tenacious of its water, and when once thoroughly dried unites difficultly with water again into a gelatinous consistence. In our first experiments for adjusting its proportion to the clay, we found that when perfectly dried it did not increase the contraction of the clay, and that in some cases it considerably diminished it. If, then, the composition became dry, the alumine, having lost much of its affinity to water, would not easily soften to the due consistence by moistening the mass with fresh water; so that the pieces would have less of a volatile ingredient in their composition.

Our composition was intended to be kept moist; but I have reason to believe that part of it at least did dry more than once! and, what is worse, the pieces that were rejected, as before mentioned, after being dried by the heat of boiling water, were sent to be worked over again.

The Pyrometer you propose appears to be unexceptionable in principle, and I am only afraid that it will be found too operose in adjustment and too incommodious in use. The small plates of platina will be excellent substrata for the pyrometric strokes or dots, as they will quickly transmit the heat, and remove the capital objection which I should otherwise have made; for bats of any earthy composition would influence the vitrification of the pyrometers, which would always be a compound of the substance of the bat and the pyrometer. Thus chalk on a substratum of clay, or in a common crucible, vitrifies on the surface in contact with the clay in a fire not very strong, all the other parts of it remaining unaltered; and powdered fluor sprinkled on a bat of biscuit ware melts, and forms a glaze on the surface in a moderate heat (B B O)$_2$' but in a greater heat (or even a lower heat, if long continued) not only is there no glaze formed, but the former one is destroyed.

I believe there will be no insurmountable difficulty in obtaining the simple earths in a pure state, though it would be difficult indeed to adjust proportions of them of different degrees of fusibility so as to form an intelligible scale of heat. We shall only be able to say the heat in which such a mixture vitrifies, but we can have no idea of

their differences from one another. The most refractory of earthy compositions that are at all vitrescible may be equivalent perhaps to 160°, and the most fusible about 100° of our pyrometer; for all below this *flint*, with different proportions of *lead calx*, will probably be the best pyrometer; and lead being the direct flux, intelligible degrees of heat may be settled by different proportions of it. The preparation of lead which I think will be best for this purpose is a precipitate by alkali from the nitrous acid, well washed. The calces prepared by fire seem to be improper on account of the variable proportions of carbonic acid which they contain.

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF OUR NOTION OF DISTANCE.

Drawn up from Notes left by the late Thomas Wedgwood, Esq.

(From the *Quarterly Journal of Science and Arts*, vol. iii.)

Since the publication of Bishop Berkeley's 'Theory of Vision,' it seems to have been unanimously admitted by philosophers that our visual perceptions undergo, in the process of experience, an important and extraordinary revolution.

The eye originally perceives only length and breadth, not depth or distance, from itself. Some philosophers allow it no other original perception but that of light and colours: the majority, however, have held that space in two of its dimensions is a primary object of vision.

It has been generally said that all objects in this original state appear in the same plane. This is an incorrectness naturally arising from the inadequacy of language to the description of this unremembered state of mind, and from the almost inevitable anticipation of terms which are only significant when they relate to a more advanced stage in the progress of experience. A plane—as Condillac and Reid have observed—implies the existence of a solid, and is not, therefore, a proper term in that state of perception which

precedes all notion of solidity. An object removed from the eye must then have appeared only to lessen, and an object placed at different distances from the eye must have appeared to have different magnitudes, or rather to be different objects.

In process of time we acquire a notion of distance from the eye, or what Berkeley calls outness. We form tolerably correct estimates of what we call the real distances and magnitudes of objects not very remote from us, and we substitute them so instantaneously for the apparent ones that the mind is unconscious of the change, and mankind in general consider real magnitude and distance from ourselves as direct and primary perceptions of sight. By this great change, which it is impossible for any man who has grown up to maturity, with the use of his senses, fully to conceive, vision becomes so important and comprehensive an inlet to knowledge.

Doctor Berkeley, who first demonstrated the reality of this change, has endeavoured to explain its nature, and his beautiful theory has been received with general assent. Distance and magnitude are, according to his perceptions, acquired by the sense of touch. When we have learned by touch the real magnitude of an object, the visual or apparent magnitude becomes only a sign which instantly suggests the tactual magnitude. As in the case of language, the mind passes over the sign, and attends only to the thing signified. The visual magnitude, which in the primitive state of the human mind was its only object in the progress of experience, entirely vanishes from its notice. It so immediately calls up the tactual magnitude that what can only be touched appears to us to be seen.

Much of this ingenious theory is undoubtedly true, and was in the time of Berkeley, in the proper sense of the term, a discovery. He first clearly proved the original imbecility and confusion of the sense of sight and its subsequent acquirements. He showed the instantaneous correction of visual appearances by notions derived from experience; and he was the first who advanced the important principle that some perceptions are capable of becoming a language by

which other perceptions are represented and suggested. These are additions to the stock of certain knowledge; but that the notions of distance and magnitude are acquired by the sense of touch will perhaps appear to be doubtful.

It will surely be admitted that touch is altogether incompetent to give a notion of colour; but rigidly excluding every idea of colour, what distinct notion can remain of any visual object or of its outness? I can as readily conceive a triangle which is neither equilateral, nor isosceles, nor scalene, as I can imagine magnitude or figure to exist independent of colour.

Let any one try to consider abstractedly the impression of touch from a point or a ball, and he will find himself utterly unable to divest it of the idea of the figure of the object. If there be any such quality as tactual magnitude or figure, at least we are ignorant of its nature, since it always occurs united with ideas of sight. This invariable conjunction of the notions of touch and sight prevents our ever ascertaining distinctly their separate properties; hence the one is frequently mistaken for the other, the secondary for the principal. I shall give an instance or two. A person thinks that when his skin is simply cooled the feeling is different from what he experiences when it is cooled by the application of cold water. Try the experiment. Blindfold him, and put a tin funnel into his hand; fill it gently with water without letting him know that you are doing so; he will observe that his hand is simply cooled. Remove the bandage from his eyes, and hastily pour water into the funnel with such force that it shall seem to splash over; he will now say that he feels his hand wetted as well as cooled. It is certain that the sensation of touch was the same in both cases, but there was present in the latter a vivid idea of water on the skin, from the imagined dashing over the funnel. It follows that the supposed difference resulted from the obtrusion of a visual idea in the latter case, which was absent in the former.

On the same principle depends the common experiment of a body seeming double when felt in the angle of the tips of the first and second finger crossed. A person is blind-

folded and desired to attend to the impression of touch from a body so placed: the bandage being removed, he is directed to look at his fingers while the object is placed as before. He will say, that the first time he felt two bodies at a distance from each other, and that now he feels only one: in his prior experience, if similar sensations occurred on the remote sides of those two fingers, they had always been occasioned by the contact of two bodies. When he was blindfolded, therefore, the idea of the usual visual appearance of two bodies came into his mind, and made him imagine that he touched two bodies; when the bandage was removed, and he saw that there was but one, he immediately perceived that he felt but one. As the sensations of touch from the same impressing body must have been the same in both cases, the supposed difference in them must have been owing to some circumstance of vision: in the first case the experimenter was deceived by a visual idea; in the second he was rightly informed by a visual impression.

In the same manner we may conclude that the notions of magnitude and figure suggested to us by the contact of solid bodies in the dark are derived from the visual idea of the portions of our skin which are touched by the solid bodies. If we grasp a small body in the dark, we have a visual idea of that portion of the hand which enfolds it; if the whole length of our arm touches the solid body, our judgment of its size is formed from a visual idea of the length of the arm.

But some tactual sensations are not connected with impressions of sight; if these sensations suggest the ideas of magnitude and figure, these qualities must belong to the sense of touch; if they do not suggest them, the fact is nearly decisive of the contrary position. A person ignorant of anatomy, and therefore having no visual ideas of the parts under the skin, would not form any notion of the size or figure of his liver from the sensations of touch excited through its whole substance by inflammation; but if a scald occasion the inflammation of his finger, or of any visible part of the skin, he will have a distinct idea of the size and form of the part affected. We may conclude, then, that this

idea is derived from sight, as touch in the preceding instance was found incapable of giving any notion of the size or figure of the inflamed part.

It may be objected that the hand is the proper organ of touch, and that the sensations of the liver are not calculated to impart ideas of magnitude and figure; but the impact of of a cube against the hand of a child who has never yet seen his hand, and the impact of the cube against the coat of the stomach, seem equally incapable of giving any notion of magnitude or figure; and the superiority of the hand above other parts of the body in suggesting these notions is owing entirely to the more numerous visual ideas which our habits have connected with it. The hand is indeed the most convenient organ of touch; but if from accident other parts of the body are much exercised in its stead, we find that they acquire much of that delicacy which is peculiar to the hand.

Spasms or inflammation will sometimes produce sensations of touch exactly resembling those occasioned by the contact of external objects. An acute spasmodic affection will excite the tactual idea of a point, minute prickly spasms that of numerous points, and a duller diffused spasm that of a curved surface. Suppose that such sensations of touch were experienced by an infant anterior to all impressions of sight, can it be thought that from them he would derive any notion of figure? If he would not, touch is incompetent to suggest the notion of figure; and whenever it seems to introduce that notion into the mind, we may be assured that it has acted a subordinate part.

Touch is equally incompetent to excite the notion of position; if it could suggest position, it must also suggest combined position, and consequently figure; if it gave a notion of the situation of each part of an inflamed liver, it would give an idea of the whole figure.

If a person who has a pain in his back be desired to place his finger on that spot on the back of a statue which corresponds to that which he conceives to be the painful place in his own, he will hesitate long, and at last decide with much uncertainty; but if he turn his head so as to see

a bruise on his back, which had been, unknown to him, the source of his pain, he will positively refer the pain to that spot, which will probably differ considerably from the one he had marked on the statue: thus the position is determined by an impression of sight, touch having been found incompetent to ascertain it.

A person who has lost a hand often fancies that he feels pain in a finger of that hand, and refers it to that place in the air which his finger would have occupied if he had not lost it. Nothing can more incontestibly prove the inadequacy of the sense of touch to mark position, since the touch or pain is here supposed to suggest its having position in a place where there is no part of the body existing.

I shall now endeavour to show that the idea of distance is acquired by the sense of sight alone, though not originally suggested by it.

For this purpose it will be necessary to enquire into a law of the understanding which, though it must have occurred in some of its modifications to all who have philosophised on the mind, has not been unfolded by any as its importance requires.

The two acts or states of the mind, called perception and idea, have a common nature. I was accustomed some years ago to the view of a street in London into which my house looked. I now think of the same scene, which I can recall with ease and accuracy. My present notion of it differs from that which entered through the eye only in the superior vivacity and steadiness of the perception over the idea (all considerations of the idea of past time and of the belief of outward existence are here intentionally waved). When two perceptions have entered the mind together, or in immediate succession, the recurrence of the idea of one tends immediately to suggest the idea of the other. The same law obtains between perceptions and ideas. When I perceive a small part of an object which I have known familiarly, that perception instantly calls up the idea of all the other parts, and, though I only see a part, I think of the whole. The perception and the recollection blend together, so as to form one homogeneous whole. Almost all that

seems to be simple perception is in fact the result of this process. Suppose any object—a chair, for example—to be presented frequently to view, and allowed each time to continue in sight for the space of a second; it is plain that each separate perception is the same as that which preceded it, that as a mere perception of the sense the twelfth perception differs nothing from the eleventh, nor the eleventh from any one that has gone before. Yet the picture of the object, after the first glimpse or two, is confused and faint; after the twelfth time it becomes clear and accurate. Something, therefore, must have coalesced and assimilated with the last perception to render it so much more correct and vivid; and that can only be the ideas, the reproduction or reminiscence of the preceding perceptions. Every perception of the object leaves behind it an idea which instantly coalesces with the subsequent perception. The last perception, blended with all the ideas derived from the antecedent ones, gives a full and distinct notion of the chair. It often happens that the perception is obscure and imperfect, compared with the antecedent kindred ideas; but deriving clearness and completeness from the accession of these, it becomes as useful for all the purposes of reasoning or life as the most perfect perception.

Hence the facility with which familiar objects are recognised. The slightest glance of a horse would give us a distinct idea of his form; but a single fleeting view of a llama would give us the most imperfect notion of it. The latter perception is of the same duration, and, from its novelty, perhaps more vivid than the former; but the perception of the horse immediately absorbs, as it were, into itself the numerous preceding ideas of that animal, or excites the mind to reproduce the past perceptions which blend with the present one; while the perception of the llama, being conjoined with no antecedent ideas, is left to its own weakness and indistinctness.

Hence the singular acuteness with which men distinguish between objects with which they are particularly conversant. A shepherd will select a particular sheep from the most numerous flock. A seaman will descry a vessel on the bounds

of the horizon, discern its size, shape, and rigging, determine of what make it is, and whether it be for war, or commerce, when a landsman, if he see anything, can discover only a black spot. The shepherd and the seaman may be inferior to other men in their natural powers of sight, exercised upon objects with which they are not peculiarly conversant; but in their own departments they have a store of correct and assimilated ideas, which immediately arise at the call of the faintest perception, and lend to it their fulness and vivacity. One used, for instance, to finding hares, looks into a brake and spies part of the head and the tips of the ears of a hare; another person, unaccustomed to field sports, looks on the same spot and sees nothing but the tangling brambles. The optic powers and the actual perception were the same in both persons, but the peculiar shades and contours did not find in the mind of the latter any previous store of ideas of the form and appearance of a hare ready to blend with the faintest perception.

The same principle will be found to operate in most of those cases which are usually referred to a greater perfection of sense. The facility of recognition and distinction depends not on better sight, but on better memory, and on a consequent tendency to associate what is remembered with what is seen; imperfect recognition is the difficulty of blending them.

Why does a painter discern more of the particulars of a picture than a person ignorant of the art? Not from the superior rapidity of examination which he has acquired by habit, for it will still be the case if he does not permit his eye to roll, and at the first glance, when the impression on his eye must be the same with that on the eye of another man; but his mind is filled with a thousand lively ideas which crowd into every picture upon the slightest impulse of association.

Why do we perceive so much more quickly and correctly of which we have been in expectation than others? Because the effect of expectation is to keep up lively ideas of the object expected, which, coalescing immediately with slighter perceptions than would be otherwise noticed, form a complete notion of it.

It is indeed chiefly in consequence of this coalition of idea with impression that the operations of the mind and the business of human life are carried on with facility and despatch. If it were not for this law, every view of an external object would be attended with all the labour and protracted to all the length of a first examination. Experience would be in a great measure useless, and on every new examination of an object we should have to study it as if it were for the first time. But in consequence of this law, the slightest and shortest impression on the senses is sufficient in all familiar cases. The least spark lights up the train of associated ideas. Perception becomes a language of which the chief use is to excite the correspondent series of thought, and the senses are seldom intensely and long employed but in the examination of new objects. The far greater part of what is supposed to be perception is only the body of ideas which a perception has awakened. If, from particular circumstances, our preconceptions or those accumulated antecedent ideas are uncommonly vivid, the slightest incident is sufficient to recall them, and every new impression that bears the remotest similitude to the original will revive the whole train of sensations: if, for example, a man come to an interview in very anxious expectation of a friend, he will sometimes for a moment mistake a mere stranger for the expected friend. After living a week in the centre of a deer park, I mistook the first flock of sheep I saw for deer. A peasant, whose mind is well stored with tales of ghosts sees a female figure clothed in white in a stone or a cow. In these cases the previous ideas modify the perception so as to produce mistake, usually referred to the senses, but which is really referable to the mind. In the approaches, and still more under the influence, of insanity, an idea may predominate so strongly as to assimilate to itself every perception to which it bears the most distant resemblance. In Irwin's 'Voyage on the Red Sea,' we read of a young man whose mind was so constantly haunted by the dread of assassination by the Arabs, that, looking one day earnestly at the bottom of the boat, he exclaimed, 'The darts of the Arabs,' nor could he be

convinced that what he saw were merely reeds. Such was the first indication that he gave of mental derangement.

These observations will be sufficient to prove the homogeneousness of perceptions and ideas, and their capacity of being thoroughly blended so as to form one whole. The principle is implied, though not unfolded, in Berkeley's own 'Theory of Vision,' for it supposes the ideas of objects derived from touch to be excited by the perceptions which enter through the eye, and the idea to be so constantly associated with the perception that they never can be separated. But its importance deserves that it should be distinctly considered as one of the principal of the secondary laws of thought; and that importance will appear to be still greater if I am successful in deducing from it a new and more probable theory of the acquired perceptions of sight.

It has already been said that superficial distance (or space considered merely in length and breadth) is an original object of vision. It must indeed be as much so as colour, since it is manifestly inconceivable that we should see unextended colour. Figure is bounded extension; and these three perceptions—namely, colour, superficial extension, and superficial figure—are the three coeval and inseparable perceptions of sight which must have entered the mind together on the first exercise of the faculty of vision, and which can never be imagined to exist separate from each other. The generally received doctrine, that distance is not an original object of sight, is ambiguously expressed. As superficial space is an original object of sight, so must the distance between two points which (to borrow an expression from subsequent experience) are in the same plane; otherwise one circle would not originally appear larger than another. That which is not an original object of vision is distance from the eye or outness, and the manner in which we acquire this notion is the object of the present enquiry.

A child has at first no conception that any part of the picture presented to his eyes is composed of his own figure. He views his hand, body, or foot with the same interest as the trees, stones, &c. He has no idea of sentience connected with one object more than another, nor a thought, like what

he afterwards acquires, that he is himself present in one part of the picture, from which the distances of the rest are measured.

The notion of his person is acquired by observing that sensation is always connected with certain parts of the picture, and that those parts never vary like the others in distinctness, size, colour, &c. His own figure is then made up of a certain observed portion of the picture, which is a constant, uniform, unvarying object in every different picture of objects which are unceasingly changing their aspects.

Let us now suppose him to look at his finger, held in that position in which all the parts of it are at nearly an equal distance from the eye. He repeats the observation so often that he acquires a full notion of the superficial distance of all the parts of the finger from each other. Suppose the finger then to be placed somewhat obliquely, the more distant parts of its surface will make a smaller impression on the eye (that is, will subtend a less angle) than they did before. But the idea of these more distant parts gained from former observation will be immediately excited. This idea will correct the impression made on the sense, and thus the more distant parts will seem to be as large as before the finger was moved into an oblique position. When the child has looked often enough at all the parts of his finger, a glimpse of one part of its surface will excite the ideas of all the other parts of it. After a thousand views of the finger in all directions, he never looks at one side without synchronous ideas of the other side: it is hardly observable where impression ends and idea begins. He cannot see the knuckles in a fore-shortened view without synchronous ideas of the parts interjacent (for they are like the further side of the finger in the preceding case, parts now unseen, but of which there are familiar ideas in the mind), and he cannot have these ideas of the interjacent parts without imagining the knuckles at something like their real distance from each other; this gives outness or distance from the eye, which differs from superficial distance only in this respect, that the eye must be considered as one of the points between which space is extended.

A child believes his finger in all views to be the same object, because he never has a new impression of it without some recognised part of a former impression along with it, and also some idea of parts obscure and unseen.

If the more simple parts of this process are distinctly apprehended, there will be no difficulty in conceiving those which are more complicated.

I look at a globe; no more of it than one hemisphere can be the direct object of vision. But I have no separate notion of the hemisphere I have before seen as soon as I discern the one which I now see. The idea of the invisible part of the globe instantaneously blends with the perception of that which is visible, and they jointly form my notion of the globe.

There is a certain distance from the eye at which an object must be placed in order that it may be most distinctly seen. This is the nearest distance at which the eye can distinctly take in the whole object: when the object is brought nearer the eye sees only a part of it; when it is removed to a greater distance the impression on the sense is smaller. This is the largest possible view of the object, and that which leaves behind the fullest and clearest idea of it. This perception is, in other respects, of such importance that the mind naturally recurs to it more frequently than to any other. The idea, then, of the object seen at this distance is in itself the most full and distinct, and is associated with the greatest number of other ideas, as well as with the strongest emotions.

Here, then, is a visual idea of an object which may be substituted for the tangible magnitude of Berkeley. This idea furnishes what we call the real magnitude of the object. All the other perceptions of the object, being comparatively indistinct and uninteresting, are chiefly useful in calling up this idea. Thus a standard visual idea of every object is formed, which instantly blends with every fugitive perception and corrects it. A visual perception is a sign which excites the standard visual idea, and the whole of that process is performed by the sense of sight alone, for which Berkeley called in the assistance of the sense of touch.

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LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

00023172

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018